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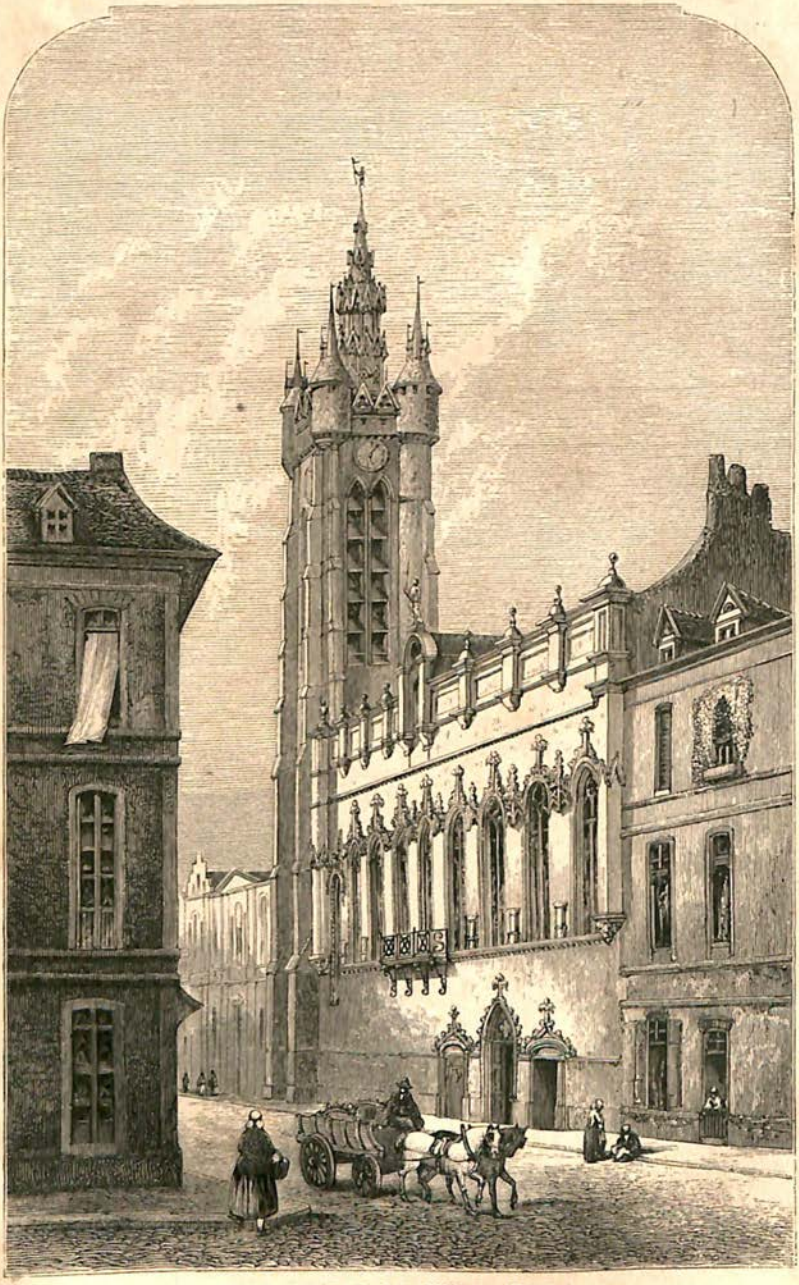
A RAMBLE INTO BRITTANY.

VOL. I.



HOTEL DE VILLE: DOUAI.

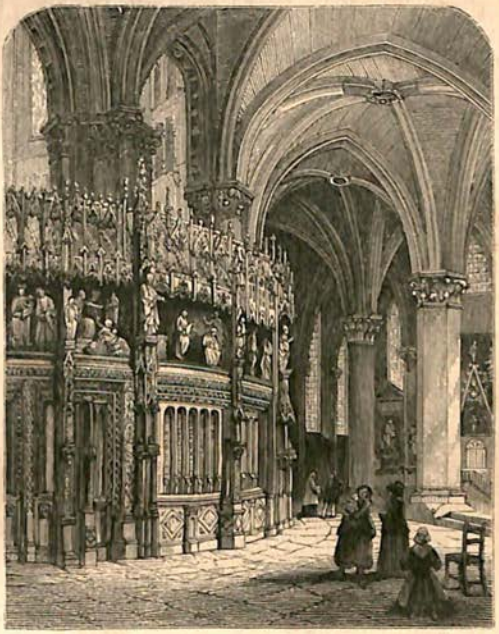
00056923

A RAMBLE INTO BRITTANY

BY

THE REV. GEORGE MUSGRAVE, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "NOOKS AND CORNERS IN OLD FRANCE," ETC.



SCREEN OF THE CHOIR: CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I.

56923

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE, LORD AUDLEY,

WHOSE EXTENSIVE JOURNEYINGS

IN AND BEYOND EUROPE

HAVE LONG SINCE RENDERED HIM CONVERSANT

WITH THE MINDS, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS

OF MANY NATIONS,

These Volumes

RECORDING VARIED INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL

ARE APPROPRIATELY DEDICATED

BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S SINCERELY ATTACHED FRIEND

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE title of this work was chosen with reference to the desire, when about to bid a last farewell to France, of gaining a few glimpses of yet (by me) unvisited Brittany. After taking a zigzag route to Paris,—the English tourist's first and last resting-place,—and making a few notes, as usual, in that magnificent capital, I started for the Land's End, and rambled from town to torrent, from rock to ruin, till I had marked all the differences between La Bretagne and our Britannia. The pages that follow have been filled from notes made from hour to hour, in this tour of some fifteen hundred miles, as aids to memory, and material for frequent afterthought; a source of information to which the reading world is becoming, at the present period, more and more indebted, accordingly as we find adequately informed men, and, be it said, equally gifted women, communicating through various channels the knowledge acquired during a brief

or protracted absence from their native country. Diaries and Jottings by the Way, recording every remarkable thing that such individuals have seen and heard and been led to reflect upon, in the course of travel, are among those productions which acquire by time more value than they lose. They may be termed the subsidiaries of History; preserving the memory of many personages and objects of interest which history discards, because, being trivial, they may appear to be trifling; yet, when they are obsolete and ancient, these very records become curious, and, in many instances, deserving of regard, especially if penned by writers whose authenticity is indubitable, and whose every communication aims at the enlightenment of the public mind;—bringing new matter to bear upon old, and adding confirmation to recently conceived opinions. Now that all the world is become excursional, we are continually taking up instructive and pleasant books,—contributions from tourists furnished with that living knowledge which travelling imparts, and whose faithful journals enjoy all the advantage which truth must ever carry over fiction. Indeed, this natural mode of handling facts, while it lightens narrative, is the nearest approach to the ease of casual conversation; being

the least bookish of all styles; and where comic incidents have been of frequent occurrence, it will be no disparagement to the published report that humour should occasionally get the upper hand of philosophy! It befell me, in my summer wanderings, to encounter many touches of the ludicrous; and I trust my readers will welcome the production of new matter which, if only here and there 'sensational,' carries with it, at any rate, the prestige of being *real.*

G. M.

Sussex Gardens,
Hyde Park.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE from Dover—The French Mail-boat—Inexhaustible facilities of Locomotion—'Le Sport' in August, and Gun-cases for French Shooting Parties—Seafaring population of the Courgain in Calais—Mal de Mer: Ice-bags, Hoffman's drops, creosote, lengthened suspirations — Ninety days in the year, smooth sea.—Sudden change of scene and language on Landing—'English House: Oyster-room'—Farmers' wives and sisters—Princess of Wales at Stamboul—The Author's Diary a *Manuel du Voyageur*—Fertility of soil between Calais and Lille—Artois and Artesian wells—Terre des Moulins—Mons en Pévèle battle-plain.—Result of the victory gained over the Flemings by Philippe le Bel in the fourteenth century—Moulded Coal—DOUAI—Residences of the Old Nobility—Large military station—Cardinal Allen's College—Calumny impeaching the English Government—Military education—M. le Curé—The Family of GAYANT—The value of wooden shoes—College of St. Edmund—The College boys: their studies, &c.—Coaches for Cambridge—The Douai Bible—Rare MSS. and black-letter volumes—The Museum 1

CHAPTER II.

PREPARATIONS for the Great Fête—Wages of French and English bricklayers compared—Musicians from Holland, Flanders, and the French Departments—Academy of Music—The Great Hospital—Deaths occurring in the hospitals of Paris—The Lycée—Visit in the Class-rooms—The Steel-yard—Cramming for a pass—The Town prison—Governor's courtesy—Remarkable English prisoner: his case, trial, and acquittal—Rue St. Jacques—Hôtel de l'Europe—Landlord's preparations for the Fête—Gene-

ral of Division's quarters—Sentries: Tantalus—Description of the Grand Pavilion in the Place d'Armes—Programme of the amusements provided for the populace on the approaching Sunday (Fête)—GAYANT and all his family and suite—Chariot of the blind goddess Fortune—Chinese "good devils"—Award of distinction for the best Instrumental performances—Thronging in the streets at the close of the Fête—Cross outside a house—Danger of premature interment—Departure from Douai to PARIS—Crowd of returning musicians at the Station—Ordinary ill-mannered travellers in the First-class carriages accounted for—Espionage—Intelligent priest, and his observations on the English Parliamentary debates—Privilege of the cassock—Praiseworthy Railway direction 53

CHAPTER III.

ENTRANCE into Paris—Changed aspect of the City—Quarrelsome carters—Style of the new streets—MM. Gerau's "small-boy"—Rue de la Paix—Compacts between the Improvement Commissioners and the owners of condemned houses—'Haussmann partout'—Grievances of displaced occupiers—Enlarged accommodation for pedestrians—Dispersion of old nuisances—New Hôtel Dieu Hospital—Notre Dame—The Morgue—Betting on Horses—Domestic servants—Fontaine St. Michel and Boulevard Sebastopol—Hachette's Library—Hôtel de Cluny—The golden crowns of Gothic Kings—Splendid Retable of hammered gold—Lower jaw of Molière—Second visit to 'La Salpêtrière'—The Border Line—Some new cases of great interest—Emilie Noel: Blondel—Epileptic patients short-lived—Cunning of the Insane—No radical cure for Imbecility—Excursion to CHARENTON—History of the Protestants in that quarter—Their Church and Cemetery—The LOUVRE galleries—Gericault's picture of 'The Raft'—Large picture of Napoleon in Russia—Artist copying she knew not what!—The Golden Gallery of Apollo—The new Quadrangle—Statues surrounding it—Les Lanternes: Dreadful reminiscences—Arrosoirs—A Funeral—Bishop of Gloucester: Miss Coutts—The grazier and the cantonnier—The BUTTES DE CHAUMONT—Marvellous transformations—The gibbet of Montfaucon: Louis XI.—Old quarries—Manston Cave, near Ramsgate—Necessity of consulting the most recent maps of France—Intricacy of the new avenues—Angiveau Goujon, Rue de Bac . 102

CHAPTER IV.

DEPARTURE from PARIS for EVREUX—Formation of Rouen Line —'Navvies' grievance—Forest of St. Germain—COLOMBES—Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.—Convent at Chaillot—MAISONS—POISSY—Meat of France—The leathern belt—Conference of A.D. 1561—The Pope's infallibility—Louis IX.—MANTES—Henry IV. of France—Rosny Castle—Sully—Cathedral of Notre Dame—Exterior and Interior—Place de l'Etape—Threatened hostile visit to Paris averted—Philippe l'Amoureux—Break-up of the Schools for the Summer vacation—Prize books —Laudable anxiety of French mothers—Inner life of French families of respectability—The Forge—Mistress Volland—Milk from Normandy—Face of the country between Mantes and Evreux—'Hôtel du Grand Cerf' at EVREUX—First impressions! —Plate-wiping—'Le Mouton couronné'—The Cathedral—Indifferent instrumental and vocal music—Remarkable Picture—Taste or distaste for Works of Art, how evinced—Curious carvings in the house fronts—The accommodatory saddle-horse —The bugler—'La Grande Duchesse,' &c.—Cassio and his musicians 171

CHAPTER V.

NORMAN scenery—LISIEUX—Rue aux Fèves—CAEN—Want of capital among Norman farmers—BAYEUX—The Cathedral—Cotentin cows—Cider—Ruysdael-like landscapes—ST. LO—The White Horse—Mons. l'Abbé?—Camanvert cheese—The Cathedral—Desirableness of an Architectural Board of Control in every country—Delicate ladies at dinner—Triangular tray in the choir—Wall pulpit—St. Paul's Cross, 1630—Method of excluding Secular Teaching in the National School—Manufacturers of ST. LO—The Town-hall and Prefecture—Mons. Sanson and his Chapel for Protestants—Saxon and Norman Architecture—Departure for Avranches—Sedulous landlord—The stone-breaker's frame—Discipline in the Poultry-yard—Village of Percy—Resemblance of Normandy to South Devon—Granville and Paris line—Oysters—Dr. Bailey—Caps of the women—Energy of the old women—Villedieu market—Hog-driving—Beauty of the landscapes between Villedieu and Avranches—The silty mud of the Estuary used as compost on land—

Arrival at AVRANCHES—The master of the Hôtel de Londres introducing British manufactures—Madame's English—Splendid view from the heights—Dinner in the shade 207

CHAPTER VI.

AVRANCHES—Site of the ancient Cathedral—Communicative Notary—Gavary—Place Huet—Ancient town walls—The Museum—The Allée Verte of the Law Courts—Statue of General Valhubart—Pontorson—Villecheret—Women's caps—Cultivation of Furze—Mode of drying tobacco-leaves—Apple-trees in wheat crop—Late ploughing—Kersanton granite—DOL—Approach to ST. MALO—Roadstead of the harbour—Châteaubriand—Le Grand Bey—Dulness of St. Malo—Hôtel de la Paix—Defences of the town—Anne of Brittany's trick—Madame Blanchard's statues—Jean du Bast—Ship-building—Sea-bathing—Commerce of St. Malo—A Warwickshire settler—A Norfolk trader—Bayeux tapestry—Gallantry of the Vendean army—Archæological conjectures—Domnonée—Champ Dolent—Dismal Breton Ballad—Mansions once occupied by merchants—Tourelles—Cathedral—Episcopal Porch—A French family's Opinion of England and the English—Visit to ST. SERVAN—Family of Magon de la Balue—Rochers de Cancale—The fishery—How the French tide over *désagréments*—Departure for DINAN—Voyage up the River Rance—Jouvente Bay—Monk's Islet—Mt. Garot—Château la Roche—The Chêne Vert—Le Châtelier—The Livet rocks—Château Grillemont 247

ERRATUM.

Page 15, fourth line from bottom of page, *for* "Philippe Auguste," *read* "Philippe le Bel."

A RAMBLE INTO BRITTANY.

CHAPTER I.

FROM CALAIS TO DOUAI.

I WAS among the number of those passengers who were requested to *keep their seats* in the carriages of the Express which left Charing Cross at 7.40, on the 8th of July, 1869, and, having accomplished the *grande vitesse* speed of one hour and three-quarters in the run to Dover, slackened its pace to glide, with all the complacent self-satisfaction of a thing of life that had nobly done its duty, into the tramway connected with the pier, and there complete the main object of its journey as the tidal train. In other words, I was for the Boat,—the French mail, "Napoleon," of Calais, 250-horse power, and manned, with the exception of two of our countrymen, by a native crew. It was the cleanest, brightest craft I had ever seen, out of Holland; and her deck shone like the *parquet* of a Parisian ball-room: the contrast between the Packet of twenty years since and this perfect

sample of the present day's improvements being, as it were, St. Giles's compared with Belgravia.

Our captain, M. Gorey, had a cork leg; having had the primitive limb crushed seven years ago, as he informed me, between the paddle-boxes, in a collision; and the mate had a cast in his eye: but the one limped, and the other looked about, in all directions, with an activity and sharp-sightedness which brought all the baggage on board within six minutes after our embarkation;—and a wondrous pile it was: a speaking illustration of the universal locomotion expedited by the modern means and appliances of Travel, which compass with equal facility the Baths of Boulogne and the Steppes of Arabia—the Great Belt and the Isthmus of Panama,—to say nothing of the accommodatory Company of New York, who are now advertising that, upon payment of a thousand dollars, they are prepared to issue a "First-class carriage ticket for round the World in ninety days."

As I leaned listlessly against the sides of what the French call *la montagne*—whether with reference to the tarpaulin-covered ton of luggage on the top of a Diligence, or the deck of a steamboat:—I beguiled the few minutes preceding the withdrawal of the ladder and shoot by perusing the various addresses appended to trunks, portmanteaus, baskets, and boxes, which were being stacked into a solid square of very large dimensions, and about to be overspread by waterproof protection

from any seas that might be shipped in our transit.

Two ponderous chests were to be finally carried up to the *terzo piano* [third floor] on the Corso del Giardino, No. 7, in Milan: another was on its way to the Hôtel d'Espagne, Domo d'Ossola: three *valises* bore labels for Boppart on the Rhine: a huge trunk under them would find its appointed resting place at No. 6, Place Bonaparte, in Avignon; after having, in all probability, crushed, on the occasion of our first lurch, the sides of a *très fragile* milled-board portmanteau, intended to carry, this side up and dry, a considerable portion of Mdlle. de Ligny's wardrobe to No. 18, Rue Jeanne d'Arc, in Orleans. Gun-cases, some eight or nine, were wedged in at the interstices; for many a French lover of *le sport* begins shooting in August!—and, topping up every thing else, was a *variorum* collection of those *cartons*, or hat-boxes, peculiar to foreigners, of the dimension of our cottage furnaces, as the labourers term them, but which in London would be called coppers; which seem calculated to carry, not only *chapeaux*, but *caleçons*, *chemises*, and *casseroles* also; being about three times the size of our English hat-cases.

Nearly all the passengers were foreigners. I think there were two English gentlemen (no ladies) on board. The exodus from London had not commenced. Parliament sat for nearly a month beyond the date of this voyage; and the majority

around me were *gens commerçants*, familiar with the channel. Neither wind nor tide favoured us beyond a light encouragement from the south-west, under which we espied the Ostend Boat, which had started ten minutes before we left the harbour, making rapid way towards that favourite repertorium of bathing-machines, butter, and rabbits; and our Captain, not disdaining to catch a side-wind, hoisted his mainsail.

Whether on board an East-Indiaman, or a lugger, this nautical operation, calling for vigorous use of the biceps muscle, originates a sort of chant or choral note; but the vociferations of the Courgain fellows who hauled and hallooed in this simple process, suggested to my imagination the cries from the canoes of the Sandwich Islanders in their first communications with Captain Cook. The predominant sound was "Hee-loo!" which, I suppose, was just as efficacious towards stretching the canvas, as the Italians' "Halli!" or our trading vessels' crews' conventional cry of "Yeo-heave-ho!" Shakspeare, in "The Tempest," introduces the storm-tossed sailors shouting "Yare! Yare!" the *mots d'usage*, perhaps, in Queen Elizabeth's day, on board such craft, and of as much service as any other noisy accompaniment unchecked by discipline.

It needs hardly be here remarked that in the French and English men-of-war, not a sound escapes the lips of the blue-jackets, in the working of a ship; but the jargon—whether in common colloquy or

chorus, of the Courgain, may well startle a landsman. I allude to that singular little colony of two thousand fishermen and their families, located, for now upwards of two hundred and fifty years, on a spot just outside Calais gates, where once stood a bastion of the ancient fortifications:—a clan of weather beaten mariners, maintaining unchangeably their own peculiar customs, *patois* language, and superstitions; and now and then—but only in small detachments—supplying hands to the Mail Service.

This, however, *par parenthèse*. Our paddles did their work very independently, and, against wind and tide, brought us into port within two hours: but it is a chopping sea that runs through the Pas de Calais, and sometimes 'old salts' are astonished at the troughs and rollers encountered in the one-and-twenty miles' passage, in favour of which it has been ascertained that ninety days only in the twelvemonth bring calm weather!

Unseasoned diaphragms and weakly stomachs may reasonably dread it; and until some engineer yet unborn, or some Geni as yet in bottle, or some Charon, tired of Styx, shall have bridged over, or tunnelled under, or established a Ferry-boat on, the Channel, our countrymen and their opposite neighbours must even have recourse to antidotes, be they ice bags for the spine, or Le Docteur Hoffmann's liqueur, or creosote, or long-drawn breathings,—of each of which very excellent things are spoken at home and abroad.

But here, [illegible] am I in CALAIS; and the old clock at the Town Hall having chimed three-fourths of "the Bavarian Air," (so familiar to the ears of such of us as were musical in taste, *inter alia*, sixty years ago,) proclaimed a quarter to twelve o'clock at noon. I trust it is a venial weakness to delight in the mechanical automata of these foreign dials, though I should scorn to stand in the gutter of Cheapside and gaze on the painted dolls of Bennett. As the Calais clock strikes the hour, the effigies of two knights, in brass, mounted, and armed *cap-à-pie*, begin to move, and tilt away at each other in good tournament style, so long as the hammer with which they are by wires connected continues in motion.

This quaint specimen of pristine ingenuity, best discerned through a telescope, was probably wrought to commemorate the institution of a High Court of Chivalry during the occupation of Calais by Edward III., when Nicholas, Lord Burnel, and one Robert de Morley, both in arms at the memorable siege of the place, rode forth into the plain of St. Pierre to adjust by a duel *à l'outrance*, a disputed claim to the rights of blazon. By the interposition, however, of the king, their differences were composed without such perilous encounter: but the gorgeous assize of knighthood lasted several days; the whole Court being clad in mail, and mounted on their steeds of war. The tower of this Town Hall is nearly six hundred and fifty years old;—but all in

and about Calais is old; and to a stranger landing for the first time in France cannot but appear curiously, if not interestingly, foreign. Say what men will, now that we have enjoyed free communication with the opposite coast for fifty-five years and upwards, how remarkable is the sudden change of scene and language, of men and homes, when the traveller first stands here on French ground!

This ancient port is not so far from Dover as Gravesend is from Paddington; yet, from the first moment of treading the pavement of Calais, all is still thoroughly French; and though one solitary little house in the narrow dirty street leading from the principal gate, (which is near to the Station,) into the Grande Place, exhibits ENGLISH HOUSE: OYSTER ROOM: GOOD BEDS,—here all connection with the language spoken on the Kentish shore begins and ends, and all beyond is foreign. The newly arrived Briton sees neither Whitbread's entire nor Allsopp's ale within his reach; but at the Café de l'Univers is Bonne bière de Guemps et de Gravelines; and Au bon marché, [At the head quarters of Cheapness] Nouveautés; [meaning, Firms for fashionable outfitting,] but suggesting, as I conceive, more of Novelty than our unlettered and untravelled countrymen are likely to relish; and less of commonest comforts and enjoyments than they were familiar with at home. But these are the conditions on which we are one and all to travel, go in what direction we may. Farewell!—a long farewell—to

Cleanliness and Comfort, Delicacy and Refinement, at Dover or at whatever port we ship for the great Continent! But, be this as it may, the passion for travelling has lost none of its prevalence and ardour. It is a new reading for '*Humanum est errare*,'—and whether our people resolve to ramble beyond the straits on their own pre-arranged plan de route and scale of outlay, or enrol their names on the list of Cook's Excursionists, whom (as Squeers did by his Boys) he books, beds, and boards, while, more than a father (!), he watches over his motley caravan, from the Pas de Calais to the Isthmus of Suez, all classes aspire more or less to Foreign tour making. The thirst for such novelty and the desire to gain varied experiences of pleasure and annoyance, is not confined to the multitude thronging the great centre of Knowledge and Civilization. The provinces send out their ramblers in Normandy, Norway, and Europe at large,—their Alpine climbers and many a note-maker by the way of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Loire; and the highways of Europe make us all in turn acquainted with strange accosts and most unlooked-for meetings. The wife of one of my country neighbours, one of the best tenant-farmers in the district, wrote, some time since, to her friends in England from Munich; and the sister of another sedulous cultivator of the soil, not a mile apart from the homestead of the former, accomplished her safe arrival in Jerusalem! We have not to learn, upon this subject, *quid fœmina possit:* A princess quits

Pall Mall to disport on the banks of Nile, and gaze on the Pyramids; and, after quaffing Sherbet with the Sultan, regains home in a less space of time than Queen Elizabeth expended in planning one of her progresses from Greenwich to Kenilworth:—Steam power befriending alike the wearers of coronets and chip bonnets,—of diadems and billy-cocks; for, between January and December in last year, three hundred and thirty-three thousand passengers crossed the Straits of Calais from Dover and Folkestone;—to which number may be added some hundreds that went from Southampton and Newhaven, and from the Tower Stairs. Amid this multitude many, of course, might be going beyond sea;—to India,—to the Antipodes: but, as a *passa-tempo*, for a little month, there are few excursions preferable to a well-planned route through the fairest provinces of France. Opinions, nevertheless, differ on this subject.

When I was cursorily mentioning my project of revisiting that country, last Summer, one party asked, "What can you still find to interest you, there?" And the next to whom I made the same communication, exclaimed, "How I envy you!" The fact is, whatever solid gratification men derive from Foreign Travel, results from intellectual enjoyments; and the larger the range, the greater is the pleasure attained to, whether by comprehensive speculation, or by minute attention. There is something to be learned anywhere, everywhere. We may send one man to Timbuctoo, and he will return and

tell us he had a pretty fair voyage, and his land journeys were tolerably easy; and he will reveal nothing else; not he!—if it be not, after many interrogations, drawn out of him. We may drop another in a turnip field, and he will come out of it, brisk and communicative, having discovered something well worthy of attention, and, when found, made a note of it. The latter is endowed with the qualifications essential to a Tourist with any pretentions to intelligent perception; and such a man enjoys every hour of his excursion, and is best able to give pleasant descriptions of all its incidents. To quote Cowper's appropriate verse—

> "He travels and expatiates: As the bee
> From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land:
> The manners, customs, policy, of all
> Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
> He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
> And spreads the honey of his deep research
> At his return: a rich repast for me!
> He travels, and I too."

It was the saying of Voltaire that however unexceptionable a man's position might be, he invariably longed for change and variety; and "this it is," he went on to say, "that constrains the English to go abroad." Times and travelling have changed since that godless philosopher sneered and snarled at Humanity; and the English nation is admitted to send forth the best qualified, the most energetic, and the most useful tourists in Europe. Their number is not easily counted, but old Arthur

Young's Journal is a standard work—a book of reference even in the present day. What he did a hundred years ago, we might all in turn do, more or less, to advantage when in foreign lands. He observed minutely; he reported accurately; and set his countrymen a-thinking: in humble emulation whereof I have printed an unpretending Diary, which may confidently be used as a Manuel du Voyageur by those who love travel as I have loved; and live and learn, *en route*, to their daily delectation.

The train to DOUAI, where I intended to remain till Monday the 12th, was not to start for yet an hour and twenty minutes; I had no alternative, therefore, but to stroll into the old town of CALAIS, and make the best of it. I found the Grande Place half covered with scaffold-boards and poles, in preparation for the annual Fair, of which my readers will find some description in my last published volumes. It was in the centre of this spacious area, one of the largest squares in France, that the Municipality had very recently entertained the project of erecting a statue of Eustache St. Pierre. I cannot but think it would be well to include in one group Sir Walter Mèny and the four other patriotic citizens who, with St. Pierre, offered their lives to Edward III. in 1346, in satisfaction of the offence given by the long protracted defence of Calais. The effigies of those six noble minded men would have constituted a grand and imposing feature in the

Market-place, and handed down their honoured names to many a distant generation; but the spot selected was, upon after-consideration, deemed objectionable on account of the vast concourse of carts and wheelbarrows, baskets and all the material of booths and sheds, arising, not only on Fête days but on every market day, when the place is thronged by thousands; and it was apprehended that the pedestal and inscriptions, if not the statue, would receive injury from such frequent contact with the crowd and the multifarious articles brought into the centre of the area. I was informed that the monument was likely to be set up either in the public garden behind the sea-side rampart, or on the platform near to the Light-house; but neither of these sites will bear comparison with the Grande Place; and there the work should be at once set in hand, even if it were to be perpetually guarded by a sentinel.

I found the prices of provisions exactly in accordance with those on the Kentish coast. Mutton was exceedingly scarce, and rarely purchased: beef was coarse, but good enough for *bouillon*.

Remembering the picturesque effect of the Hôtel de Ville tower as seen from the Rue de la Citadelle, (the very perfection of a street picture), I took a parting look at it, and also at the old Light House, now disused, which stands on the foundations of the pharos, built by the Romans, whence they looked across to *Dubris;* and with this Parthian glance I

quitted the streets for the station, and a ticket withal for DOUAI on the river Scarpe. Our faces are rarely seen in this ancient city, and it will in due order of narrative transpire why I went thus circuitously to Paris: not that I know a place of its extent in the Departement du Nord more worthy of an English traveller's attention, without any reference to the Roman Catholic Establishment, which still connects it with our country. Of this I shall speak hereafter. The road to Flanders is always mentioned disparagingly, and certainly it has none of the ingredients of the *paysage riant;* but, with regard to the productiveness of the soil and the marvellous industry exerted in its cultivation, the line of country between Calais and Lille is without a parallel in Europe. It is hardly conceivable that even a careless observer could travel over the ground without remarking that the aspect of every farm exhibits all that an owner can desiderate. I conceive the four-course-shift to be hardly compatible with Flemish husbandry on a small scale; but under whatever rotation, the white and green crops alternate, the unsparing use of composts and an adequate distribution of labour are continually manifested. Large breadths of corn appeared on the right side of the line, and nowhere could I detect a weed, nor any of the disfiguring features of slovenliness. According to modern geography, we are here in France Proper; but I remember that in 1816 it was still called French Flanders, and my companion in the carriage,

who was of Ghent, complacently denominated it Belgium. I reminded him that we had hardly entered Artois when we saw two Artesian wells. Such deep shafts for reaching water were first sunk in this country, where it is rarely found at a less depth than three hundred feet; frequently only after boring five hundred: hence the word "Artesian." One of these two was used exclusively for irrigation of the adjoining field; the other, for supplying water to the locomotives on the railway.

We rushed through the Stations of Strazbele and Steenwerk, names strongly suggestive of the primitive occupiers of this territory, and reached Lille at three o'clock. I knew the old city well, the rival of Manchester, *in re* Cotton; of Chatham as a fortress; but I remembered also its overwhelming dulness; and, not being conversant with the wheels and mills employed in manipulation of the downy vegetable, nor a connoisseur in the details of impregnable fortifications, I budged not from the waiting-room till the whistle announced the train in which, having changed carriages, I was to proceed southward. About four o'clock we came upon the Terre des Moulins, so called from the numerous windmills in the district, of which, at a glance, I counted thirty-six; though, twenty years ago, there were at least five hundred; the introduction, however, of steam-power has, to a great extent, superseded the use of vanes and canvas, to say nothing of the many mills displaced by the extension of the

outer fortifications of Lille. These picturesque grinding-houses were not exclusively for the conversion of wheat grain into flour. The whole Department abounds in seed crops, such as rape, poppy, flax, canary, and other oil-producing grain,—not to mention colza. A gentleman of Arras, who was my fellow-traveller after we left Lille, informed me that the petroleum oil is widely supplanting colza. He himself used it in every part of his house. Gas is a costly indulgence in France, because of the scarcity of coal; and colza being in constant requisition among the English agents, petroleum is almost universally adopted as its substitute in taverns, coffee-houses, public offices, and private dwellings; though never introduced, on account of its perilous inflammability, into theatres, mills, or churches. A lamp fed with this liquid costs two centimes only in four hours' burning, [five centimes are equivalent to a halfpenny,] and, being fitted with refractors, gives out a brilliant light; though it is but simple truth to add that such radiance may occasionally be attended with a scent that, as Sancho says, savours not of ambergris.

We crossed the plains lying around the wooded eminence, known as Mons en Pévèle, a battle-field of the fourteenth century, on which the legions of Philippe Augustus bore off a crowning victory from the Flemings and the Douaisians, who had joined their forces with the troops of Flanders, and rendered this locality as memorable in the annals of

French Flanders, as Agincourt in Picardy became in the estimation of England. In that fatal fight Douai lost all her bravest warriors; and from that date the shield of the City Arms displayed an arrow piercing a heart, from which are seen falling six drops of blood.

I observed at all the stations immense stacks of moulded coal. These are cubes formed, as bricks are from clay, from coal-dust, saturated with water, and dried in gradual heat. For the purposes of smelting, where gradually generated heat is required, these cubes have proved serviceable enough, though they do not ignite freely. All the volatile products of coal are lost in their preparation; and though it is evident that they are used extensively in furnaces upon the Continent, where the mineral is everywhere scarce, all commercial ventures with the moulded fuel have failed in England, though frequently tried. One company for the supply of it still remains (as I am informed by Mr. M'Ghie, of Walsall), somewhere on the banks of the Thames; but its application to domestic uses was found impracticable.

At length we reached Douai. It is no modern city. The local archæologists tell us that there was a "fortress built upon its site in the fourth century, at the period of the decadence of the Roman Empire, to keep in check Saxon pirates, who, for only too long a time overran the country, in narrow boats, wherever the numerous water-courses proved navigable. The earliest records, however,

of any town situate in this locality, bear date, A.D. 611, when two Dukes, the ancestors of King Dagobert, held a castle on the Scarpe, some vestiges of which are still discernible; and one of these nobles became Maire du Palais under Clovis II.

Here is antiquity, indeed, of venerable date. After the lapse of nine centuries, Douai owned allegiance to Charles V.; the conquests of Louis XIV. bringing it eventually under the Grand Monarque's dominion in the seventeenth. This brief mention of its origin and growth may, I think, suffice for all purposes of initiating my readers in the archives of the Town, which I had decided on taking circuitously *en route* to Paris, with a wish to witness the Bi-centenary Fête, and take note of that great distinguishing feature in it which renders it unique in its character in all France. I refer to the re-appearance of the family of GAYANT, among the twenty-four thousand inhabitants of this antique ville, which is limited to two, or, at the utmost, three days, in the first week of July, annually.

The father, mother, and three children, had been represented to me as being equally interesting; and I may say that they composed a group on the like of which, taken for all in all, I never shall look again. The Curé of St. Pierre en Douai had written to me some weeks previous to my departure from London, informing me very obligingly of the exact date at which the Gayants would arrive, and adding that their visit would be accompanied this

year with more pomp and circumstance than on any previous occasion within a hundred years. This was the intimation which determined the date of my arrival in the town, where I took up my quarters at the Hôtel de Versailles, the best (according to general accounts, but I doubt it) in the place, and occupying a central position on one side of the Grande Place.

I had passed through the Douai Station several times in former years, unaware of the attractiveness of the brightest, cleanest town, perhaps, in France. There is a cheerful aspect in its well-built houses and long regular streets, its handsome public buildings, churches, and palaces, which at once assures the stranger that he is treading the pavement of no mean city; though, I must add, *par parenthèse*, that that pavement was felt by me as the most punishing *trottoir* I had encountered for many years. Infinitely worse, nevertheless, came under me some weeks afterwards. In some streets, however, such as the Rue Balain, and Rue St. Jacques, the footways have been modernised, and require not such wary walking as the less distinguished thoroughfares.

The frequent indications of wealth and good style among the private houses led me to make enquiry, which elicited that there were upwards of a hundred families of the Old Nobility, adherents of the *Ancien Régime*, still resident here. Many of these habitations may be described as beautiful

palatial mansions with spacious and attractive gardens, the proprietors of which constitute, *de raison*, the Legitimist element in the town; but the Imperial influence, comprising the authorities and their employés, both in and around Douai, is paramount; and M. Choque, a *ci-devant* manufacturer, had recently been returned to the Chambers as Deputy Elect.

I met soldiers at every turn. There were three regiments, Infantry and Cavalry, in the magnificent Barracks, on the site of one of which depôts stood, previous to 1789, the English or Papal College, founded in 1568 by William Allen (the Cardinal), for the education of young men intending to take Holy Orders; and more especially for the training of missionaries that should go forth into England and endeavour to proselytize and gather together converts to the Romish Creed. It is on record that, within fifty years subsequent to the foundation of this establishment, one hundred and nine young men suffered martyrdom in asserting their faith.

I paid an early visit to this place; but all vestiges of a Collegiate or Religious home are extinct. The actual edifice, which is of considerable extent,—about as large as New College, Oxford,—is not above a hundred and eighty-seven years old; and at the outbreak of the Great Revolution was abandoned by our countrymen, who never returned to it; for when, in 1801, the Republican Government wishing to conciliate, by an act of grace, the

refugees in England, restored the premises to the natives of Great Britain, the parties who came over to take possession were not priests nor confessors, but cotton-spinners; and here for three and thirty years, were wheels and reels whirling and whizzing, where, in bygone times, long lectures and lessons *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, relative to the conversion of heretics, and cogent creeds and articles of Faith, filled up the measure of time, day after day; with what success it has never transpired; unless we defer to the opinion, published on no mean authority, that that Anglo-Spanish plot, in the reign of James I., which had for its object the subordination of our National Faith, and our greatness withal, to that of Spain, was prepared with as much sedulity in the College of Douai, as in that of Valladolid.

Referring to the several Roman Catholic establishments, English, Scotch, and Irish, which existed here previous to the restoration of Louis XVIII., a Belgian writer asserted, in one of the pamphlets published on that subject, at Aix la Chapelle, and I believe simultaneously in London, that the King's Government remitted to England soon after the return of the Royal Family to the Tuileries, the sum of ninety thousand pounds, to be paid over to those fraternities which had been so ruthlessly dispossessed of their Douaisian Colleges; and that the Minister of the day appropriated the money for purposes widely different; alleging that

it would ill become the State to uphold superstition and error; and the money went towards defraying the vast outlay that had been incurred by George IV. on the Pavilion Palace at Brighton! *Perfide Albion?* Another change came upon the *locale* about four years after Louis Philippe's accession to the throne, when his Government purchased the whole of the premises to convert them into a Military Store, and to form suitable head-quarters for officers of the Corps of Engineers, with reserved space for a Military School, for the instruction of raw recruits in the first rudiments of literary knowledge: a provision which is become more than at any precedent period necessary in France, where the peasant proprietors, finding themselves compelled to employ their sons in the roughest toil of husbandry, at the age of even nine years, regard Learning as an altogether secondary consideration, and see them drafted off as conscripts, at the age of eighteen, to serve in the army, before they can read words of one syllable. The Government very righteously arrest this degrading ignorance, and compel all the uneducated subjects in these levies to enter upon a course of instruction qualifying them, by degrees, for the positions of advantage in which the young soldier might by good conduct eventually find himself. The Minister for War thus becomes the Schoolmaster of young rural France, in sending home to their native villages, at the expiration of the period of military service, thousands of

quondam ploughboys, able to read, write, and cipher fluently. This may be regarded as a compensation in full for the hardships of the impress which brings every able-bodied adult for a time, *nolens volens*, to the Colours. In the course of last year nearly twenty-two thousand young men of this class learned to read: upwards of seventeen thousand learned to read and to write also; and nearly twelve thousand learned to read, write and cipher: a yet greater number went through the grammar course; seven thousand through the account course; and upwards of six thousand through the geographical. Even the Primary and secondary Military Schools confer this great boon on the rural population. The superior Schools comprehend a higher grade of students, thousands of whom are annually qualified for examination in Military History, Geometry, Field-fortification and Plan drawing, —till they qualify themselves for appointments in the Corps de Génie, or Engineer Staff,—a highly talented body of men, whom the State holds as it were in reserve, and for whom it provides everywhere superior Head-quarters: and such a Station we now behold in what was formerly Cardinal Allen's College.

The inner Court is a quadrangle, with lofty erections on three sides; and on looking upward we may still distinguish, between the windows of the second story, the mutilated stone escutcheons, in *alto-relievo*, of the arms of various Roman Catholic

families of Great Britain, the Talbots and Welds inclusive, who had liberally contributed to rebuild the College, in the reign of Louis XV., A.D. 1755. Here, too, I saw an elm, planted in the Court eighty years ago as a tree of Liberty; the only one now remaining in Douai out of the many which it was the pride and the folly of the people to set up, *nefasto die*, as the symbol of that Freedom to which they never attained, and for which it is still questionable whether they have been sufficiently educated. The Municipality of the present day have, as I was told, on several occasions projected the removal of this unmeaning memorial, which has been found altogether *de trop* on the premises; but, aware of the notions associated with it, they feared the people, and thought it advisable *quieta non movere*, and there the thing remains. One of the Benedictines, however, with whom I formed acquaintance, related an incident which is not without interest. In many, if not in most, Religious Houses of the Romish faith, there are traditions which have never been, and never will be, committed to writing, but are handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. Among these was one in connection with this Collége des Grands Anglois; as it used to be called, in allusion to the many sons of wealthy British and Irish families who were formerly sent to Douai for education. The secret was revealed to the late Cardinal Wiseman some four years since, to this effect:—

that if an excavation were made in the earth under the boards of one of the rooms on the basement floor, which was very accurately pointed out, a considerable quantity of gold and silver vessels would be found hidden, together with a hair-shirt* of most precious worth, being that worn by the saintly Thomas à Becket. The spades were hereupon set to work, and, after a week's digging, a heap of golden and silver articles came to light; but no hair-shirt. The Sacristans of the Cathedral of Arras show the rochet which was on the Archbishop's body when he was murdered at Canterbury in 1171. Some of these vessels were chalices for service at the Altar; but the greater part were cups either used by the young noblemen and gentlemen in the Refectory, while resident as students, or, as was often the case in our Colleges at Oxford, when Gentlemen Commoners were leaving the University, —they had been presented to the House, and became portions of its Plate. I did not learn how this treasure-trove was appropriated; but we may suppose it found its way into the Chapel and pantry of some Christian Brotherhood, according to the best of Wiseman's godly judgment.

9*th*. Paid a complimentary visit to my clerical correspondent, the Curé, whom I found sitting in the pleasant shade of his own fig-tree in the well-stocked

* When taken from his body, it was in a state of fermentation arising from the thousands of live vermin generated during two or three years!—*Latin chronicle.*

garden attached to what had been a wealthy citizen's town house, exactly facing the north walls of the Church of St. Peter,—a hideous pile completed as a reconstruction in the middle of the last century. Enjoying an exceptional good income from private fortune, the reverend incumbent informed me he had bought this roomy mansion soon after his induction to the benefice; the original presbytère or residentiary house having been demolished by the revolutionary rabble in 1793; and he had from year to year expended large sums in beautifying the Church, about which I had espied several masons and bricklayers, and all the materials of building. Fifty fortunes would not redeem the edifice from its ugliness.

The old gentleman professed to be a connoisseur in Fine Arts, and enjoined me to take a survey of the many pictures I should find in his principal parlour. He apologised for not having risen to salute me on my approach and to conduct me into the Church,—pleading the condition of Asa, with a decidedly gouty action in both legs, which rendered him incapable of walking a yard without the aid of two stout sticks which he kept by his side, as he conned by turns, according to the time of the day, his breviary and the Journal des Débats. He said he was seventy-seven years of age, and, all things considered, had passed a tolerably quiet life; having been ordained about the period of the restoration of the Bourbon Family in 1815. Since that date the Church had not encountered any of that hostility

which marked the period of his *birth*. The sacred edifice adjoining had at that date been constituted "The temple of Reason;" but twenty years healed the breaches made by the licentiousness of those evil days, and he had been spared to rejoice thereat.

I left the old priest to his pious and political meditations, and, as I re-entered the house, began a survey of his collection of paintings;—most of them very indifferent copies of good masters: but I gave him credit for thus much, and for cherishing any taste in this particular;—for the majority of his brethren are deplorably ignorant therein, and whether in Architecture, Sculpture, or design, only intermeddle to perpetrate some absurdity; which accounts, in great measure, for the introduction of so much trash and trumpery in the Churches of the Continent, and for restorations and embellishments compared with which mouldy ruins are beautiful. Monsieur le Curé said I was very lucky in having found accommodation at any respectable hotel without previous notice; for I should hear, before Saturday evening, of the arrival of, at least, a thousand musicians;—deputations from the various arrondissements and communes to form the Grand Concours of Sunday;—in other words, the great Musical Festival of Douai, which, it had been determined, should hold its *séances* in connection with the GAYANT Commemoration, and thus keep the inhabitants of all classes on the *qui vive* for a whole week. I had observed a great stir in the Square on

the day of my arrival, the clamour of many voices mingling with the din of hammers and mallets in the construction of what seemed to be a Pavilion or canopied Orchestra, and of hundreds of benches in front thereof; the operations appearing to be under the superintendence of certain of the Military.

I shall, however, reserve a particular description of it till I enter upon the mention of the Contest in Wind Instrumental playing, announced as forthcoming from the Concours International d'Orphéons, [performances on ophicleides and all instruments made on the same principle therewith]—de Musique d'Harmonie, [full orchestral pieces executed exclusively by wind instruments,] et de Fanfares—[performances on the trumpet and its cognates the keyed bugles and cornua à piston.] All which came off on the afternoon of Sunday the 11th.

The octagonal Orchestra owed the whole of its dazzling and very beautiful ornaments to various weapons of modern warfare, the supply of which was inexhaustible; for Douai is one of the very few towns in France that has a citadel of its own, and therein are laid up, at present, upwards of seventy thousand stands of arms and all the banners, standards, and panoply of war. Let me, therefore, conduct my Reader,—without that fever in his feet to which the pavement already mentioned subjected me from morn till night,—to some few spots which I deemed worthy of attentive examination. I should have blamed myself severely had I only heard of them

after my departure. *À propos du pavé*, the whole town is considered to be well paved; but the stones, though of uniform size and laid with an exactness which cannot be surpassed, are too convex on their surface; and on this elevation, insignificant as it appears to the eye, the ball of the foot, either in slow or rapid walking, presses too positively for the ease of any pedestrian who has not been resident in the place for a period of time sufficient to season his soles. The only expedient that relieved me was to raise the foot as if I had been crossing a hot plate! *Sabots* (wooden shoes) are in very general use among the common people, and I envied the wearers. They *clumped* along at a rate which left me, who am no laggard, far behind; and some weeks afterwards (when in less civilized parts) these walnut-tree slippers were in my regards a delectable indulgence, and suggested a parody on Gay's lines in his "Trivia;"—*e.g.*

"Where *Luxury* treads the streets in wooden shoes,"—

the original word being "slavery:" but the poet was altogether in error: the *sabot* is no mark of drudging servitude. It is a shoe frequently worn in France by ladies of rank, in their gardens, while they amuse themselves with an hour's work in the *parterres*, and potter about on damp gravel walks and wet grass. I have seen these slippers in Normandy, painted black and lined with wadded satin,—and in use among young ladies and matrons alike. The workpeople everywhere use them on a

very large scale, especially where their occupation leads them into stables or miry places, as in breweries, tanneries, &c. They keep the feet dry as a bone, and moreover cost only the fifth part of the price of leather boots.

As a matter of course, I made a point of visiting the College of St. Edmund, or of the English Benedictine Brothers; a vast establishment surrounded by long and high walls, and by an extent of asphalt pavement, smooth as a billiard table; the best of outworks! I entered by merest chance through a wide carriage gate unintentionally left open, and found myself in a very large area of ground which ought to have been a beautiful grass lawn, but, in consequence of the excessive drought of the year 1868 (which had utterly destroyed even the roots of the grass,) it was now planted with a crop of, perhaps, far greater utility,—*haricots verts!* I was almost immediately met by a young man of about eight and twenty years of age, attired in the black robes of the order, and exhibiting features so decidedly unlike those of a Frenchman, that I at once accosted him as a native of our isles. This was Brother A., an Irish ecclesiastic. I think he was a Regular Benedictine. Monks who are also priests are termed Regulars: Priests who are not Monks bear the denomination of Secular Clergy. He received me very graciously, and assured me I should have free entry and range through all their House, as I desired. The Long Vacation was to commence

next day;—for it is to be premised that this College is assimilated in many respects to a Public School; there being accommodation, within walls, for a hundred scholars; though eighty only were on the list at the date of my visit.

The opportunity was missed of seeing the several classes assembled for study and tuition; but much lay beyond, which would attach interest to my visit, and I was presently introduced to a younger member, a probationary Brother, from Lancashire, who, upon the first-named personage going out into the town, became my conductor. This young gentleman, who has since accepted the appointment of a professor in a college superintended by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Sydney—a part of the world with which he had become acquainted in his youth—became a very agreeable attendant, and showed me no little kindness while I was on the scene of inquiry and research in all that was worth looking into at Douai—[which, by-the-by, these Benedictines pronounce Doway, like the ou in 'doubt']—and he has subsequently apprised me by letter that he felt I had advised him well, and that it *might* be "for his perpetual welfare" that he should exercise his talents as a Layman, and seek in marriage some devout lady, such as St. John addressed in his Epistle, (these were my words) instead of taking irrevocable vows.

The "vows" here adverted to involve perpetual Poverty, Obedience, and Chastity. When I subse-

quently spoke to Brother A. with reference to the moral and spiritual strength to be exercised in this self-discipline, he gently smiled and said, "You see *me*: We receive grace; and His grace is sufficient for us."

The chief occupation of the Brothers lies in the instruction of the pupils committed to their charge.

"And these," said I, "you initiate as rapidly and as thoroughly as you can, it may be presumed, in all the tenets and mysteries of your Faith; and in whatever is, in your opinion, most likely to persuade them to enter the Ministry."

"Oh! no, no, no;" was his reply:—"For upwards of two years, continually, we do our best to dissuade them from making choice of the Church ministry as a profession instead of awaiting a calling to it. So far from alluring, we even subject them to systems which would tend to disgust these young people rather than to awaken a liking for the austerities and life-long denials of the Priesthood. Three years determine their probation; and they do not all decide in favour of ecclesiastical life."

There is common fairness, as well as common sense and discretion, in this. I was not prepared to hear such a declaration; nor was I slow to express approval of deterrent counsels which would go far in our *own* fold towards replenishing the ranks of the Laity with men of zeal, energy, talents, and many an amiable quality, whose narrowed and stagnant position in the Ministry of the Church cannot but be matter of regret to reflecting relatives and friends

who; knowing their capabilities and all the good inherent in their hearts, have seen their lives sacrificed to a Profession, (so often misnamed a calling,) which had been thrust upon them without a choice, or rushed upon in unreflecting ignorance. It is much to be feared that one entire half of the Clergy of England have taken (I am far from saying "are taking" or "will take") Holy Orders, under these detrimental and most deplorable circumstances.

The lads in this College are kept well up to work. In Summer the oldest rise at half-past four o'clock in the morning. The younger, an hour later: half of the latter at half-past six. The hours for going to bed are, in Winter, half-past eight P.M.: in Summer, nine.

The routine of tuition appeared to me unexceptionable. Even in the Preparatory School, beginning at the Seventh Class, the work cut out for the Scholastic year is as much as boys of average intellect at ten years of age can be expected to accomplish. Among their standard books I found Dr. Smith's "Principia." They are required to write exercises in the Latin Grammar; to construe "Historia Sacra," and parse the text according to the Grammar, and then repeat select passages from Latin authors.

In English they are examined every day in Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, and Punctuation, and are required to write out sentences framed according to the best rules of Composition; to write

letters in a style and autograph becoming educated gentlemen,—[a most excellent study, and well worthy of adoption, if there were but time for it, in our own best schools, from which even lads of sixteen often send scrawls that might have been penned by pot-boys]— and great pains are exerted to make every boy in the class familiar with the Geography, not only of the world at large, but also of his own country; upon which the generality of our chignonned and billy-cocked young people are so often in the dark as to shirk questions; or to answer with lawyer-like reticence.

The proficiency attained in "*Finishing* Schools" in this department of education, and in languages, is miserable, indeed! One young lady who had "done with all lessons," was beginning life, a month since, with the belief that the Gulf Stream issued at Venice! and another, whom I should have expected to prove a good "French scholar," translated "Marie s'est rendue chez sa cousine," into "Maria was restored in her kitchen!"

Our young debutantes will be safer, after all, if "coached" for a Cambridge examination; and Paterfamilias may keep three hundred a-year in his pocket.

I saw in the class-rooms some excellent treatises on arithmetic. All the fundamental rules, tables, and processes of mental reckoning are subjects of daily practice.

The reading lessons comprehend general informa-

tion, natural science, articulation and pronunciation, with recitations from narrative prose.

Religious instruction is based upon the Douai Catechism.

In the second year of the Upper School, (Class the Fifth,) the Greek construing is in the Cyropædia and Anabasis of Xenophon, and in Lucian's "Dialogues of the Dead."

The Arithmetical Class, in this year, work in Algebra, up to Quadratic Equations.

The Fourth Class read, in their first year, Livy and Sallust, and use Arnold's work on Prose Composition. In Greek they read Herodotus, Demosthenes, and Plutarch: and in Mathematics, the course is limited to Tait's Principles of Geometry.

The Third Class enter upon Thucydides and Homer, Tacitus and Ovid.

The Second Class rota comprehends Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Virgil and Horace, and the first six books of Euclid.

The First Class is exercised in Examination rather than in preparatory study; and its place is in the Rhetoric School. Here the upper boys construe Cicero's Orations, and write original essays in Latin. With reference, also, to Greek Oratory, the Orations of Demosthenes and Æschines, [de Coronâ,] are read in the original language. Here also, Arnold's exercises are in full use. Natural Philosophy and Chemistry are substituted for Mathematical study,

which is not carried beyond the first six books of the Elements of Euclid.

Gaume's Catechism of Perseverance and that of the Council of Trent enter into the Religious studies.

Assuming seven years to be the whole period of a pupil's stay in the College, the final twelvemonth enjoins a close Exegesis of Greek History and Universal History.

It appeared to me an admirable course for the inculcation of all that a young man of nineteen need care to acquire in preparing himself to enter the world as a scholar. Our Universities do little more; and these Douaisian teachers have enough upon their hands, even in the work of imparting secular knowledge, were none other made the subject of patient and persevering tuition.

My young guide led me to the College Library, where I was very desirous of seeing a copy of that edition of the Douai Bible which made its first appearance in 1582. To my astonishment, there was not even an entry of the work in their catalogue, nor in that of the magnificent collection in the Douai Museum, which contains upwards of forty thousand volumes. The mention of this grand Town Library awakens heart-burnings and indignation at St. Edmund's (the Benedictines' College); for, when the despoilers commissioned from Paris to take possession by wrong and robbery of whatever was rare and valuable in the churches, abbeys, or monasteries, went up to Douai, in 1792, they ruth-

lessly stripped the shelves of the College to the extent of thirty thousand volumes. Similar robberies were perpetrated in other libraries, museums, and chapter houses, in the Departement du Nord; and all the books then carted off from their original shelves were thrown promiscuously on to the floor of the Public Library, which had been first established in 1770,—nearly a quarter of a century previous. The mass of printed tomes of all sizes and periods, from the 15th century upward, thus shot, like so much rubbish, by the ignorant and brutish marauders, [agents of the Revolutionary Committee sitting in Paris] wherever space could be found for such deposits in the Museum, exceeded a hundred thousand: many of which, the value whereof was incalculable, were not long afterwards sent up into the Arsenal as waste-paper, to wrap round stores or to kindle fires; for, in 1799, the Republican Municipality, Idealists and Utilitarians, converted the Museum and its Library into a Granary; and the volumes which had been preserved in beautiful condition through upwards of three centuries subsequent to the first use of types in the various monasteries and religious houses in the north of France, were disposed of by weight to trunk-makers and buttermen. So wide and effectual was the dispersion, that, even in the present day, those among the Ecclesiastical body who merit the appellation of Men of Learning, and visit the Public Library, hoping, as they do, to recognise now and then a

stray volume that might have belonged to Arras, Lille, Soissons, and other such cities, formerly rich in literary lore, fail to discover a vestige of collections once so well known and so justly prized.

I may here briefly advert to the origin of St. Edmund's College, which engrossed so much of my attention, at this date; especially as our own University of Oxford is connected with the subject. To Queen Elizabeth is attributed the religious schism which completely separated the Anglican Church from Roman Catholicity; inasmuch as within two months after her accession to the throne, she issued the proclamation which declared the spiritual supremacy of the Sovereign, and imposed upon her subjects an oath of which the mere formula constituted thorough apostacy, in that it substituted in all religious matters the supreme will of a woman for the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff. A large body of the Inferior Clergy, and all the Bishops of Great Britain, with exception of three, refused to take the oath, and became refugees; the majority finding a cordial welcome in the Netherlands, then under the dominion of Philip II. of Spain, whose religious sentiments and (as was supposed) political views greatly favoured the cause of the recusants. Among these was William Allen,—called in the college books "ALANUS,"—a member of an old Lancashire family of that name,—Canon of York, and a Doctor of Divinity in Oxford. He first went

to Louvain and formed an intimacy with Jean Vendeville, a professor in the University of that town. Some few years afterwards, these two took a journey to Rome in company with Philip Morgan, who had been provost of Oriel College, Oxford; the aim of the triumvirate being the preservation, if not the renewal, of the Roman Catholic faith in England. About three months after their return from the Holy City, Vendeville, who had for some years held a Law Professorship in Douai, wrote to Allen, then at Louvain, offering him a professorship of Theology; and Allen, having accepted this appointment, opened a college for the reception of all such students of Oxford and Cambridge Universities as had betaken themselves to the various establishments of Learning in France and Flanders. The said college was but a small tenement purchased by the agents of PHILIP, but the three professors (in their spirit of self-sacrifice and sincerity which it is impossible to mention without respect) combined their salaries, which we may readily conclude were small enough, to make a fund for the support of their new home; and Vendeville, now made a privy-councillor by PHILIP, won the good will of the monarch and an endowment from the Pope, which was still further augmented by the King, till, about the year 1578, the English college of Douai had become not only a local habitation of some eminence, but had acquired an illustrious name. This prosperity, however, had only just dawned when certain intriguing person-

ages in the court of PHILIP took upon themselves to make a grave representation, to the effect that the ENGLISH COLLEGIANS were doing their utmost to hand over Douai, (at that time a Flemish town,) to France. The result was a summary edict commanding the whole fraternity to quit the country within twenty-four hours. Resistance was out of the case, and they withdrew instantly to Reims where Cardinal De Guise received them most cordially, and here they remained in all tranquillity till the year 1593, a period of fifteen years, during which the priests, all of them ripe scholars, began to translate the Scriptures into English. They took first in hand the New Testament, as less voluminous than the Old; and the earliest publication appeared within four years after their expulsion from Douai. This well-known version, still upheld as a standard volume by all English Papists, is a master-piece of industry and painstaking; but I had been informed that if I could find leisure to read through the whole of the ANNOTATIONS, which are very numerous, I should find more than one hinting at the projected expedition (1588) of the "INVINCIBLE ARMADA." As the Reims copy was not in St. Edmund's Library, such scrutiny was not in my power. I have recently, however, devoted many hours to the perusal of the said publication, and failed to discover any the remotest allusion or hint upon the subject of that senseless invasion. The few points which interested me in my inspection of the Anno-

tations appended to the Douai New Testament, A.D. 1633, I shall advert to presently.

The Douai Translation of the Old Testament did not appear till twenty-eight years after that of the New, though the College was re-established in Douai eleven years after the expulsion of its inmates [in 1582]. Allen became a Cardinal and was consecrated Archbishop of Mechlin, in tenure of which Flemish see he died at Rome in 1594. From that period the College began to prosper again, and had enjoyed nearly two centuries of fame and influence, when the outbreak of the Great Revolution involved it in the general ruin of all such seminaries throughout the land.

During the long interval of tranquillity just recorded (a period comprehending the reigns of Louis XIII., XIV., XV., and XVI.), many minor establishments sprung out of the primitive foundation, comprising French, Scotch, Irish, and English youth; the agglomeration of which homes of Learning and Theology gave to Douai a *quasi* University reputation. All these, however, disappeared in the first years of the Republic of 1795, and not until Bonaparte, First Consul, wishing to testify a friendly feeling towards England, *malgrè* the renewal of hostilities in 1803, restored to the English Benedictines all that had been sequestrated and alienated, and bade them re-inhabit their ancient home, did St. Edmund's College recover its position, and rise with rapid progress to the eminence it at present

enjoys. Wealth it boasts not: my young guide's words on the subject express its condition in brief —"We just pay our way, and avoid all debt:"— but it is a noble Establishment, and no one could visit and inspect it and think otherwise than favourably on all he might see and hear within its walls. For my part, I received a *quasi* ovation. As a Maître ès Arts of Oxford, and one who had written much (for so the young novice had represented me) on the subject of France, her Clergy, Schools, &c., and was enrolled among the Translators of Homer, I was greeted with cordial welcome and respect; was led by two of the brethren into the Refectory or Great Hall [restored and decorated some years since by Welby Pugin], placed to the right of the Superior at the Dais or High Table, to make a luncheon from their dinner, and a few gracious observations on all that had been already brought under my notice; and then I took a leisurely survey of the one most interesting of all the portraits suspended in the Hall—that of Cardinal ALANUS—though there were others whose names did not sound altogether strange; as those of divines who had in turn filled the headship. Pugin had also accomplished wonders in giving effect to light, colouring, and perspective in their Chapel, which I also visited. In the Library I had free range, and here the young probationary brother, on hospitable thoughts intent, placed before me a cool bottle of Claret, and a flask of Selzer water, supplementing the same with some excellent cakes

and fanciful compositions in flour and sugar, among which he pointed out to me a curious specimen of soft biscuit, in zig-zag form, peculiar to the town, to which he gave the singular name of "Douai lightning!" The ante-room to this choice and elegant Library contains, *inter alia*, a good billiard-table, on which it was not difficult to gain a footing, immediately, with a cannon; Isidore, for the moment, leading off! but we hurried on to the desk upon which I promptly spread out the Douai New Testament of 1633. More than half of the title-page was wanting; and no mention appeared of the place where the work was printed by Jean Cousturier, A.D. 1633. The late Mr. Crabbe Robinson recorded in his Diary that on the 14th of December, 1824, he purchased at a sale, at Saunders's, a copy of the Douai Bible, and Reims New Testament, for eight shillings and sixpence, and three shillings and sixpence, severally. I surmise they must have been very much worn and disfigured copies.

In one of the pages of this book which I was now collating, some reader (a boyish one, it may be presumed,) had, in the beginning of the present century made the following entry with ink :—

"April 12, 1804 Rodney beat the French Fleet.
April 12, 1782

22 years since."

Scribbling which spoiled the book almost in the middle.

The Annotations are copious. Among these I found one to the effect that when St. Peter became a follower of Christ he *abandoned* his wife! As may be inferred, this was to enforce Celibacy in the Church ministry. How could such a lie effect any good! In the Gospel according to St. John, chap. ii. v. 4, τί ἐμοὶ καὶ σοὶ; ("What have I to do with thee?"), the Translators say they retain the literal reading of the Greek, "What is to me and thee,"—lest, by turning it into any more euphonious English phrase they should limit the meaning of the Holy Spirit's utterance to some certain sense, either not intended or not exclusively intended, and so deny to the Reader not only the right of choosing his own interpretation, but, also, prevent his judging of the sense with that absence of bias [they use the word "indifference"] whereof all translators (of the Scriptures especially) should be cautious. The words occur not for the first time in the Gospel only. They are found in seven or eight passages of the Old Testament. In the 19th chapter of the 2nd Book of Kings, David emphatically observes to Abishai and Joab that the occasion had not arisen for the exercise of severity on Shimei's disloyal, if not indeed treasonous, speeches; the man having expressed penitence. The passage is, in fact, a Hebraism, implying "I cannot regard this as an occasion that should urge you to call upon me to act: Herein I shall do what may seem fitting to be done, upon the dictate of my own judgment."

The Douai Translators, introducing numberless Annotations, might as well have referred to these parallel passages, where the expression always implies a demur, and a disposition to dissuade. *Their* rendering is inane and meaningless.

In the fifth chapter of the First Epistle of St. John, on the passage "Whatever we ask, he heareth us" —the Douai Annotation observes that this sentence sanctions Prayers for the Dead. In support of this opinion they quote St. Cyprian:—"Whichever of two believers shall die first ought, in the next world, to pray for his surviving brother;" and St. Jerome, who said he would pray in the next world for his Christian brother. The only passage bearing upon this is in the two last verses of the twelfth chapter of the Second Book of Maccabees. [Apocrypha.]

I afterwards looked into the Old Testament: "The Second tome of the Holy Bible faithfully translated into English out of the authentical Latin: Diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek, and other Editions in divers languages, with arguments of the Books and Chapters, Annotation Tables, and other helps for better understanding of the text; for discovery of corruptions in some late translations and for clearing controversies in Religion:—By the English College of Doway.

'Spiritu Sancto inspirati locuti sunt sancti Dei homines.'

'The Holy men of God spake inspired with the Holy Spirit.' *Peter* 2, chap. i.

Printed at Doway by Laurence Kellam at the sign of the holie lambe: 1610."

There were several very beautiful books in this Library of the Benedictines. Their copy of the Patristic Writings was clean and in good preservation; but the paper was of very inferior quality, and the binding very mean. However, I forbore to linger any longer among such lore, having appointed a time for meeting the Custos of the Public Library at the Museum; and took leave, not without regret, of the Brothers who, one and all, had manifested that spirit of hospitality and gentle courtesy which leaves life-long impressions and not a single regret.

In the afternoon my young acquaintance accompanied me to the Museum and introduced me to the chief Librarian, a man of wide information *in re* Bibliothecali. This was a private inspection, and I stood alone in the immense gallery. It appeared to me the longest Library I had ever beheld;—being three hundred and forty feet in extent, without a break, partition, or projection of any kind, and about forty feet wide; fourteen shelves, all round the room, ascending to a height of fifteen feet. Here, on a substantial desk, lay a mighty volume, the vellum pages of which measured thirty inches from the top to the bottom, and twenty-four in width. It was the "Antiphonale et Graduale ad usum Basilicæ Sancti Eligii Noviodunensis [Noyon] pro festis primi ordinis. Scribebat Parisiis Domnus Carolus Mercier Monachus et Presbyter Monasterii

S. Germani à Pratis, ornavitque Joannes Rousselet Anno Dⁱ 1738." The whole, both the musical notes and the words, was painted in black letters, each measuring three-quarters of an inch, and most exquisitely illuminated in gold, vermilion, ultramarine, green, and other colours. The priests during Mass, on the high festivals of the Church, could easily read every note and word at two yards' distance from the page.

My young companion being at my side, I asked him why the letter I was omitted in the word "DOMNUS" which preceded the name of "Mercier." He said "Domnus" was the peculiar title of a Benedictine monk. I mentioned the fact, however, of the Carthusian monk, Garnier, who conducted me through the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in 1856, being addressed as "Dom." The Librarian, intent on fixing my attention on one of his treasures, brought me the "Liber Horarum" of Sir Thomas More. Previous to the Revolution of 1793 this book had occupied a place on the shelves of the Library in the Scotch College. It contains an exposition of what are termed "The Seven Penitential Psalms" [6th, 32nd, 38th, 51st, 102nd, 130th, 143rd], as stated at the end of the book—a black-letter volume, about seven or eight inches square :—"Here endeth the exposycyon of ye VII psalms Emprynted at London in the flete strete at the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde. In the ycre of oure lorde MCCCCCVIII ye XVI day of ye moneth of Juyn.

The XXIII yere of ye regne of our soverayne lorde Kynge Hēry the seventh." To face the title-page are written on the blank leaf the subjoined lines, which the Librarian stated to have been composed by the ill-fated Chancellor, in the Tower of London; and he went on to say that it was by him given, as a parting keepsake, on the day of his (More's) execution to his very dear friend and fellow-martyr to the cause of Papal supremacy, Bishop Fisher, with whom, while prisoner in the Tower, he had held such frequent and sweet counsel. The name of Fisher, as will be seen, is appended to that of More; but Mons. Stabel was very "shady" in his recollections of English History. Sir Thomas More was not put to death till his friend had been dead a fortnight; the latter having suffered decapitation on the twenty-second day of June 1535, and the Chancellor, on July the sixth. The verses run thus:

"The surest meane for to attaine
The perfect waye to endlesse blisse
Are happie lief and to remaine
With in the churche where virtue is
And if thy conscience be soe sounde
to thinke thy faith is truth indeede
Beware in thee no schisme be founde
that virtue may have her neede
If unitie thow doe embracè
In heavin enjoy possesse thy place."

"Qui non rectè vivit in unitate ecclesiæ
Catholicæ salvum esse non potest
Thomas Morus d^us^ Cancellarius
Angliæ John Fischer episcopus Roffensis.

[Fisher was Bishop of Rochester.] Had the book been presented at all to the Bishop — which does not seem probable—I think his learned friend was too correct a grammarian not to have written the name of Fisher in the *dative* case "Fishero, episcopo Roffensi."

But I have grave doubts as to these verses having been either penned or dictated by Sir Thomas More. The Librarian could give no further account of the book than that of its having been upwards of seventy years ago in the Library of the Scotch College. I think the lines must have been written from dictation by some individual who had very confused notions of rhythm, and a very slender acquaintance with English composition. The last line is evidently a blunder. The words should have stood either "In Heaven's joy," or "in heavenly."

The Librarian then brought forward a beautiful vellum manuscript of the ninth century, from a monastery at Marchiennes, near Charleroi in Belgium. It was the Psalter in Latin: the letters engrossed as in a parchment deed, with marvellous distinctness. Considering the lapse of a thousand years since this work and labour of love was accomplished by some devoted clerk of the darkest age, it was a wonderful relic to behold.

Alongside of this was placed an exquisite manuscript, bound in book shape, nearly three inches in thickness, comprising six hundred and sixty eight

very thin vellum pages, seven inches in height, and two and three-quarters in breadth, most beautifully written on in black, red, and blue letters of the dimension of the sixteenth of an inch. It was a complete Bible: beginning with the first chapter of the Book of Genesis, and ending with the last of the Apocalypse. It was said to be of the thirteenth century.

The next tome submitted for inspection was a very curious sample of early printing:—"Liber Decretalium Gregorii Papæ;" published at Mayence in 1473. The printing was exquisite: the headings of paragraphs and periods being illuminated in splendid colours and richly gilt. Schoeffer the Printer had appended at the end of the volume an announcement, blended with the fantastic escutcheons and ciphers of his own invention,—to the effect that this was no manuscript but a printed work:—"Petrus Schoiffer de Gernsheim in suis consignando scutis consummavit, non atramentali pennâ cannâve sed arte quâdam ingeniosâ imprimendi cunctipotente aspiranti deo,"—a queer specimen of Latinity, but intended to inform the public that he had set his hand and seal to having produced this book, not through the instrumentality of any quill, or reed pen charged with ink, but of a certain ingenious art, the art of Printing, which may be attributed to the inspiration [he meant "*in*spirante," not "*a*spirante"] of Almighty God.

Schoeffer died in 1502. He was originally a

copyist of MSS. in Paris, but subsequently found employment at Mayence where, having brought under the notice of Faust his newly invented matrices and punches, he entered into partnership with him, having previously worked in his employ during Gutenberg's connection with the firm. This took place in 1446 ; but some accounts state 1455, when Gutenberg withdrew. Gutenberg had made the first experiments at Strasburg with carved wooden blocks. Schoeffer, however, having married Faust's daughter, gave his father-in-law the full benefit of his metal type ; and the first important specimen of the use of this was the celebrated Bible of six hundred and thirty-seven leaves. But Schoeffer printed several works alone, of which this Decretal of Pope Gregory was, as above seen, one. I shall not make any further mention of Vellum Manuscripts or printed volumes brought under my notice on this occasion, though they were many and most rare ; a small folio black-letter edition of Chaucer's Works being among the number, printed by Kele, "dwellynge in Lombarde Strete, nere unto the Stockes Market, at the signe of the Egle, A.D. 1542." The Librarian was very obliging, and ransacked many a shelf to find the most interesting among what he called his treasures. Among these was an imperfect copy of a very scarce work entitled "Le Bible des Pauvres," teaching chiefly through woodcut illustrations of a very plain and primitive character. The Book of Revelation was wanting He

said Signore Libri, the well-known Italian collector, had a perfect copy; which he had seen. He took it to London about five years since, and sold it for five hundred pounds.

From the Library I went into the Museum, where the Archæological Department had been recommended to my notice as the best part of it. I found nothing in the coin cabinets more ancient than the period of the Antonines; but close to these there was a bronze tripod, which bore the impress of the Augustan age, and a stone with an inscription commemorative of a visit of the Emperor Tiberius to the frontiers of Gaul. In the pre-historic section there were some cases containing objects of primæval antiquity; but the labels had been disarranged, and some substances belonging to the Palæolithic had been confusedly blended with those of the Neolithic age. Many of the bones to which Monsieur Desnoyers had called the attention of archæologists (found in the Pliocene beds of St. Prest) I had seen in the Cabinet of Monsieur Boucher de la Perthe at Abbeville. The *implements* found in the river-drift gravels are far more interesting, as the oldest undoubted traces of man's existence: and the flints here shown correspond exactly with those Boucher brought under my notice ten years since, having more or less distinctive forms. It was a subject he avowed to be full of difficulty; the number of Savants being great who contended that these flint flakes were not the re-

sults of human manufacture, but of natural origin. Both theories awaken and encourage thought; though it is a point which even Time is not likely to resolve.

CHAPTER II.

RAMBLING IN DOUAI.

FELL in (on the 10th July) with many civil and military groups bringing banners, branches, and decorations to the Grande Place, where a boarded enclosure had been completed to surround an area of four acres. Everyone seemed on the look-out for the numerous deputations from the arrondissements and from Belgium, which were to arrive by every train throughout the day. The town was to be in grand gala next day and that evening. Gilt eagles, oriflammes, standards, and flag-poles were to be had on hire for a week or a day; and I overtook a sedulous *père de famille* making the best of his way homeward with two flags and a spear, surmounted by an eagle, for the decoration of his first-floor balcony. As is usual, the preparations for a great *fête* suspended all active business and labour; and seeing the masons and carpenters packing up their tools at a scaffolding which was in my way, I took occasion to ask a bricklayer's mortar-boy what wages he received for six days' labour—twelve hours daily. He informed me that for six days he would have to

take nine shillings and threepence. If he chose to work on Sunday he would make one shilling more. A grown man would be paid at the rate of eleven shillings for the six; twelve for the seven days. I instituted this inquiry, and I pause to make special mention of it in this place, because there are at the present moment large and costly works in progress both in London and Paris, employing thousands of labourers on the erection of new streets and houses. The following quotations, therefore, from a very precise written statement supplied to me by one of our principal West End firms will show the rate at which Paris and London workmen in the same craft are being paid.

The French wages go to show at what a far less expense the new houses are erected in Paris than in London. The English wages prove that our work-people are most equitably paid, and that there is no grinding of the faces of the poor on our scaffoldings; as the disaffected rabble that infest Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park allege, when they have no other imaginary grievance to bellow about:—

	London. per week.			Paris. per week.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Common labourer, Bricklayer's	1	2	0	0	11	0
Better hand ditto	1	5	0	0	12	0
Hod boy	0	12	4	0	9	3

The price of provisions in Paris is but six per cent. below that in our metropolis. The rents for

the labouring class are three per cent. lower. Clothing costs about the same in both capitals.

ALL traffic or carriage of merchandize, public vehicles, and country carts were forbidden to enter the principal streets on Sunday; and the inhabitants were invited to "pavoiser" their dwellings—that is, to hang out flags, banners, tapestries, carpets, and whatever else might contribute to produce a gay appearance at the windows and mark a universal holiday. Upwards of a thousand "artistes," picked men out of the musical strength of each canton, commune, town, or city, were to enter Douai before night; and I suppose it was the general impulse thus given to musical taste which set into action the hundreds of *pianos* throughout the town; for the sound thereof, about a full note below pitch (!), was ubiquitous. If tuners were not scarce, francs must have been; for what but stern necessity could induce any householder to endure such discord! This reflection was enforced by my apartments being much too near to an old palace, now called 'Le Dauphin,' which had been converted by the Corporation into a sort of Town-hall—the basement story of which formed quarters for a guard of soldiers;—the first floor containing a council-room, in immediate contiguity to which were two large apartments appropriated to an Academy of Music. Here were three pianos and 'something more,'—something worse: for, from this section of the building, so early as six o'clock in the morning,

issued the gamut notes of a beginner on the Ophicleide (!); the most characteristic sounds of sadness and melancholy I ever heard, not even excepting elementary exercises on the French-horn; and compared with which the lowings of a discontented bullock, or a bereaved cow in a meadow, would have been lulling euphony.

Strolling onward, I came in front of the Great Hospital, a noble establishment, and a worthy rival of our 'Middlesex,' but much larger. It is not only a Refuge for the Sick, but an Asylum for the Destitute. The scale of accommodation is magnificent, and the general aspect of cleanliness and order is remarkable even at a glance. Large lift-pumps are in continual action for throwing water in abundance all over the premises, including the highest elevation. I entered the principal ward, a beautiful apartment, twenty-one feet in height, ventilated by numerous very large windows. The beds displayed very white linen with green counterpanes; and the floors were tiled, as an expedient to prevent infection clinging to the surface of so extensive an area. But all these establishments in France are admirably arranged and ordered; and the extent of poverty in that fine country requires corresponding care and precaution, as is evidenced by the standing council, in whom lies the 'Direction de l'Assistance Publique:' a bureau with which, so far as Paris is concerned, I have long been acquainted. I

learned that nearly one-third of the total deaths in Paris occur in the sixteen hospitals of that city, where there is none of that aversion among the Poor from having recourse to good nursing and medical attendance which is felt by the generality of our sick and needy; though I believe this prejudice is fast disappearing.

My next visit was to the 'Lycée,' an immense institution which has risen within the last forty years upon the foundation, and amid the scattered remains, of those ancient premises known towards the close of the sixteenth century as the College of Anchin, which embodied the University founded in 1561. The Imperial Government and the town of Douai have conjointly rendered their Lyceum a first-rate public school, and have enhanced its effectiveness as a trainer of youth by appending to it a sort of preparatory school, under the designation of the Little College, where boys are received at the age of seven years,—an initiatory system which has been adopted at our 'Eton.'

There are thirty-five professors attached to this College, for the tuition of three hundred youths, all of whom, with exception of some thirty, had gone home for the holidays. These, too, would leave in the course of a week, but were staying behind to undergo certain examinations on the principal subjects of the expiring half year's study.

The scale of the buildings is vast. I saw nine quadrangles more than three hundred feet long

and proportionately wide ; the whole establishment occupying an area of sixty-four thousand square yards, or nearly fourteen acres. These quadrangles are tastefully planted with acacia and lime trees, and paved with asphalt; thus forming excellent grounds for exercise. Cloisters run all round, and; at intervals, are doors leading into class-rooms, over the entry into which is inscribed the nature of the studies for which the apartment is designed. Entering the first Mathematical School, I saw a black demonstration board, on which were traced, very correctly, in chalk, two circles and a triangle, with letters.

As we both began to handle the chalk pencils which lay in the shallow trough, containing about a hundred such, in front of the board, I wrote under it ΕΥΚΛΙΔΠΣ *βιβ. ά, προβλ. ά* :—the professor at my side thanking me for stimulating his pupils' curiosity and attention ; "for now," said he, "they will know some one has been here who well knows what they are about." There were benches from the floor to the ceiling, and the custom of the teacher was to call upon any one from these benches and place him before the board, and require him to go through the demonstration to Q. E. D. Questions would then follow on the Axioms, Postulates, and Definitions. We then went into a spacious apartment designated the Scientific Drawing School. The walls were hung with prints of mechanical apparatus and machinery, the lever, pulley, axle,

pendulum, steam-engine, crane, windlass, jack, &c. "Encore une esquisse!" exclaimed my companion. "A la bonne heure," I replied; and, taking up the chalk near the demonstration board, I drew a steelyard suspending a tiny leg of mutton, like those served up at *tables d'hôte*, and wrote under it, 'Combien pèse le gigot?' Just as I laid down the chalk, two professors entered. "Here is the Instituteur of this class," exclaimed the professor. Seeing a stranger at the board, they saluted and came up to me, exclaiming "Mais, par exemple! voilà la Romaine!" and seemed highly gratified at the novel illustration, which, they said, should remain till term time. I said I had seen this steelyard in perfect condition, with weights, in the Museo Borbonico at Naples, forty-eight years since, to which it had been brought from excavations in Pompeii; but as to the very common notion of its being a balance of *Roman* invention, there was no foundation for such an idea, the steelyard having in remote times been a popular weighing machine in the East, where the standard weight was generally made to resemble in its shape a POMEGRANATE, whence the instrument acquired the name of *romman*. The one I saw in Italy was the old 'statera,' familiar to the ancients; but first adopted, as far as my knowledge serves me, among the Orientals, in whose tongue 'romman' signifies a pomegranate. Be this as it may, I thought it a good medium of instruction on the subject of the

fulcrum, centre of gravity, counterpoise, and equilibrium; and, doubtless, my professor would lead off with it in October, and make friendly mention of the 'Vieux Anglois en voyage.' His companion who came in with him was a teacher in Anatomy. On my inquiring whether he taught the lads to delineate (with the chalk pencils I saw lying about) muscles, ligaments, bones, and the courses of nerves,—he said few of them attained to sufficient dexterity of hand, even if they evinced talent for design, to do much in that way. They gained a general insight into the human frame, its structure, and adaptabilities, but seemed for the most part to rely on dissections, at a more advanced period of their study, in case of any of them going forward with a view to becoming surgeons. On his asking me how I would encourage them to delineate what they met with in reading, it occurred to me that he might sketch the spinal process and show how the nerves are given out, and 'top this up' with the brain case. He wished he could draw: a wish in which I thought his pupils would cordially join, for it seemed to me indispensable in his place. He had lectured on diverging fibres, but was not acquainted with the name of Gasser, to which I referred while speaking of Ganglia, and had not as yet read above one work on Physiology, in which my old school-fellow, the late Herbert Mayo, had so long since encouraged me to take more than a mere reader's interest. We then entered another Mathematical class-room, for

the highest proficients; but the range of reading here was very remote from our Wrangler's study. When I asked, among other queries, "What about the differential calculus? Do you use your own Lacroix's work?" he replied that they let *that* alone altogether, and the youth whose aspirations would reach after Leibnitz or Newton would only then begin to handle mathematical theories when he should enter thereon in Paris. From this apartment we passed into the Rhetorical School. Here, perched on a desk, I found an elderly instructor overlooking very earnestly the book from which a youth of nineteen was reading to him, and which, they told me, was 'Extracts from Tacitus.' This certainly bore no reference to Rhetoric; but they had rambled into the room through the first open door they had met in the cloister. The juvenile was to go up for a Bachelor of Arts degree in the course of the following week; and the senior classic was putting him on here and there, by way of testing his fitness to stand examination in the 'Annalia.' Aware of the importance of their occupation, I exchanged a few complimentary words with both, and passed on, wishing the candidate all success, and trusting he would find in the sequel that he had been "assez bien farci:" Anglicè *crammed:* a little pleasantry from which they seemed to derive mutual gratification; as though I had said, "Go in and win." The old gentleman took a pinch of snuff, made me a bow,

and resumed—"Quos spiritus gessisset . . ." and we walked on,—to ascend into the dormitories. Here I found nobly-proportioned rooms, eighty feet long, thirty-six wide, and fourteen high, with highly-polished deal floors and many large windows—twelve in each room—moving on pivots. The twenty-four bedsteads were made of iron, each having a rug alongside, and a fixed box or locker for brushes, combs, &c. Down the centre of the room was a long range of washing apparatus—a metal reservoir having twelve taps on either side; the water falling into a broad leaden trough, along which was a wire net-work to hold cakes of soap; the towels being suspended from pegs underneath, and lengths of oil-cloth being extended on either side where the twenty-four boys would be standing. Except at Marlborough College, the lavatories of which (as may be said of all the appointments there) are without a parallel, I never saw so admirable an arrangement. The clothing is stowed away in a large wardrobe at the end of the apartment. Half way down, and projecting from the wall, on a sort of platform, stands the bedstead of the master of the division. Each bedstead is fitted with a spring mattress twelve inches in thickness, having a horse-hair and cow-hair mattress upon it; a sheet also and blankets. In winter a counterpane is added. A patrol with worsted slippers on his feet walks through the dormitories during the night, and records the time of his rounds with a needle apparatus

appended to the doorposts of the Institute; and this is inspected by an officer every morning. A shaded lamp is attached to the wall of each extremity of the room throughout the night, and a much larger one suspended from the centre of the ceiling, both in summer and winter. In each door is a small circular hole through which the Inspector may at any moment survey the whole interior.

Mass is celebrated every Sunday in the chapel of the establishment by clergy from the churches.

It appeared to be an admirably ordered establishment, and worthy of inspection by every traveller that may have made arrangements for remaining two days in the town.

The Town Prison lay in the direction I was taking when I left the Lycée, and I obtained an order from the Sub-Prefect which would authorize me to inspect it in every part. Here, too, was an admirable state of things: order, cleanliness, and purification, having their perfect work in every department.

The Governor himself conducted me through all the sections. His own residence forms a central stack of building, in which also are apartments for warders, male and female, and other officers. A wide flat roof of zinc forms a terrace around this centre, from the height of which every yard is distinctly seen.

The untried prisoners are, of course, detained in a separate division. The longest term of detention for the convicts is a year and a day; those who are sentenced to a longer term of imprisonment being

always consigned to a Central House in the provinces. Amongst the *détenus* awaiting trial I recognised, to my astonishment, an Englishman. His case was so singular, and the hardships he had endured seemed so unjustifiable and cruel, that I felt encouraged to bid him expect a speedy deliverance. He bore the aspect of a respectable looking mechanic, and a prepossessing countenance, as devoid of the expression of guile as any of the best I had ever seen within the walls of a prison,—and I have visited many. He was neatly attired, quiet, and resigned, and showed like a gentleman among the twenty French scamps by whom he was surrounded; and his general appearance and manner appealed to my commiseration, irrespectively of the brief account given of him by the Governor, who mentioned it as a very cruel position arising out of circumstantial evidence and a wanton piece of mischief (not a *mauvaise plaisanterie* merely), from which nothing but a trial, on the appeal he had made, could deliver him. He was a civil engineer conversant with machinery, especially with steam apparatus; and had left England some fifteen months previous to enter upon work, for which he had been engaged, in Constantinople. His employer there was an English shipbuilder and railway agent; and, having completed all his engagements, he left the Bosphorus, and had recently landed at Marseilles with a sum of fifty-four pounds, which he was carrying home to his wife and family, resident

in the Commercial Road, London. In the merchant vessel, which conveyed him from Alexandria to the coast of France, he had formed the acquaintance of two fellow-countrymen, one of whom had been Cook in an East India ship of the first class, and the other a seafaring man in the Mediterranean. He travelled with a second-class ticket; but, being unable to converse in the French language, he had relieved the *ennui* of long silence by occasional talk with these third-class passengers whenever the train halted for any time *en route* towards Paris and the coast. They stayed one day in Paris, where the Cook bought a watch for fifty francs; and when the three went up to the Great Northern Station to take tickets for Boulogne, he decided on keeping company with them till the journey should be ended, and took a third-class ticket accordingly. He fasted between Paris and Boulogne, but his companions got "powerfully refreshed" at the Amiens buffet. Between that station and Noyelles he fell asleep. At Boulogne, however, all of course, alighted; but no sooner had the Cook stepped on to the platform than he exclaimed, "Hallo! I have lost my watch!" and when our engineer told him he must be mistaken, and that it might have slipped down his clothing, for that he had seen him take it in his hand long after they left Paris, the fellow turned short upon him with "I tell you what: I believe *you've* got it!" The accused party not only indignantly denied having laid a finger on the watch, but after

hearing the other fellow protest that *he* knew nothing about the article, went on to say, "If you are so positive about it, give me in charge here, and have me searched, and then you will be satisfied;" and hereupon the Cook staggered up to a gendarme who had come upon the platform, and made him understand that his fellow-traveller had stolen his watch. The accused again proposed that he should be then and there searched, which was accordingly done, and the watch was found in his waistcoat pocket. He in vain protested against the trick that had been played off on him, for that the watch could only have been thrust into his pocket while he was asleep [with a bag of gold in his breast-pocket], and that this was merely an attempt to get money from him as a compromise; for, as was to be expected, the Cook took possession of the watch; but the Policeman gave him to understand the matter must not rest there: all three must go with him to the Juge d'Instruction. To make short of my narrative, the accuser was permitted to proceed on his way to England, but the accused was detained in the prison at Boulogne as "un suspect," and there he remained for a fortnight. Our Consul, to whom he made his case known, declined to interfere, saying it could only be disposed of at a French tribunal, out of whose hands he could not take it; and then, upon the detained man's brother arriving from England, a local attorney was applied to who instantly advised the man to appeal. This brought

him up to Douai, where another attorney was retained, and it was during the interval preceding his trial that I saw him. The lawyer had assured him he would be acquitted directly he could tell his tale, and in the second week of July he was pronounced innocent, and set free. The Benedictines wrote to me to that effect, and added that the Douai lawyer had brought him a bill of costs amounting to twenty-five pounds, a sum which amounted to nearly half of his savings. Compassionating the man's sufferings in purse and person, one of the kind-hearted ecclesiastics visited this harpy of the law, and persuaded him, after long expostulation, to reduce his claim to half, which the engineer, all thankfulness, paid down, and forthwith he returned to London. The French turnkeys treated their prisoner in Douai jail very considerately. He told me so; but (as I plainly perceived) the riff-raff that paced the exercising yard on all sides of him were objects of horror, and rendered his adventure the most terrible episode in all the history of his social existence. Perhaps some of my readers may incline to believe that he had with his own hands secreted the watch; but independently of the manifest folly of stealing it under such circumstances, there was a look of honesty in his face which, like an aureole, forbade any just person impeaching a subject so favoured.

The Rue St. Jacques is one of the greatest thoroughfares in Douai, and the sojourner in that town is

sure to go through it more than once daily. I had stopped to speak to the sentinel at the *porte cochère* of the Hôtel de l'Europe, half-way down the said street, when I espied in the back-yard a hecatomb of no ordinary dimensions—such as might have figured in some great sacrifice of the Ancients. The *maître d'hôtel* had covered a temporary platform of considerable width, raised on trestles, with the carcases of two fatted oxen, five calves, and thirteen sheep, independently of forty couples of ducks, fifty couples of fowls *of all ages* (grandsires and rising generations included), and as many pigeons in a heap as must have left a dozen cotes empty. The stock of vegetables alongside was proportionate. 'Tout pour demain!' This was all to be cooked and consumed in the course of three days—the three great days of the Grand Concours. A general of division was staying in the hotel; and two troopers paced the front court, with such glances at the ingredients for the morrow's feast of fat things as we may consider to be only natural; the lancer's rations of *potage* and *bouilli* being simply suggestive of temperance, and of that hardness which the good soldier is to suffer. They should have turned their backs upon this invader of their stomachs' peace. The odours from the kitchen must every hour have become more provocative and tantalising; yet, if it be practicable to dine upon savoury scents, the two sentinels fared well enough for two or three days consecutively. We were to be regaled *en*

grand, also, at the 'Versailles'—(the name is suggestive enough)—and I was requested to grant permission for a huge board to be appended to my balcony, announcing "Table d'hôte à 6 heures," at which, to-morrow—(so I was given to understand)—would be found sweetbreads and truffles, trout and Madeira-wine sauce, and many another gout-generating combination, in honour of the Fête Musicale and the GAYANTS! To this attractive panel were added three spears, with gilt heads and banneroles, which would 'pavoise' me during the whole of the festival.

But it is time I should give some description of what was now in full view, and nearly in full perfection,—the Military Pavilion. The Grande Place, or Place d'Armes, as it is also called, is more than half the length of Portland Place in London, and wider. An enclosure had been formed of boards and posts, so as to comprise a parallelogram capable of containing 5000 or 6000 persons seated. For this purpose posts had been driven into the ground to carry stout three-inch planks, and form benches forty feet long, 150 of which were covered with red cloth. In front of these were some 600 or 700 rush-bottomed chairs, the best seats being to let at five francs each, the next in order at three; the prices diminishing as the sittings receded from the centre, where stood the Pavilion. This was an octagonal framework, on the boarded floor of which fifty persons might stand without touching one

another. It was at the height of five feet from the ground, and fitted with stands for music-books. The base of the pavilion rested on heaps of fourteen and eighteen-pounder cannon-balls, piled as profusely as if they had been so many apples from an orchard in the cider-making season. Where the eight poles supporting the roof rose, were placed small brass cannon, such as in mountain campaigning are carried on mules; and at intervals were small mortars resting, slantingly, on hand-grenades, but fixed on bomb-shells. All around the octagon were ranged short muskets, such as are used in war to fire through loopholes. These were so set up as to form a perfect fluting of steel which concealed all woodwork, and they just reached the floor of the platform. Around each of the eight rising posts were braced six lances, each with its pennon depending. A wooden cornice, such as is fixed above our drawing-room windows, was covered with scarlet cloth, which formed a festooning drapery, and to this were fastened short swords (side-weapons), with their brightened brass hilts downwards, so numerous and so closely arranged as to deceive the eye by presenting every appearance of rich gold bullion lace; and these, again, were surmounted by bayonets placed diagonally, and converging towards the pinnacled roof. All around this roof, which comprehended eight compartments or sections, were suspended bright steel festoons, formed of the little stoppers or *tompions* with which the soldiers close the muzzles

of their firearms. At each of the eight angles was a bright brass cuirass, surmounted by a helmet of the same metal highly burnished; and between these cuirasses, forming a splendid ornament, was a crimson round shield, upon which twelve short swords were placed ('rayonnants'), the hilts meeting in the centre, where they formed a sun of a foot diameter. From this circle rose three regimental flags, and above each helmet were raised three similar flags. The roof was surmounted at its sharp apex by a large coronet, composed of a scarlet band, from which were thrown out diagonally twenty handsome swords, points outwards, which presented the appearance of steel feathers. Out of this beautiful apex rose a yellow flag-staff, surmounted by a brilliant gilt ornament, around which were ranged twelve lancers' pennons. Around the roof generally were projected twenty-four regimental colours; the effect of the whole in all its details and *tout ensemble* being incomparably the most tasteful and ingenious combination of ornament I had ever seen. Doubtless a model must be kept in the Town-hall, or in the arsenal, from which this pavilion is annually worked up; and I suppose none but the French soldiery would succeed in producing so faultless a structure. A crowd of many hundreds of idle townspeople, given up to Fête and *far niente*, continued moving or standing about this masterpiece of ingenuity and handiwork all day.

Bands of music arrived by every train after six

o'clock in the morning from all quarters, bearing on banners the designation of 'Société d'Harmonie et de Fanfares,' and mustering for what was termed the 'Concours de Douai.' Committees were formed from among the principal inhabitants, especially those who were enthusiastic in the cause of music, to meet each deputation as it arrived. The men travelled each with his own peculiar instrument, drum or trumpet, ophicleide or oboe, and fell into rank on the railway platform, with the standard and banners of the city, town, or village whence they were come; the names of the places being conspicuously exhibited in highly-gilt letters, and the names of the candidates for *prix d'honneur*, being entered in a roll carried by one of the band, who would, on arriving at the Town-hall, present it for registration. Thus marshalled, each body of musicians, from thirty to fifty in number, started in full play for the town, where they immediately were led to the quarter to be occupied by them next day. There were five of these appointed stations for musical performances; and judges (all musicians of repute) were appointed to preside for six hours after one o'clock on Sunday. Most of these bands, when they had completed their preparations and paid their respects at the Town-hall, where the Corporation entertained them with wine and cake, amused the inhabitants (and themselves, *faute de mieux*) by parading the streets till past nine o'clock at night, and affording opportunity of

displaying their perfections as wind-instrument players.

As is customary on Fête days, there were notices affixed in every part of the town announcing diversity of amusements for the people, irrespectively of the Musical Contest:—targets in the shooting-fields, foot-ball games, and *jeux de billon* (nine-pins). The Corporation would award a handsome target to be shot for on the 12th (Monday), by the Sappers and Miners; the theatres would be opened gratis, and a ball in the open air would on the same evening enliven the Promenade St. Jacques, and so on up to Thursday in the week commencing on Sunday.

Among the *noms magnifiques* there was an announcement for a kind of subsidiary fête, called the Aerostatique, or what in England we should term a balloon ascent. A certain Sieur Glorieux was to ascend on Thursday in his vast balloon, 'The Jupiter,' by favour of 275 cubic metres of gas; after which he would astonish the natives by appearing in the air on a large horse made of gold-beater's skin! In another district the Town band would play several pieces for a prize, to be followed up by a lottery: the prize to be awarded to the local musicians (should they come up to the mark), being a target for their shooting-ground. In another quarter there would be races between velocipedes and bicycles, and, to wind up all, another open-air ball in the Jardin du Nord. It appeared to me that our

lively neighbours regarded the musical programme as a very secondary consideration. The Sunday afternoon was set apart for the trial of skill between the rival deputations, each performing two advertised pieces; and this contest would not begin till after the arrival and promenade of the GAYANTS, between twelve and one o'clock: this family exercising, like another Cæsar, a *divisum imperium* with Apollo. Indeed, I could not exactly discover which of the two celebrations were in the ascendant on this Bicentenary anniversary;—the entry of the French into Douai, or the trial of musical skill. In more sober and matter-of-fact England, the Musical Festivals comprehend, I believe, melody and harmony alone; the sole appendix to a series of daily concerts being a full-dress ball at their termination. This, certainly, is not taking into account the numerous private luncheons and croquet meetings, lay and clerical flirtations, sight-seeing, and lionizing, which involve the visitors to Norwich, Gloucester, Hereford, and other Cathedral towns noted for Musical Festivals in a series of hospitable and fascinating entertainments by day and by night: but in France *tout le monde* must be amused, from the rank of town councillor to that of the *décrotteur*, or shoeblack at his gate; and they who cannot drive a bullet through the bull's-eye may kick a football into the clouds, if they can, and figure as *cavaliers seuls* in a quadrille at the Public Garden; and thus a *Jour de Fête* in France brings man, woman, and

child, horse, ass, dog, and cat into the streets from dawn till darkness.

It is well, considering all things, that this should be the case, though Goldsmith's lines are hardly applicable now. It is not, nor ever has been since 1789, a "gay, smiling land of mirth and social ease;" neither is it pleased with itself; still less can all the world please it! If we see one of their Fêtes come off well, *tant mieux!* it may be a sweet remembrancer of better times, and a prelude to happier days; and they one and all need it.

11*th.*—The great bell, "Joyeuse" (cast in 1471), in the tower of the Town-hall, was audible at five o'clock this morning, and from that time the streets were paraded by hundreds of professional musicians, the representatives of superior native talent in the province and its neighbouring populations. Trombones and saxhorns aroused even the drowsiest sleepers, but the ophicleides carried all before them; and these are the very essence of what is termed the Orpheonist Association. Many of these instruments were wonderfully well played upon. I met them in all directions, and though some of the competitive deputations brought with them violoncellos and double-basses, the volume of sound in the very best overtures and fantasias (and many were executed in the course of the afternoon) was an emanation from these (literally translated) *keyed serpents;* but what a misnomer 'ophicleide' is! It has plenty of keys

(*kleides*), but nothing of the snake (*ophis*) about it, except, indeed, *scales!*

Some rain had fallen in the night, but not all night, as Virgil has it; and "redeunt spectacula manè." The sports had begun outside the town at nine o'clock in the morning: there had been pigeon and other small bird shooting (a Frenchman would shoot at humming-birds) on a grassy plain, called the 'Barlet,' just such another space as Parker's Piece at Cambridge; and the toxophilites had been rejoicing in arrows on a site near the railway station; while all the *gamins de ville* had been kicking the football and each other over a green sward lying in another direction. Two of the bands belonging to regiments quartered in the town went to the Town-hall, where the mayor and Corporation were to receive the deputations previous to their marching off to the appointed stations at which they would perform in turn from one o'clock till six. I suppose that the greater part of a pipe of claret was disposed of as *vins d'honneur* at the Town-hall in these preliminary greetings and salutations previous to the arrival of GAYANT and his family, who (between twelve o'clock and one) would present themselves, surrounded by about 5000 of the populace in front of the balcony projecting from the Hôtel de Ville. (See *Frontispiece.*)

The only passage through which GAYANT, his wife, and children, could find their way into the streets would be the garden *grille*, or iron gates of

the Museum. When I went from my 'Versailles' into the Rue Balain they had left their apartments in the Museum Garden nearly twenty minutes. The crowd completely filled up the two streets: (one is a continuation of the other)—I press onward; still I see no one:

"The cry is still, 'They come!'"

and the mass of human beings in the distance sways and surges, their voices overpowering both blast of trumpet and roll of drums, and I feel almost disposed to retrace my steps, when, in a moment, revealing himself at a curve in the line of the street, I behold in airy height, reaching the tops of the second-floor windows, the monster form of a warrior clad in kingly apparel, but armed with cuirass and helmet, gauntlets, and all else appertaining to a mailed knight, moving with majestic mien at a foot's pace, in the densest part of the multitude, whose shouting and joyous acclamation he seemed to receive with calm dignity, as he almost imperceptibly moved his arm towards the house nearest to him. A splendid crimson robe hung from his shoulders; but no such adscititious embellishment was needed to create impressions on the beholder. There was a head upon those shoulders exhibiting features of superlative manly beauty, and the fixed gaze of his regards as I got nearer and nearer to him was something terrible in expressiveness. I now observed that the crest of his helmet was exactly on a

level with the central panes of the bed-room windows of the Hôtel de l'Europe. GAYANT stood thirty-one feet high. He seemed proportionately stout and broad in his whole frame. His legs, indeed, were not visible; for, independently of the screen formed by the surrounding multitude of men, women, and children who thronged and shouted and screamed with laughter on every side, the Giant wore below his waist a sort of skirt which descended to and touched the ground. The circumference of this portion of his costume could not be less than ten yards. In his right hand he grasped a spear, suggestive of the weapon which Milton places in the grip of Satan—

> —— "to equal which the tallest pine
> Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
> Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,"—

and the pennon hanging therefrom exhibited the escutcheon of Douai. On his left arm he carried a huge shield; and in his countenance, which was marvellously life-like (and transcendently superior in expression to that of the old Saracen on Snow Hill), he bore an aspect of blended good-nature and soldierly courage—"a delicate monster." He came slowly on, and the reader may now reasonably ask "How?" Under that gown were eight men, who bore poles fitted into strong wicker-work, and by aid of a diminutive hole furnished with glass, these sturdy substitutes for legs were enabled to see their

way, and to complete the circuit of the principal quarters of the town. The pavement was dry as the desert, and it was ludicrous to witness the spasm created in the giant's corporation when a sneeze within the skirt indicated a rush of dust into the nostrils of the hidden ones! But GAYANT was not alone in his glory, though regarded as the palladium of Douai—the symbol of all her chivalry, noblesse, strength, and valour. Alongside of him moved, in corresponding state and dignity, the chief sharer in his annual ovation, MARIE CAGENON, his reputed wife. She rose to the moderate altitude of only twenty-five feet. Her costume was an accurate reproduction of that of the dames of the mediæval times; a gown of brocaded silk of many colours, and a ruff about her neck closely resembling that worn by Mary Queen of Scots; as did her cap the one in which that hapless lady is always represented. She brandished in her right hand an immense feather fan, and all her fingers were loaded with rings. A chain of precious stones depended from her neck, and as to her countenance, which I attentively considered, every feature beamed with cheerfulness and contentment, 'dignity and love.' The lips were not over-rouged, nor the cheeks half so profusely powdered as those of our girls of the period; neither had she hoisted up her front hair on the principle of the turret in our new ships of war, to be interwoven with artificial flowers, and producing an astonishing resemblance to a mixed salad.

Though colossal in stature, there were but *five men* under her skirts doing the needful to enable her to make her way in the procession. But I have not yet done with the interesting family. Three children, each moving along by means of a powerful man beneath the flowing garments, accompany the Anakim pair. JACQUOT, the eldest son, twelve feet high, arrayed in the complete costume of the Flemish Court in the sixteenth century, plumed and short-cloaked, marched close to his father. His eldest sister, FILLION, only eleven feet high, arrayed in exact conformity with the Court dress of ladies in the reign of Francis I., sidled along on her mother's left, and I thought her looking poorly; her ears were preternaturally white, and so was her under lip; yet she had not been standing about in any rain; and I had visited her lodgings on Saturday, and observed no appearance of damp. Just behind FILLION came 'BINBIN,' the baby boy, a mere dwarf in the domestic group, being only eight feet six inches in stature, or the rival of Miss Swann, whom I had seen in London some three months previously, walking round a room in Piccadilly with feet of the size of what Fortnum and Mason term 'conveniently small breakfast hams;' the hands of the same exalted young lady being also well calculated to give any man such a 'buckhorse' as would have sent him whirling round the presence-chamber with a sense of anything but pleasurable astonishment. BINBIN wore a sort of blouse, his head surmounted

with a pad (for protection in case of a tumble), and his hands furnished with a coral and a rattle. He, too, had a living interior of six feet stature; and his gait was either affectedly or accidentally staggering, which I thought accorded very well with an awful squint—an obliquity which has always induced the Douainians to nickname him in their patois dialect, 'Ch tiot tourni,' or what we should call "swivel-eyed."

The populace, young and old, roared with laughter at sight of this youngster, who, as might be supposed, bent and bowed, and shook and shivered accordingly as the living principle within the wicker-work had been more or less stimulated before the march began by a brimming *coupe de Bordeaux*, or a long sup of *eau de vie*. But there is yet more to record; for the group occupies no little space, and demands notice. In front of the fine young family, and by fits and starts, right before the parents, capered a kind of Court fool, mounted, as at first sight appeared, on a palfry caparisoned in the style of horses equipped for a tournament. This was managed in the way familiar to most of my readers, by a man being fitted into a light framework of wicker and pasteboard, painted and furbished up to represent the head, body, and legs of a horse; his own legs being concealed by the housings and caparisons; and artificial legs hanging in the stirrups. He shook in his right hand a small fool's cap to serve as a bag for the reception

of money contributions from the crowd; and his chief office seemed to be that of a pioneer for the clearing of the way. He is called the 'Cannoneer's Fool.'

Last, but not least significant, in the procession, came a fanciful one-horsed car,—half galley, half chariot,—gaily painted and gilt, on two wheels which acted, unseen, (by a cog-wheel within the car,) on a circular platform, three yards in diameter, and made it revolve. On this were ranged in a circle, holding hands, an allegorical group of figures, each about five feet six inches high, representing the different classes of society as they dressed in the day of Louis XIV.

One personated a Spanish noble in Flemish costume; another a Swiss soldier; a third, a financier holding a money-bag, and grasping by her wrist a maiden. Next were seen a peasant and a lawyer, holding up between them a fowl having very few feathers on its body. This is a favourite illustration, which the people seemed to recognise with no little merriment, of the condition to which a man may soon be reduced if he fall among the attorneys, and be plucked by them!

Bending forward over these six personages, as they turned round, was seen the effigy of blind-folded FORTUNE, whose wheel was supposed to be keeping them all in activity, and to influence their positions and destinations: a touch of philosophy and morals in which the French mind delights with no little

complacency. Through Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday this procession was to pace the town for an hour; and this occurs every year: and as the Annus Domini 1869 brought round the Bi-centenary commemoration of the taking of Douai by Louis XIV., after a siege of no long continuance, and this had always been regarded as a triumphant and welcome entry of the French into *ci-devant* Flemish territory, the annexation of the Department to 'La Grande Nation' has ever since been celebrated as a high festival. It is on record that the Flemings had from remote ages been extremely fond of pageants, into which every variety of statuesque caricature and emblematising had found its way: at one period so outrageously fanciful as to approach profanity; so that, in 1699, the Bishop of Arras issued an edict forbidding any cavalcade or procession in which should be exhibited devils or giants. The chroniclers affirm that this had been indulged in so early as even the ninth century. There was a suspension, at any rate, of any such allegorical emblems or effigies till the close of the eighteenth century, when the old fête day of St. Maurand, a quondam benefactor of Douai, was revived, chiefly to establish the commemoration above mentioned; and the old Géant (or Giant), corrupted by the Flemish accent into 'GAYANT,' was revived without let or hindrance. Louis XIV.'s generals took the town from the Flemish garrison on the 6th July, 1669, and on the centenary of that event the giants

re-appeared, and have kept their place to the present day.

There is nothing new under the sun. In the principal towns of China a procession takes place in July and August, in which two terrible-looking personages parade the streets, attended by gongs and other loud-sounding instruments, and a vast concourse of people intent on paying them this public honour as the representatives of five supplementary Emperors or demi-gods, who, in consideration of the pageant, exercise the happiest influence in averting the cholera and other sickness in the hottest months. The common people call them 'the good devils.' One is ten feet high; the other of average height only. The bodies are a framework of bamboo. The artificial head of the tallest expresses ferocity. About his waist may be discerned the features of a man who carries by means of a pole the light cane-constructed effigy, which is arrayed in very gay apparel; by the skirts of which, as in GAYANT'S case, the living man is concealed. The short 'devil' is a horrid-looking wretch, fantastically accoutred, and is similarly composed of living flesh and bamboo. Both images are very popular, and subscriptions are collected about ten days previous to the procession day, which amply defray all the cost of the get-up.

THE mayor and other civic dignitaries having stepped on to the balcony of the Town-hall (a really handsome palace, partly modern, and chiefly remarkable for its double staircase of stone) to welcome

their colossal visitors, and hail the revival of the ancient pageant, the procession moved onward; and the professors of music appointed to adjudicate at the several orchestras on the merits of the competing bands who were to perform certain set pieces as tests of excellence in playing, left the Council Chambers of the Hall and hurried to their respective lodges or kiosks in the chief squares and esplanades, there to listen with the ear of criticism and scrutiny to the several overtures and symphonies; and finally declare the winners of the prizes promised to the best of the candidates. As the window of my apartment in the hotel commanded a full view of the pavilion and the seat of the judges, and was not above thirty yards distant from the performers, I had but to sit still and listen.

The highest prize was a gold medal subscribed for by the workpeople engaged in the arts and manufactures employing hands in Douai, to which would be added a purse of the value of sixteen pounds. The next prize was a gold medal subscribed for by the merchants, and costing eight pounds. The third was a silver-gilt medal of large dimensions. The fourth was to be awarded to the best soloist; being a medal similar to the last-mentioned; in addition to which would be given a saxhorn;—a contribution from the manufacturers (in Douai) of that class of instruments.

Each band was to execute two pieces of its own selection; and as fifteen parties had to perform in

the Pavilion, thirty overtures or sonatas would be heard between one and seven o'clock.

The first three hours were allotted to competitors from France and Flanders; the last three to France exclusively; and the total sum subscribed for prizes exceeded a hundred and twenty pounds, independently of the outlay on medals. As might have been expected, many of the pieces executed were modern compositions of Native Talent; not but that the time-honoured name of Boildieu, who died six-and-thirty years ago at the age of sixty, was in the programme. Auber, Flotow, Verdi, Rossini, and Bellini were also noted; and the 'Mosé,' 'Nabuchodonosor,' 'Traviata,' 'Dame Blanche,' 'Ernani,' 'Carnaval de Venise,' 'Muette de Portici,' and 'Martha,' were successively brought before the audience. The boarded inclosure was pressed upon by many thousands; but of the innumerable benches which had been set up within it not a fiftieth part was hired; and I wondered that any carpenter or builder could have entertained such sanguine notions of patronage as to fit up so wide a range of seats; for the heat of the sun rendered a long exposure to it anything but delectable or safe; and when, towards six o'clock, the clouds threatened a down-pour, those who had paid three shillings for a place were glad enough to decamp; for the French abhor rain.

The Music was really excellent. Throughout the six hours there was abundant testimony to the perfection to which the cultivation of this delightful art

has rapidly been advancing in Northern France and Western Belgium; and the applause was frequent and rapturous, whether French or Flemings were playing.

The contest terminated at half-past five; though there were supplementary performances, without reference to any prizes, till nearly seven o'clock. At the first-named hour, however, the first prize of merit was adjudged in favour of the company who had come in from Loos, a village east of Douai. The vociferations that arose at the moment of this announcement being made were about the loudest I ever heard. I suppose no shouts could have created such stunning clamour except those that were heard a month later on the banks of our Thames in the Harvard and Oxford boat-race. The trombone-players threw themselves into the expanded arms of the ophicleidists; the clarionets and saxhorns were locked in fervent and long embrace; the trumpeter jumped up perpendicularly in air like a man struck by a musket ball; the drummer let his instrument roll unregarded along the gravel, while he hugged his neighbour the cornet-à-pistoniste; and in the wild delicious *abandon* of joy they reeled and waltzed about as if each man had just unexpectedly won a large landed estate, instead of ten francs! But they were Frenchmen; and La Gloire was transcendently above money's worth. They would henceforth, "Oui, à jamais," be *distingués*.

I was somewhat surprised at the award, as the

Philharmonic Society's deputation from Jeumont, fifty-two in number, elicited louder applause from the 7000 or 8000 auditors outside the enclosure than any other band; and the Amiens Sappers and Miners played most beautifully. The piece, however, in which the men of Jeumont so highly distinguished themselves was a sample of elaborate and highly scientific instrumentation, (the Overture to the 'Fête des Chasseurs,' of Bethemayer,) and the judges might be supposed to have discerned the masterly ease with which the most scientific composition had been executed, and the difficulties with which each performer had to contend. Six or seven sonatas and symphonies were admirably given between three bands subsequently to the triumph of the Orphéonists of Loos; and the general dispersion did not take place till nearly eight o'clock. I thought it just possible that the Giants would take a *promenade de soir;* but they had one and all been consigned to their dormitory in the Museum gardens, where one loft took all that was removable of the *père de famille* above his hips, and as much of his consort. The skirts were disposed of in a gallery where the daughter and sons might sleep at ease in a perpendicular position. The 'Fool' slipped out of his equine apparatus, and walked off to his favourite cabaret: and as for Fortune's car, it took occupation of the large coachhouse. A scaffolding, erected for the purpose in the side of the garden, was used in the process of putting the many component parts

together when the time drew nigh, on each of the three great days, for the pageant to issue forth; and paint-pots, varnish, and gold leaf were in reserve at the lodges to repair scratches and abrasions which, under the circumstances, might occur in the best regulated family; and here I happened to see a painter varnishing the blind goddess's car and the attorney's nose, and giving Binbin's "cheek a little red."

As might be supposed, the streets were densely thronged till far into the night, not only by the town population but also by thousands of strangers. Perceiving how, at a certain part of the pavement of the Rue St. Jacques, below the Town-hall, the multitudes drew off, even so as to hustle one another, into the centre of the causeway, I went up to the spot, and saw that the shutters of one of the houses were all closed, and that a common lath, such as plasterers use, having another tied to it transversely, was placed slantingly against the shop-front so as to rest on the pavement. This was to signify that there was a corpse in that house. One cannot but mention with respect the reverential feeling which prompted this continued divergence on the part of the immense crowd in a thoroughfare where it was already a matter of difficulty to move four yards without coming to a standstill. Most of the shopkeepers were seated in semi-circular groups, formed of the families and visitors, just inside the entry to their dwelling, and seemed to derive no little amusement from the spectacle of such a dense and

motley throng. They were regaling, after their simple fashion, on *eau sucrée* and syrups and cakes; but the house of mourning and that of feasting were all that night, without blame to them, in only too close proximity. In France the people are required by an absurd and arbitrary law to bury their dead within twenty-four hours after decease; an enactment which was forced upon the municipalities when so many thousands used to be living in narrow, unventilated, undrained alleys and passages in over-populated districts, foul with infection and contagion, but which it is preposterous to carry out, where no peril could possibly ensue, as in the duly proportioned chambers of an average sized house. The horrible discovery recently made at Agen, where it was evident that a buried lady had regained consciousness in her coffin, served to illustrate by only too ghastly a spectacle the impropriety, the cruelty, of thus hurrying bodies into the tomb.

Some "extravagant and erring spirits" coursed the streets long after midnight, with clarionets and cornets, which were intended to astonish if not to please, after all relish of musical sounds, fanfares, and flourishes had ceased; but before dawn the town was still, and all that was once alive in GAYANT ET SA FAMILLE was withdrawn from them till the noon of next day should animate the osier frames anew, at the rate of five francs a leg. Each of those legs was now pretty well steeped in liquor, and fast asleep.

12*th*.—Left DOUAI for PARIS. A barrier of considerable strength had been thrown up at the railway station to prevent dangerous pressure and confusion arising from many hundreds departing and arriving. Their numbers were pretty evenly balanced. Those who were on their way into the town came mostly after the fashion of "the children of Ephraim, armed and carrying bows," to win fresh honours in the Archery Field, where a target was to be shot for, and DOUAI'S Toxophilite Association were ready to contend with all comers. After a punch in the ribs from a trombone, which the owner had not space nor leisure to disjoint and pack up for the journey, and a shove or two from the double drum which was on its way to Ghent, I was once more on wheels, and heard the steam getting up with all alacrity for Creil and Paris.

Often as I have travelled along this line of country I should always admire the high cultivation which characterizes both sides of the road up to Arras. Wheat, flax, beet-root, buckwheat, poppy (for oil), and hemp, chequer the soil with white and green crops of luxuriant growth, fenced in with quickset hedges of beautiful compactness and regularity, among surrounding farm-premises, and cottages of substantial structure, well slated and glazed, which, being interspersed in all directions, indicate that distribution of labour so essential to success in agriculture.

Beyond ARRAS, whose principal steeple soars in air,

reminding every Londoner of St. Bride's in Fleet Street, the land is cut up on all sides by the *Parcellement* system; and all the detriments accruing to even the most prolific soil from petty proprietorship are manifest at a glance. I made this survey in silent, solitary complacency; for, as is almost invariably the case, travel through what country we may,—be it as ugly as the *Landes* of the South, or beautiful as the valleys of Brittany,—the Frenchmen compose themselves, after ten minutes' riding, to sleep, from which they only wake when the train stops at any station. The indifference of these men to the face of Nature, and their seeming incapability of plunging into thought and salutary reflection, have irritated my feelings through thousands of miles: much more in first-class carriages than in second: as, "in the old coaching times" of England, it was the common report of gentlemen travellers that they invariably found outside places infinitely more agreeable, in respect of sociability, than the inside, where there was so much 'nodding' and stupid sleepiness. After leaving at some distance behind us the turf fields of AMIENS and those vast breadths of vegetable produce which are cultivated exclusively for the markets of Paris and London—(artichokes, cauliflowers, onions, carrots, and lettuces in profuse abundance),—my stupified fellow-travellers, interdicted from smoking, betook themselves to snoring; two of them having placed their dusty, uncleaned boots on the new, fine, light drab-coloured cloth of

the seats before them. These first-class passengers use the carriages shamefully. I should say that the majority of those with whom I travelled in the course of six weeks and over nearly fifteen hundred miles, would have been more consistently placed in the third-class carriages. They loll and lie along, with their feet doubled up on the cushions, and their unkempt greasy heads and gloveless, dirty, hands soiling the padding and lace wherever they come in contact with either; and there they recline ['procumbit humi bos' fashion] like cattle. I sometimes imputed this degrading condition of body and mind to the excessive use of absinthe, vermuth, and frequent resort to brandy, rum, and compounds to which the male portion of the population are now more than ever addicted; for it certainly was not thus that we were mated in our land journeys thirty years ago. After a month's experience of it, I fell in with a very intelligent gentleman (not in a railway carriage), whose sensible remarks and power of observation led into long and interesting discourse, and it occurred to me to ask if he could in any general way account for the wide discrepancy between first-class travellers in his own country and the same denomination in ours. His reply went a great way towards solving my problem. "Monsieur, the majority of men you meet journeying through France are by many degrees below the rank of what you in your country designate as 'gentlefolk.' Under the prevailing system of Government there

are nearly six thousand individuals whom we term 'Fonctionnaires.' They are selected from the middle class to be retained, on high salaries, as continual inspectors,—not detectives, but lookers-on,—to carry out what is considered indispensable surveillance. Through the agency of these individuals, whose office you would never surmise from anything they may communicate or indicate, every 'employé,' every authority, is looked after; the Prefects themselves, even, not excepted: *bien plus encore*, the watcher himself is watched! [custodes custodiuntur] yes, and reported; so that the *Scrutineer*, while surmising nothing of the kind, is the object of keen observance! These emissaries are not only in receipt of the large salaries I have told you of, but are furnished with a printed pass, at sight of which the railway officials and hotel keepers regard them as privileged first-class travellers; and thus they travel in the best compartments of the train, are lodged in elegant rooms, and dine luxuriously where their betters sit next to them at table. They are not what we should term an uneducated class. Many of them understand, though they do not let the fact transpire, four European languages; and, while looking all unconsciousness, lay up in memory any fact they may wish to remember and record, when two Germans or Dutchmen or Spaniards have maintained a long and confidential conversation, believing themselves to have talked in a tongue not understood by the strangers! They are shrewd and intuitive, but are

strangers to all refinement; their manners are coarse, and their haunts very remote from your path in life. Many a one is the 'habitant d'un galetas' in Paris (a garret lodger); and these are the individuals who, as you observed last week, defile our best carriages, and our good rooms in the principal inns, and spoil the cleanest beds; for they lie smoking cigars or short pipes while in bed, and spit without mercy on the carpets and paper-hangings, and write with a diamond ring on the window-pane, and do much more which any respectable subject would condemn.

Their *métier* they fulfil to perfection. They carry up to Paris the most authentic accounts of the working of the Governmental system in all its minutest details—from an octroi to a wharf, from a bureau to a printing-house. It is their province to observe whether the principals who ought to be actively engaged are at their posts, or whether it is their custom to leave this or that to be done by a representative or 'sub' who ought not to be so employed. They learn who is absent, and where the absentees are; who is lax or careless, unpunctual and irregular. All shortcomings fall under their cognizance, and few rumours elude their knowledge. And now that I have given you a sketch of their 'fonctions,' I will tell you what, for years past, the employment of these 'mouches' has given rise to. You will observe how little there is of free, unconstrained, and communicative discourse enjoyable in mixed companies, or in any place where a man believed to be a reporter for

the State is within ear-shot. You will never hear a frank and unreserved discussion in the public carriages unless each individual is well known to the other; and the same fact is discernible at our *tables d'hôte*. *You* English may interchange any opinions you may entertain without the slightest concern. You may set at defiance the opinion of the authorities, and pronounce whatever judgments you may be pleased to form on men and things, the ruler and the ruled; but I assure you there are many of us who have been made to feel that a listener has done us some damage, when, where, or how we know not. The system is not in such active operation as it was twenty or fifteen years ago; but it prevails. Perhaps it is necessary. It may appear altogether unworthy of an enlightened despotism to place the eighty-nine Departments of the country under a virtual espionage; but while the actual government is from the Centre, while everything is referred to Paris, and the status of each province, chef-lieu, bourg, and village lies under the immediate influence of the inspection I have been describing, there cannot be the liberty we hope for, and ought to enjoy. The sentiments of even obscure men in distant localities are patent to councillors and statesmen at head-quarters, just as in your country your registrations enrol the names of the Conservatives or the Liberals in a county or a borough. I do not say it is a tyranny; but it is an operation of Government far from being in accord with the sentiments of a fine nation, which, for

eighty years, has struggled to be as free as it is powerful. The general impulse of our Deputies of every shade of opinion is tending towards the complete overthrow of this system. Bad subjects alone ought to feel misgivings and restraint; and honest men, above suspicion, should be permitted to hold their own in privacy inviolate, whether it be opinion, property, or place."

I doubt not, my communicative acquaintance's statement revealed a large amount of the actual ground of discontent in his country. It may be urged that quiet men have never any cause for uneasiness. It was Fouché's remark, when upbraided with the despotic influence of the Parisian police, "Ce ne sont que les mauvais sujets qui nous trouvent de trop;" but no one likes to be dodged, even on the pathways of holiness and honour; or to be the subject, *nolens volens*, of a note or memorandum, even though great and good. The freedom which we are known to enjoy, (perverted by the disaffected and disreputable into licentiousness,) in every position of public and private life, is at the present moment the dearest object of desire in every right-minded Frenchman's heart, and I heartily wish that at no distant date he may attain to it. It will have been purchased at the cost of more than three or four generations' suffering. Indeed, it would be difficult to say at what period true liberty reigned in their land. The greatest enemies to it are the fools, and worse than fools, who glory

in the appellation of "Implacables;" and I was gravely assured by a gentleman whose thoughts were continually intent on the political state of France, that the country is too widely overrun by what the Government term *démolisseurs*—men bent upon subverting all authority and rule at any sacrifice, and at any amount of public injury and unhappiness,—to dispense with the secret emissaries above mentioned. This was the theory of Government at a period so remote as Richelieu's administration, which made its influence felt in every sphere of the national life. Upon this system was first created the office of 'Intendant'—a political surveyor to take oversight over every province; the main work in each district being done through his 'subdélégué,' or deputy, whose eyes and ears were ever on the alert in every parish, and whose secret and subtle influence was continually exerted to neutralize, if not to destroy, the ascendancy of the large landowners, chiefly *noblesse*. These functionaries were intimately associated with the police, and furnished to the head of the State an energetic and ever-ready instrument not only to bend opponents and disaffected parties to the monarch's individual will, but to check the beginnings of restlessness and the manifestation of discontent. The reigning Emperor has but taken a leaf out of Louis XIII.'s book; and two centuries and a quarter have done but little to render the French a more easily manageable people than

they were in the day of the Cardinal Bishop of Luçon.

At CLERMONT we took up a parish priest, a tall, handsome man of remarkably intelligent countenance and pleasing demeanour, with whom a colonel, who had seen long service, and a Parisian barrister, and myself soon fell into conversation. He asked me whether Ritualism was making rapid advances in England, and to what extent the great body of our clergy appeared to be upholding it; whether the bishops encouraged the younger members of the Church Establishment in this movement, and what countenance was given to these juniors by their congregations. He inquired, to my astonishment, whether 'Doctor Tait' was likely to enlarge the influence of this new element in our Church; whether his vast patronage would not, in that case, materially favour an approach to Romanism in our liturgy and services. When he had received full replies of a not very gratifying nature to these questions, he quietly asked how the Irish Church matters were proceeding; said he had read with intense interest the debates in both Houses of Parliament, and expressed his admiration at what he termed the dignified and admirable character of the discussion—a merit as clearly discernible in the Lower as in the Upper House, and indicating the superiority not only of the education, but also of the manners and *morale* of Great Britain, whose legislators could thus in the heat of argument and

in the conflict of party—in the most perilous phases of, so to speak, an ecclesiastical revolution, weigh, without personal altercation or frequent hurt to men's feelings, the balance of *pro* and *con*, and reach a grave decision. In France he said it would have been a vulgar brawl, only consistent with a cabaret, had so many members of one and the same Council Chamber taken part in a question of such moment, and involving so many conflicting interests and opinions. I was not a little surprised to hear all that I have here recorded from such a quarter. He did not speak English, but evidently read the language with ease; and his sentiments with respect to our country and its institutions, our position in Europe, and our influences, bespoke him a very friendly and judicious thinker. Our fellow-travellers held with him in all he remarked upon the great Parliamentary question, and we were just about to enter on some further conversation bearing thereon when the ticket-collector at the CHANTILLY Station presented himself at the *portière*. The curé exhibited his ticket for the third-class, at sight of which the official made him a slight bow, and returned it to him. The colonel, seeing the bit of pasteboard, quietly asked the divine how he made it available for the first-class carriage in which we were seated. The curé placed his own finger very gently on the sleeve of his cassock, intimating that he was indebted to the gentle courtesy of the railway directors for the enjoyment of the privilege. It is superfluous to

mention that the foreign clergy are all, more or less, men in very slender circumstances in respect of income, and I was delighted to see my poorer brother's position thus kindly and worthily considered. We were not much longer together, but, finding I was of Oxford, he took occasion to express his admiration of the speech with which our Premier had opened the great debate. "C'était admirable! Quelle force de talent! quel bon sens!" I regretted I could not lead him on to speak English, merely because I discovered his ability to read it far surpassed that of the generality of his countrymen; and I should have been glad to meet him again, for he was a splendid exception to the mass of the French clergy, who, though their simple and inoffensive habits and the faithfulness of their ministrations justly endear them to the common people, are, for the most part, of very low extraction, unread and ignorant on subjects with which this man had evidently been long familiar, and incapable of taking part in conversations arising out of acquaintance with the external world and those sources of knowledge which a really good education opens to even ordinary intellects. However, before there was opportunity of seeking further interview and acquaintance, the carriage-door was opened, and he hastily stepped out to be seen, as but too often is the case in travelling, no more.

CHAPTER III.

PARIS.

ONCE again in the great Metropolis of the world's pleasure! in beautiful PARIS! the Great Northern Station spreading like a town over many a broad acre! One would have imagined the immense thoroughfare upon which this *embarcadère* opens would have received the name of the reigning monarch, or the designation of at least, 'Rue Impériale.' It now extends to a distance of nearly two miles in one continuous straight line; but I think LA FAYETTE merited not the immortality here conferred upon him. The query naturally presents itself, 'What was there in this man's life and repute which should win for him so remarkable a prominence, in the day that now is, as that the main avenue through which hundreds of thousands of strangers, visiting France for the first time, annually enter the capital, should be called by his name?' He certainly emerged with honourable distinction from out of the herd of selfish schemers who, at the outburst of the Great Revolution, used the pretext of patriotism to cloak their own private ends; and he marched with dignity through popular convulsions which shook the world; but,

throughout his long and remarkable career in Europe and America he manifested a want of foresight and decision, and proved himself a general more successful in exciting commotion in the masses, than in directing and establishing national security. Though he cherished an implacable hatred [sheer jealousy!] of England, he distinguished himself most creditably, in my opinion, in the resolute efforts he made for the deliverance of the Royal Family; but a long list of mighty names figured beside his own between 1789 and 1815, and, yet, to none of these has France owed more, nor so much, by far, as to her present ruler, whose nineteen years of Empire of Peace, contrasted with the ten of his Uncle's exhausting and, in their issue, humiliating wars, entitle him, above all other sons of France, to place his name upon the threshold of her metropolis, and to point at beautiful and perfected Paris for his own. We should enter upon Grande Rue NAPOLEON.

The changed aspect of this great City, where all the cross streets, even those respectably tenanted, were, only eight years ago, inconveniently narrow, dingy, and unhealthy, is absolutely marvellous. The demolition has spread with inconceivable rapidity to all points of the compass, and it is now difficult to look down for a quarter of a mile, in any direction, without hearing the click of pickaxes and trowels, and seeing, in the distance, frameworks seventy or eighty feet high, which, being constructed in the

immediate proximity of an extensive scaffolding, and fitted with cranes and pulleys, serve to raise stones and baskets of cement and plaster, water, sand, &c., alternately with the blocks of stone required in the erection of houses ninety feet high; the dim outlines of which are discernible through vistas misty with the scattered dust of lime and plaster of Paris; so that, after a carriage drive of two hours' duration in the streets, a black coat is powdered as if the wearer had been exploring the interior of a windmill in full work. Long trains of blue-painted tumbrils moving along, with bright vermilion-coloured wheels six feet in diameter, block up the way, occasionally, for a quarter of an hour. They are loaded with sacks and barrels of cement, and drawn by three horses; and the wordy altercations between the drivers, when they thwart each other *in transitu*, comprehend all the most hideous phrases of blasphemous and malicious abuse that the tongue of man or demon could utter in diabolical contention. It was horrifying to hear some of these 'wrangles' in their 'angry parle.' In England an improvised 'round' would in a few minutes bring such ill-humour to a placable and healthy issue; but here, in Paris, the disputants know too well the penalty following upon a blow to yield to the impulse that would fell the enemy to the ground, or plunge a blade under the fifth rib. The eye of some *sergent de ville* is on both disputants; and he who would strike must make up his

mind to be arrested on the spot and imprisoned for three months. Four knock-down blows would be better than two of the maledictions with which a tongue "set on fire from hell" loads an adversary when the hand would fain kill then and there. The theory of the policeman in France is that 'Hard words break no bones,' and he remains 'Auditor tantùm' to the end of the quarrel.

The new foot-pavements emulate that of our Regent Street in width; but it remains to be seen how long the asphalte concrete of which they are mainly composed will stand wear and tear. The torrid heat of an unusually warm summer would do them most injury. I have seen some of this fine level surface splitting under a July sun, and oozing black. The elevation of the newly-built houses, all for commercial and mercantile purposes, is startling to view. Many of these edifices are nearly a hundred feet in height. In the Rue de Reaumur, that noble thoroughfare extending from the Place de la Bourse to the Boulevard des Capucines, there are mansions of eight stories each, which reach this altitude: one of these being the noted 'Magasin de la Paix,' a kind of 'Shoolbred' dépôt employing two hundred and fifty hands, the majority of whom have very recently been on the strike for higher wages and better board. As it has transpired, through the vaunted good management of one of these monster firms, that the keep of an assistant exceeds not ninepence English per diem, we may

readily conceive that the entertainment (!) of these serving men is not a fattening process. They are on foot fifteen hours daily, and sometimes even longer. One of the principal assistants told me he had been French tutor at the great school in Bury St. Edmunds! Messrs. Gerau, the principals (as they are termed) deal in merceries, passementeries, (laces and small wares) fichus, and cravats and 'ties' of every conceivable variety,—and the extent of their premises is hardly credible. A 'small-boy,' the very ditto of those wooden figures with wax faces we see outside some of our outfitting shops, is retained for the sole purpose of letting down the steps of carriages out of which issue the fair purchasers patronising the establishment. My hotel was close to the place, and as I was sauntering homeward I overheard this boy humming the air of "Over the water to Charlie!" Doubting considerably whether any Paris-born youngster would thus be indicating a sneaking partiality to the Stuart, I turned round upon the lad and said, "That tune does not sound like a French air!" Upon which he replied, "No, sir! I come from London." And he went on to say that his father had placed him here, thinking something might turn up for him as soon as he had gained a smattering of the French language, and a few notions on shop business. He was receiving thirteen francs weekly pay, and was boarded and lodged on the premises; and, considering that he was only fourteen years of

age, I trust he has not joined in the 'strike' of last month.

All my travelled readers have seen the favourite Rue de la Paix. Here, too, there has been a great change; and I suppose it is considered an improvement. Instead of its straight direction from the Place Vendôme being continued into the Boulevard des Capucines, it becomes a crescent, one horn of which faces the new hotel and the other the new opera house. This 'circus,' as we should call it, is now known as the Place de l'Opera,—the opera house rejoicing in the grandisonous designation of L'Académie Impériale de la Musique, and in a group of indecent statuary, which even French hands have endeavoured to destroy.

As may be supposed, the owners of the innumerable displaced houses have been reconciled to the project of destruction which drove them from their homes by very large compensations. In almost all cases, I was given to understand, they have been considerable gainers. The parties mainly aggrieved appear to be those whose dwellings are now thrown rather into the shade, and, as it were, into positions of comparative seclusion and insignificance, by the growth of so many pretentious edifices beside, before, and behind them. "Diable l'emporte!" was my landlord's exclamation.—"Nous ne savons plus où nous sommes: On nous à Hausmanné par tout." The compact has been that if the house owner wished to obtain a pecuniary interest in the locality where

the Improvement Commissioners found him, he was free to do so on condition of his raising an edifice according to the scale of, and in conformity with, the drawings and plans exhibited to him. If he elected to sell, he received such a sum as would purchase in an untouched quarter, equally respectable, the kind of house he had hitherto possessed. The inducement to stay lay in the certainty of being able to obtain very high rents for each floor of the new house, and this at an early period of his improved ownership;—the demand for large accommodation in first-rate streets becoming more and more importunate every month. None of these new mansions (and they will soon be counted by thousands) intended primarily to include warehouses and offices on the basement and first floor, and chambers for business of all kinds up to the seventh story, could be built for less than 62,500 francs; many cost 75,000:—*i.e.* £2500 sterling and £3000. A site which I remember to have been let at £100 a year in 1866, is now realising a rent of £320. There has been no little outcry and protest during the last seventeen years against this wide and sweeping revolution in domestic architecture. I heard much of the destructive and constructive propensities of "ce fièr Préfet" of the Seine! Though, as above mentioned, the compensations have been very equitable, many proprietors have found themselves involved in unexpected outlay, and have expended half a fortune in erecting a new house without securing the *connection*

enjoyed in the old quarters: and another party of aggrieved ones has sprung up in those who inhabit houses belonging to these injured proprietors, in quite another part of the town; whose rents have, without exception, been considerably raised on the allegation of their landlords that they themselves have been placed in positions of embarrassment and peril through the improvements, and must do the best they can with all their house property. Thus the offices at which I used to call occasionally in that obscure side street the Rue d'Argenteuil, behind the Church of St. Roch in the Rue St. Honoré, are now held at an advance of twenty per cent. on the old rent, "à cause des changements." The residents in the Capital at large are told that there is everything that should console them in the breadth of the new thoroughfares which have circulated fresh and breezy air in that same Paris where, but a few years since, the lists of mortality had begun to exhibit only too fearful evidence of the effects of an overpopulated and distempered city. The enlarged and multiplied avenues of communication between all quarters of the capital, where the greatest amount of business is carried on, have also proved an immense benefit to trade. The highways of traffic and the facilities of locomotion, whether along the splendid Mac'adamized carriageways or the vast breadths of foot-pavement, have been extended to an almost unimaginable degree of perfection; and where, only five years ago, one thousand pedestrians might be

met in the course of a walk through four or five streets, three times that number may be seen now; for Paris abounds in flag-stones and asphalte trottoirs in the room of round headers and materials for Barricades, equally objectionable in dust or mud; and the Sanitary Commissioners are doing their work admirably. The old stenches and the abominations in which they were engendered,—black greasy heaps of refuse, decayed vegetable matters, red, purple, and green tinted deposits or stagnant puddles, compounded of coffee-grounds, soap-suds, and the entrails of rabbits or fowls, are disappearing everywhere; and the nostrils, as well as the eyes, are spared those shocks which at no distant date disgusted the foot passenger at every turn, and deterred the better classes from walking. The enormously augmented cost of living in Paris has considerably diminished the use of calèches and common street-carriages among many of the inhabitants who in former years availed themselves of such vehicles very freely; and the agreeable flag-stones, concrete, and asphalte footways are now thronged: in many quarters quite as much as may be witnessed in our own Oxford Street and Piccadilly.

As for the new Public Buildings, they will soon emulate the shining magnificence of Calcutta. That vast City Hospital, the Hôtel Dieu, will become a monument of the skill and taste of the French builders in the nineteenth century. One side of it stands in a direct line of frontage with the Con-

ciergerie Prison on the quay:—another will extend beyond the western porches of the Cathedral of Notre Dame; a space exceeding in length, by one third, the west or grand front of our Post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand. I counted thirty-two windows in line; the same number discernible in the San Spirito Hospital at Rome. A steam-engine was in full work within the hoarding on the Place Notre Dame, for lifting and giving lateral movements to immense weights, and for the sawing of wood and stone. All the girders, joists, rafters, beams, and king-posts were of cast iron; and every component of stupendous strength is visible throughout the colossal fabric, which now exceeds the dimensions of the Italian hospital just mentioned, and when finished will be one of the most glorious structures in France. I was informed of the intention of opening it for the sick, now lodged in the old building, in the course of next summer.

Having approached so closely the ancient Cathedral, now upwards of seven centuries old, I, of course, entered,—for, perhaps, the twentieth time. It is, *quand même*, the most impressive, both in exterior and interior, of all the Churches in Paris. Visit it at whatever hour, there are so many beautiful dioramic effects in its long aisles and broad transepts, that every survey of this time-honoured temple of God, whether in sunshine or in gloom, creates just that feeling of awe and veneration which, in the presence of the sublime and beautiful, affects mind

and heart: and if to such influence be added the force of those associations which attach to the eventful history of the Cathedral from a date preceding the day of Philip Augustus and our Henry II., a quiet hour devoted to contemplation in its ambulatory is an indulgence which few thinking men would lightly forego.

The clerestory windows in the Choir are delightful to gaze upon: the Rose window behind the Organ, and those of the transepts, forty feet in diameter (seven wider than the splendid western window of Amiens Cathedral),—are samples of the finest stained glass of the present century; violet, red, and purple hues prevailing. Sixteen rays of this glowing splendour issue from the centre of each circle, and with exception of the western window of Rheims Cathedral, this glorious adornment may be regarded as the finest in France: the whole fabric of Notre Dame being perhaps the most perfect sample of early Gothic in Europe. The whole of the stone material has undergone that "grattage" whereby so many magnificent Churches in which Time had heaped up blackening dirt and defilement, have, of late years, been redeemed from dark obscurity shrouding all their exquisite detail of moulding and sculpture. I refer to the scraping, which, carefully and discreetly done, has brought out this majestic fane into its pristine brightness. When I first saw it in 1816, it was almost as black as ebony.

The double aisles at Chartres are always much

admired; but the double aisles in Notre Dame are still more effective, passing round the Choir and behind the Great Altar at a distance of three hundred and ninety feet from the western portals:—thirty feet longer than our Abbey Church at Westminster. This was the very altar defiled and blasphemously profaned in 1793, when the wretches who held Paris in momentary terror and misery, designated the Cathedral as the Temple of Reason, and set up a strumpet on the Altar to receive homage. France has but too much to ask forgiveness for; in *sæcula sæculorum*. Her offences in this category of crime have been rank indeed.

There is still a hoarding of scaffold-boards in front of the porches of entry; as I remember there was fifty-four years ago. I was assured that the grandchildren of the Parisians now living would look on the same unseemly erections in days to come; for there is a continual *quête*, the carrying round of a 'begging box,' for the "maintien de l'eglise," out of which the Chapter derive a considerable revenue, which is *supposed* by the people to be expended on the fabric; just as at Ramsgate Pier, where the natives of the Isle of Thanet tell us the works will never be finished. Go in whatever year we may, there are the blocks of granite, the saws, cranes, and masons, and stone cutters, whose presence, from year to year, is to justify the exaction of Harbour and Pier dues.

At the Morgue, which I passed in the course of

the forenoon, was the body of a young clerk who had committed suicide two days previous;—having involved himself, by betting on race-horses, in embarrassments from which any deliverance was hopeless. Of the utter misery entailed on too many *employés* of this class in our own country, through the same cause, the public mind is hardly aware; and, as I listened to the dreadful disclosure made on this occasion, an impression was left on my mind that, but for the influences of a certain degree of religious principles instilled in childhood into the giddiest and wildest, even, of England's youth, this fearful deed of desperation, prompted by the same conditions of ruin, would be of as frequent occurrence in our country as it is on the Continent. Gambling,—in connection with race-horses, especially, has undermined the honesty of thousands of our population. Secretaries, cashiers, collectors, commission agents, confidential representatives, brokers, and clerks of every degree and variety, have, within a very few years, belied the fairest hopes, and sunk into life-long degradation by their addictedness to 'the Turf!'

The traffic in lottery tickets for running horses; the betting by commission, and the daring ventures of young men intent upon acquiring at any cost or hazard the means of purchasing a certain extent of sensual luxury, and a brief but voluptuous career of indolence, are now become a standing evil. In Paris, as in London, it is corrupting almost every

class of domestic servants';—and when we take into account that the number of men servants in our country exceeds two hundred and eighty thousand, the multitude of characters at stake is fearful. The range of dishonesty is only too likely to enlarge itself in proportion to the facilities for a continuous system of gambling. Thus, when the quarterly wages have proved inadequate to make a required deposit, or to replace an unlooked-for loss, all the villanies of petty thieving and embezzlement are resorted to with a recklessness which knows no restraint. No cheque-book, no till, no library-table, or cabinet drawer escapes the false key or fine chisel of the depredator. He is in a state of overwhelming embarrassment, he is on the eve of ruinous exposure and disgrace,—he must lose no time in obtaining something,—anything—convertible into cash; he must pry here and ferret there,—try locks, force escritoirs, purloin plate and diminutive *objèts d'art*, —whatever, in fact, may be abstracted and not speedily missed—in order that the *call* may be met. Thus many a footman becomes, as it were, a footpad, 'and something more:'—and many a confiding master who, thinking no evil where no evil seemed, believed he could trust his 'William' with untold gold, discovers by the gradual disappearance of removable property,—(articles of value left only too unguardedly within reach and always easy of access,) —that 'the faithful creature' has been embezzling and peculating for months, may be for years: picking

and secreting day by day, while all seemed secure and in its right place; the *dénouement*, which soon or late ensues, revealing the fact of this scoundrel having, from an early period of service, dabbled in horses,—formed intimacy with 'horsey men,' low-lived grooms, job coachmen out of place, and all that ilk,—perhaps under the very shadow of his employer's house,—and learned *a good deal of life!*

This is altogether as faithful a statement of what is hourly occurring in Paris, as it is of our own liability to be robbed and iniquitously wronged in London. The wretched being, whose corpse I this day beheld in the Dead House on the Seine, came to his untimely end through the will to be rich which, the Apostle so justly observes, entails the fall into temptation. It snared and killed him. One of the commonest topics of casual talk in the French capital turns upon the corruption growing out of *pari sans distinction* (indiscriminate betting), and though, from the impulsive nature of the people, this mischief is oftenest revealed in the violent deaths of the offenders, victims to the love of gain,—it is very certain that in our own country (in the metropolis especially) the baleful influence here adverted to is undermining many a well-ordered establishment, engendering deceit and habitual falsehood to cloak losses through theft, and creating that feeling of distrust which, only twenty years ago, was foreign to our English homes—when parlour maids displayed not gold watches, nor the upper housemaids

a sable muff, panier and grebe feather: but the passion for flaunting dress and ornament has sought its gratification through the Turf in a way unimagined of our wives and daughters here, as of the *dames de Paris:* the very scullions in every district of the Metropolis become acquainted with the names of the most eminent horses, as the Epsom and Derby weeks revolve; and it has transpired, in occasional police-reports, that many a housemaid's wages have been mulcted by *her favourite* having been placed "nowhere;" and then she betook herself to petty theft.

THE magnificence of Haussmann's designs for the State Buildings,—in what are called his Monumental Barracks, especially,—is pre-eminently displayed in the quarter known to all *habitués* about Paris as the Château d'Eau. Around this particular spot there has been a vast clearance; and the scaffold boards and hoarding which enclose the old fountain known by the name just mentioned, conceal from public view, at the present time, some special ornamentation. Any new and delectable object uplifted to the public gaze on the area now under the hands of the improvers would be judiciously introduced; for the bloodshed which made it a scene of horror during the street conflicts at the time of Louis Philippe's dethronement will never be forgotten; and the sooner the whole locality's features are changed the better; for even to this hour the wide spaces hereabout are selected for riots. The

great opening is called the "Place du Prince Eugéne,"—after whom the vast barracks, erected some six years since, and here seen to the greatest conceivable advantage, were named. The troops are lodged in a glorious palace: it is nothing less; and kings and potentates might have been flattered as the inmates of mansions which even Louis the Great would have deemed lofty and large enough for a crowned monarch. All this forms, as may be supposed, a brilliant and attractive vista when beheld from the Boulevard St. Martin, now a new centre of beauty and liveliness; and if all the saddening reminiscences attaching to the lightest mention of the Prison-house of the murdered Louis XVI. and Queen Marie Antoinette could but be obliterated as effectually as the foundations have long since been, where not one stone was left upon another to tell where "The Temple" stood,—the Boulevard, still named after it, and now become so beautiful a portion of Paris, would be admired and explored without a regret.

But if the hurrying tourist have but ten minutes to spare in the finest capital in Europe, let him not omit a visit to that most glorious and marvellous of monumental Fountains,—the Fontaine St. Michel, near the bridge of that name, and now forming one of the grand features in the prolonged line of the Boulevard Sebastopol. Irrespectively of the noble design of this Conduit for pure water, which in my estimation is only rivalled by the "Aqua Felice" in

Rome (the fountain where Moses is striking the rock in the desert, and the stream is following), all the surroundings are superb in effect, and hold the spectator in silent and wondering admiration. The new palaces for the Head-quarters and Staff of the Parisian Guard, and the Sappers and Miners, rise majestically in full view; and, on whatever side the eye ranges, some startling feature of ancient or modern Paris enriches and enhances the interest of the living pictures: but, in point of fact, this is now the charm of almost every improved section of the Capital into which daylight has been struck. Look in whatever direction we may, all is changed or changing,—all is becoming grand and decorative, and growing into the beautiful. At the same time it is difficult to conceive how this newly-created splendour is to be paid for: for to that matter of fact attention must perforce be directed; and at a period when the declaration is heard, on every side, that taxation can advance no further.* All I could learn on the subject amounted in the main to this, that though the money spent upon Paris since 1845 would pay the National Debt of Belgium, the continued and ever-increasing expenditure was fostered and encouraged by the facility of obtaining that money. The unreflecting cupidity of even men of very limited means, to whom Four per Cent. interest appeared a sufficient investment, led the Improvement Commissioners to rely and lean upon the precarious

* The Debt now amounts to 24 millions sterling!

resources of a loan,—and to contemplate all the embarrassments and even national evils that might only too soon accrue with a confidence which, in the eyes of grave veterans in the monetary world, seemed absolutely wonderful, and as perilous as it was unprecedented.

I believe, nevertheless, that the whole amount of the money advanced for the completion of our Holborn Valley Viaduct was at four and a half per cent. only: but the security was the best in England.

On my way to the Hôtel de Cluny, I looked in at Hachette's New Library and Publishing Establishment on the Boulevard St. Germain. All here is on a grand scale of business,—in connection with Europe, India, and the far West. I saw 'lifts' in action loaded with tons' weight of bound and unbound volumes; and busy feet running up spiral stairs and along lofty galleries; and tubings and mouth-pieces for messages, and whatever else indicates wealth, creating activity and attention. It is the chief emporium for maps, manuals, guide-books, and itineraries,—and has a small house of agency in King William St., St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. After completing my purchases, I went on to that all-engrossing relic of antique Paris, the above-mentioned Hôtel de Cluny. My only objects of research here were the eight golden crowns found in Spain "à la fuente di Guarrazar," near Toledo, some eleven years since. The largest (resembling in its shape and dimensions a child's drum, without the parchment) is ten inches

in diameter, and is described as having been worn by the Gothic King of Aragon, Reccesvinthus, A.D. 649. His brain-case must have been of no puny dimensions, if the golden circlet was made for him ; the ordinary length of a man's hat from front to back rarely exceeding eight or eight and a half inches. If the stones, bearing the appearance of sapphires, emeralds, and pearls be *bonâ fide* jewels, this relic of remote sovereignty must be of immense value; and the golden crosses suspended above it and the seven other crowns, three of which are of open work (resembling thick wires) of interstices two inches square, are also very costly. The small crowns are mere golden bands stamped with a flowing pattern, and were probably held up, like caps of maintenance, as emblems merely of royalty, on state occasions ; as they would only fit an infant's head.

The Retable on a slab in close proximity to these royal insignia, upwards of two feet in height, all of hammered gold, a gift of the Emperor Henry, in the early part of the eleventh century, to the City of Basle, is a striking sample of the lavish expenditure on ecclesiastical ornamentation among princes in the dark ages. The central figure represents our Saviour, at whose feet are seen, prostrate, Henry himself, and the Empress Cunegonda : to the left of the Lord stands St. Benedict and St. Michael, and to the right the archangels Gabriel and Raphael. The metal alone is worth at least four thousand pounds.

The mode of producing these splendid embossments

is very simple,—but at the same time marvellously ingenious. The metal is laid upon a rounded mass of pitch, softened by some admixture, and, the design having been carefully drawn on the gold, silver, or brass, on the side thus left uppermost, the artist begins with a blunt chisel, which he strikes with a mallet, as he tracks out the delineation. This is the primary operation. In the next, a larger number of strokes are given, marking out the tracks in the design more fully,—whether features or forms or folds—whatever is intended to be seen in high relief. More delicate tools, accordingly as the subject is one for fine finish, or the thickness of the plate may render it necessary, are afterwards used, till the work assumes the appearance of an intaglio. It is never lifted from the pitchy cushion till all is finished, except to the extent of a gentle elevation for the purpose of watching the effect of the chiseling, and to ascertain the condition of the pitch. On removal, the metal worked upon exhibits all we see in what are called embossings; or hammered gold, silver, &c. Where the work is of extraordinary high finish, the artist engraves the raised surface with a burin, and brings it up to beautiful perfection.

Under a small glass dome, within two yards of the Crowns, is exhibited the lower jaw of MOLIÈRE. How it found its way to this spot may well be a subject of wonder; but if it be here placed in apposition with

——'the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of the king—
. . . . . .
'Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,'

to indicate that in the estimation of one who had depicted Nature so faithfully, all thrones and diadems were but a comedy—the introduction of the decaying mandible is not altogether inappropriate: just as the fountain, close to the house once occupied by the dramatist in the Rue de Richelieu, surmounted by his statue in bronze, was said to be suggestive of the *flow* of his wit!

13th. SUCH readers as may have happened to peruse the account I published, three years since, of my visit to 'La Salpétrière,' that vast Hospital for old and infirm females, and lunatics of all ages, will not be surprised to learn that the interest awakened by all I had seen and heard on that occasion impelled me to pursue the subject of my first inquiries. In other words, I was earnestly desirous of ascertaining what had been effected by education and watchful oversight for some five or six of the most hopeful among the idiots whom I left under treatment in the year 1866. A visit to Earlswood subsequent to that insight into the French system of treatment, and the impressions left by all I had seen and heard there among young people of the same age and position in life, and labouring under the same conditions of mental disorder, stimulated in the present instance the

curiosity which was wavering between hope and doubt; and, as on the former occasion, my ticket or letter of authorization from the Bureau dë la Bienfaisance Publique was so worded as to empower me to explore every department and investigate every case which would throw light on the inquiry.

The methods to which my special attention had been directed in July, 1866, were those employed by the Instructors, as the most available and effectual towards restoring Semi-Idiots to their homes; creating a happy self-reliance, and furthering the great object of self-maintenance.

Having dismissed my carriage at the Lodge, I began a fatiguing walk, in ninety degrees of heat, to the furthest point of the premises,—an area of sixty-five acres.

It is a saddening passage,—the path one has to take through vast squares and exercise grounds, some paved, some grassy and planted, and others laid in gravel—or grit rather,—where sights and sounds proclaim, on all sides, the misery of hundreds who have only a name to live, and are placed here to drag out a forlorn and pitiable existence into advanced age; where Madness in all its phases, short of frenzy, fills the air with wild exclamations, or mopes in sighing, weeping melancholy: some aged women seated on benches, gibbering and laughing in utter vacuity and mere dismal enjoyment of air and sunshine, like cattle seeking a warm

slope or a nooky shade; within view of young children grinning and moaning alternately, accordingly as the brain and the affections worked within them. In one small enclosure or plot lay three or four little girls, not above five years of age, one of whom persisted in stripping herself of all clothing: another rolled over from side to side for an hour continuously: yet the open air and total freedom from restraint were prescribed as being most salutary for them.

At length my attendant left me at *the border line*: the demarcation which separates the hopeless from the hopeful: (I thought again of Dante) those whose sense was to be for ever paralysed and obscured, and those on whom judicious control and educational training, in combination with judicious diet and occupation, would exercise positive and most beneficial influence.

After crossing a roofed court, where I saw three or four restless, whining, unhappy young women, I found myself within the precincts of tractable and improvable intellect. Remembering all I had witnessed in this Department in 1866, my first inquiry when I found that the same Instructress, Mdlle Nicol, was still employed there, was to ascertain what had become of the girl Tyrrell, mentioned in pp. 206-7 of the first volume of my 'Nooks and Corners in France.' She was no longer in the section where I saw her three years previously, but was employed in domestic service at a furlong's distance, within

the premises. A messenger was immediately dispatched to fetch her. Meanwhile, having brought the list of names and some of the copy-books with me from England, whither I had taken them after my first visit, I asked what had become of Hoffmeister. It was she who, at the age of fourteen years, had penned, in very good handwriting, a letter of some sixteen or eighteen lines addressed to her mother, on the alarming illness of the Curé who used to officiate in the Chapel. The rough copy has been in my possession upwards of three years. She had entered into domestic service in the establishment of M. Voisin, a gentleman holding an important appointment in the "Salpétrière," whose residentiary house was at no great distance. There was no opportunity, therefore, of observing her present condition of mind and intellectual faculties; but the Instructress said she was going on very satisfactorily, and enjoyed better health than when she was five years younger; but on pressing for very plain and complete answers to my questions, the following statement was elicited: [I ought to preface it by recurrence to the memorandum of her case made in July, 1866:—The Matron on that occasion introduced her as 'Idiote: semi-imbecile.'] Hoffmeister has been so far rescued from her original condition of idiotcy and semi-imbecility as to be enabled to associate and sympathise with her fellow servants; but, still, she is *not to be relied upon.* She is liable, at times, though not often, to halluci-

nations and fits of moody melancholy; and has encountered within the last three years hysterical epileptic seizures; but Reason has held its seat, and gentle persuasiveness has on every occasion led her back into calm self-possession.

Presently afterwards Tyrrell stood before us. It was a distressful surprise, indeed. On the first occasion of my seeing her (in 1866) when she so quickly and intelligently answered four questions on Religious subjects that I asked the Matron (aside) whether she could affirm that girl to be 'Idiote,' the reply was: "She is not idiotic: she is imbecile in intellect." The impression, nevertheless, left on my mind was that the girl's understanding seemed to serve her far better than the average mental endowments of her class outside the Hospital. But the Matron shook her head. These are the very individuals who deceive the casual beholder. When *hors de discipline*, and placed upon the footing of free agents, they often commit themselves, and prove the sad necessity of surveillance.

Now, from all I had witnessed formerly, I fully expected to find a vivacious, intelligent, happy looking young woman of nineteen, sensible of manifested mercies, ambitious of progress and elevation in the social scale. In lieu thereof I beheld, at her entry into the room, a clumsy, awkward, broadbacked, "lumbering" female, with eyelids almost closed, and imparting a sleepy, hazy, stupid aspect; and a lowering brow which, though it indi-

cated not sulkiness or ill-humour, conveyed the impression that she felt not the slightest interest in any person, place, or thing. Intelligence was, at least, shrouded, or, I may say, depressed. This ungenial aspect, however, was in a great degree aggravated by an enormous mass of unkempt hair, more like the shock that covers the pate of a 'navvy' than the locks and tresses that even the lowliest maidens manage to keep in some kind of trim. It bore an almost ludicrous appearance; like a 'chignon' coming forward to the front! The 'Surveillante' or Inspector in Chief, a kindly affectioned Matron, stood by the side of Mdlle. Nicol, and asked Tyrrell whether she remembered my visit in 1866. Hereupon she raised her head, which had been drooping in seemingly stupid indifference, regarded me fixedly, and gave them to understand she had no recollection of it. They turned to me, however, at the same moment, to say that notwithstanding the discouraging aspect of this young woman, whose coarse and ill-made dark blue dress, very dissimilar to the neat frock in which I had first seen her, was very damaging to her personal appearance, she had not forgotten the lessons of the Class Room. She could read, write, and ask questions upon the subjects of the chapters, just as well as when I first saw her. This seemed to me very remarkable. I cannot but think that the poor creature's instructors had stopped short just at the point when the mind might have received strong and stronger impressions, and the culti-

vable abilities have been employed in acquiring a taste for the things and habits of civilization. Powers there were, perhaps still are, which painstaking ingenuity might have eliminated and brought into active exertion; and her admission, at that advanced stage of moral treatment, into sane and sensible companionship might have lifted her altogether out of the category of Mental disorder. As it was, it seemed as though she had been left to "grub on" till she would attain to middle age, to dwindle at last, and disappear in an unheeded crowd: perhaps, end her days in imbecility. All, however, that pure air, regular exercise, and adequate nourishment—infinitely better than what would be attainable in her own home—could effect in the preservation of good health was hers to enjoy. My regrets related to her mental shortcomings. The Instructress, perceiving my mortification, proposed that we should test her intellectual capacity by placing her at the very post in which I first beheld her, surrounded by a dozen younger girls. This was at once done.

"Now, Tyrrell," said the Matron, "write something on the black board which Monsieur may read; and tell him what you think about his coming to see us again."

Hereupon the girl, taking up her position at the black board, and handling a piece of chalk, wrote in very good characters the following words:—"Nous sommes très contentes de revoir Monsieur. Il s'interesse beaucoup de l'instruction des jeunes

gens." There was nothing of the "aliénée" or "imbécile" in this! The Surveillante and Instructress perceiving the satisfaction I derived in recognizing the existence of right reason and feeling, asked whether I had noted any other names for inquiry; and on my replying that I had still several in my Memoranda—among others, Léonie Pestyn, Augustine Claire, and Isabelle Du Jardin—these girls were immediately summoned from the several houses (situate within the walls) where they were actively and usefully employed. Pestyn arrived first.

Mdlle. Nicol apprised me that this young person's intellect had not dwindled; that all she had acquired in the School had been completely retained; that she was rendering good service in that Section of the vast Establishment (exceeding in numbers six thousand souls) into which the directors had inducted her, but that the predisposition which lay at the foundation of all Idiotic cases in the female sex, Hysteria, was now more strongly marked than when she was younger, and induced *faiblesse d'esprit*, which determined the point where her advance towards perfect enjoyment of intellectual faculties would be arrested.

At this moment Léonie came in. She was reminded that I was the gentleman who heard her teaching the younger girls, and leading the voices in a hymn. The only response to this mention of my visit was a flood of tears, which, when the

kindly matron exhorted her to look up and be herself and speak, induced a slight accession of hysteria; but, of her own accord, she proposed that I should again hear a lesson in full class in the School Room, where we were now standing; upon mention of which poor Tyrrell fell in also, and Léonie put the pupils on a Chapter in their lesson book on Natural History, and, after one sentence had been read, began to ask questions about Nouns, Verbs, Genders, &c., and other queries in Parsing, which brought back to my recollection the question I put (in 1866) to the Surveillante, "Why do you detain these girls here?" but I now asked whether their tendency to Hysteria would impede their advance towards perfect self-possession and the undisturbed enjoyment of right reason. The answer confirmed that surmise, with this appended information,—that the periodical fits of Epilepsy rendered these young women unfit to be trusted in town service: they could not take any situation in a Paris house, and were therefore charitably retained in the Salpétrière, where that chronic infirmity, however fearful in convulsion, would not interfere with their general usefulness. The recurrence of these fits opposes a lifelong obstacle to the enjoyment of steady and unerring intellect and self-control, and finally wears out the physical powers. Few of these Aliénées live beyond their fortieth year of life. In some instances the Epileptic habit disappears entirely; but Hysteria remains.

The next inmate whose name stood on my list to be inquired for was Augustine Claire. This was the young woman of whom I made mention, in the account of my first visit, as bearing so close a resemblance to a handsome youth. She is now only twenty-one years of age. After a brief interval, she came in, almost breathless from having had a considerable distance to traverse; and her curiosity to learn why she was thus earnestly summoned impelled her to run. She had not been apprised of my having spoken of her, nor indeed of my being on the premises. She recognized me immediately. A few years had done much. She is now a decidedly handsome young woman, and exhibits not a trace of mental weakness. We asked her several questions, and she evinced a perfect recollection of all that occurred exactly three years before. She had not forgotten a single incident. This was a delightfully encouraging case. The young subject before us was perfectly intelligent and happy, and had grown two inches, being now five feet seven. Uniformly good health had befriended her not a little; and, though not entirely exempt from slight nervous affections, she had now passed through a probation which entitled her to be classed with females sane from their birth.

An hour and twenty minutes had now fled when, at length, Isabelle Du Jardin appeared. She, too, was a domestic servant, employed as an overlooker among young children. Mdlle. Nicol, her

old Instructress, was standing close to me. At the moment of the glass doors being thrown open for her admission, she rushed into the arms of her loved friend, whom she had not set eyes on for upwards of a year, and rested her head upon her neck,—"flens quàm familiariter"—in passionate joy. It was a touching spectacle. Such gratitude! the memory of a true and fond heart! Before Mdlle. Nicol could speak to her of me, the poor girl asked her more questions than could have been answered within a quarter of an hour; and pressed upon her hearer's attention many little reports she had to make of herself and her situation and improved state. She did not recognize me. She was originally epileptic, and in May, 1866, was enrolled as "Quite imbecile," but had not experienced any convulsions for upwards of eighteen months; but as she drew near to eighteen years of age, the hysterical symptoms were more often developed. "She is a good creature!" said her friend; "but hers is a mind and understanding which could not be relied upon; there is too great weakness, too much susceptibility."

Mdlle. Nicol now sent for a girl of twelve years of age, Victorine Thierry, whom she particularly wished to bring under my notice. Four years ago she was admitted into the Salpétrière as a repulsive idiot. The breadth of her forehead between the temples was very conspicuous and altogether abnormal, but her eyes were far from being dull

or inexpressive. She is the best teacher in the School. We were now in what is termed the Scholastic department; in evidence of which a class of seventeen girls was called up and placed in hollow square, as usual, to undergo examination in Parsing. I gave a word—"Avaler" (to swallow). *Q.* What part of speech is this? *A.* A verb active. *Q.* What do you mean by a verb active? *A.* It governs some substantive, and, in this case, something received. *Q.* Monsieur nous fait un visite. Is that correct French? *A.* No; "visite" is feminine; it should be "*une* visite." The examination—whether we consider the questioner or the respondent, the former having only three years previously entered the Establishment "quite imbecile," and the latter still under treatment as "semi-idiote"—may well astonish; but where weakness of intellect co-exists with a bad condition of body, which admits of sanitary treatment, and is eventually superseded by vigorous health, the discipline to which the feeble mind is subjected by the training peculiar to these Asylums has, with few exceptions, raised the "half-silly" creature, whose existence would otherwise have been a blank, to the ranks and privileges of Intelligence; and the taught (as amid those whose reasoning faculties were never clouded,) becomes a qualified teacher.

Mdlle. Nicol then brought in a handsome, blonde, grey-eyed girl of fifteen, about five feet six inches in height, exhibiting the feature and manner of a

quiet ladylike English maiden. Had she been attired in such habiliments as our happier young belles exhibit in Hyde Park and the Gardens she would have attracted no little notice. This was Augustine Michaud. Up to the present time she had been subject to very violent and distressing fits of Epilepsy, three times in every month. The convulsion seized her whole frame on these occasions, and left her half dead; prostrating simultaneously both body and mind. This was a case (the matron said) requiring very judicious treatment, as the recurrence of such terrible attacks enfeebled the mind and caused the percipient and reflecting faculty to retrograde; and unless a patient and carefully discerning system of enlightenment and gradual control were adopted, this gentle being would become wild and intractable in the extreme; simply through the influence of those spasms and struggles which seemed to rend the very frame, and, for a time, deprived the sufferer of consciousness. The Surveillante brought in this young woman's favourite friend, five years her elder, and almost as handsome. This was Emilie Lemeille, a native of a village in the Côte d'Or; but from her childhood she had lived in Paris. The two appeared to be in most affectionate companionship, the one passing her arm around the other's waist. She was stated to be as deplorably afflicted as Augustine. Yet, while they were in our presence, they evinced not a defect or peculiarity of any kind. They conversed

freely, and made some very sensible observations on subjects mooted by the matrons, and, in fact, seemed so perfectly qualified and entitled to be living in Society at large, and so utterly *out of place* here in the exercise grounds (where I saw them) of the Salpétrière, that it was only through my having expressed to Mdlle. Nicol in an "aside" observation, my astonishment at these two young women being inmates of the place, that I learned what has just been stated with regard to their ailments. They would probably attain to a safer condition of health in the course of two years. The most favourable condition of life into which they could enter would be active service in a pure atmosphere, with the further benefit of wholesome and sufficient diet, and exemption from any disquieting and afflictive incidents, or depressing cares. If this could be secured to them in the day of youth, that morbid condition of brain, which, in advanced age, induces *habitual* epilepsy, might be averted. But, as may be supposed, the difficulty of accomplishing so much as these requirements would involve, leaves but a faint hope of permanent relief to the individuals whose interesting case elicited these explanations; and if neither of them should be able to earn a maintenance beyond the *enceinte* of the Asylum, they will in all probability remain within it for the term of their natural life. This case led me to ask what reports have been received, from time to time, as to the well being of young women restored to

their homes, and no longer considered as "aliénées." The answer convinced me that where Idiotcy, even in its mildest form, has once been exhibited, the taint remains; and that Epilepsy in combination with it would, unless very successfully treated early in life, tend to make imbecility permanent. But, if timely and judicious cultivation of all the intellectual power that might be eliminated can prevent the *memory* from being hopelessly impaired, and if, moreover, the continuous influence of kind and loving care, sympathising with and soothing the highly susceptible temperament of the sufferer, can so far minister to the mind diseased as to keep alive the sensibilities and affections and active intelligence, the happiest results will follow. The convulsion may, and indeed will, recur; but, like ordinary spasms, it is of brief duration: whereas an epileptic subject, left to him or herself, is in danger of falling into a complete state of dementia.

Mdlle. Nicol, with whom I conversed at great length when we had dismissed these young women, believed there was no radical cure; no permanent rectification. She said they had almost always discovered that where inmates of the Salpétrière had left it to resume their natural position in the family circle, one month undid the work of years. The parents of all the patients or pupils, or whatever we may term them, are, for the most part, in poor circumstances. The father might be a man without conduct, self-respect, or religious principle, without

any sense of parental obligations; the mother, perhaps, might be very ignorant and devoid of judgment, and altogether incapable of carrying on the good work begun for their child's welfare and peace, in the Schools of enlightenment; and the result in almost all instances was a collapse, hastened in no light degree by improper, if not inadequate, nourishment, which condemned the mind to suffer through the body. The young intellect in such an element of continued neglect and disadvantages of every kind dwindled into inert listlessness, which in but too many cases became mere fatuity.

This is a deplorable issue, considering that the course of treatment may have extended in many cases over fifteen years: for children are received into the Establishment at the age of four years, and many stay till they have attained to twenty. Several, if capable of rendering useful service, continue to live on the premises. The whole number of females under School training, and receiving all the benefit of matronly care and management, with a view to material and lasting benefit, was a hundred and seventeen.

As we were slowly walking towards the abovementioned Border Line or Boundary, a young surgeon attached to the Medical Board joined us. It occurred to me to ask how it came to pass that the majority of the Idiots, Semi-Idiots, Imbeciles, and Maniacs so seldom lived beyond their forty-first or forty-second year. I knew that the Cretins of

Switzerland, Sardinia, and Austria rarely survive their thirtieth. I saw some in Moravia looking old at eighteen. He said congestion of the brain was the culminating point to which frequent fits of epilepsy brought the sufferers. The increasing debilitation of the nervous system undermined, after a time, the physical force; and in mid-age Nature seemed unable to hold out longer. Upon this ground, great efforts were now everywhere made to arrest, so far as possible, Epilepsy: to diminish the number of attacks: to avert its recurrence. Where this could be effected, both body and mind exhibited marked improvement, acting and re-acting; and where the whole system could be maintained in steady health, and the mind be exempted from disturbing influences, moral treatment would supersede all medicine, and secure comfort to existence in quite as large proportion as moral causes, compared with physical, operate in the production of insanity. The celebrated Pinel estimated the former at the ratio of four hundred and sixty-four to two hundred and nineteen.

Before I took leave, I asked what had become of Emilie Noel, the widow, as she had described herself, of one Blondel of Paris, whose passionate appeal to me in July, 1866, had furnished such an amusing episode in my long visit. I was now informed that Emilie Noel was still an inmate, and I might at once see her: "but," said I, "how is it that she is to be found in your Educational Department? for I

left her among, at least, a hundred crazy women on whom no Schooling or Scolding would ever exercise the slightest influence." The matron said she was certainly a queer body ('une originale'), but had always been amenable to advice and discipline, and was one of the most useful servants in the Establishment.

"Well," said I, "if she has attained to such a degree of composure and steadiness as that amounts to, I shall not entertain any misgivings at the thoughts of an interview; but I had no little difficulty in getting rid of her before."

Within five minutes the elder Gouvernante, who had stepped out from an apartment which we had entered, [to be screened from the torrid heat of the day,] announced Emilie Noel. I could not resist laughing outright. The old woman standing before me bore no more resemblance to the 'Veuve Blondel,' whose last words to me, delivered almost in a scream, were "N'oubliez pas!" than to the Venus de Medicis.

"Why!" said I, "this is the wrong Emilie!"

"Pardon! Monsieur—we never have had any other. She has been here upwards of seven or eight years."

Now *this* 'Emilie' was a dumpy, crooked, low-browed, mute creature,—not very unlike some of the figures dressed up on the 5th of November by our London pavement boys, to be blown up at night—with, apparently, not more understanding than would

avail for her fetching and carrying away a pail, or washing down a gutter; and the contrast between the vivacious, springy, voluble and violent dame I may almost say I *fled* from on the occasion just referred to, [when, after recounting a long rigmarole about her landlord and his house-door lock, &c., she stepped aside and pencilled a note containing, amid other matter, her Paris address, and thrust it into my hand,] was so forcible and ridiculous, that had I been liable to a thousand francs penalty for the expression of my astonishment in uncontroulable laughter, I must have abided by the consequence.

"Now," said I, "how do you explain this? Have you no recollection of a woman of about forty-five years of age who never ceased railing against her landlord in the Rue Catenat, and called on every one to see her wrongs redressed?"

"Oh! certainly.—That was the woman Blondel. She is now in a very quiet and tractable state of mind, quite rid of her landlord, padlock, and other delusions, and she is a domestic servant in the employ of one of our Directors: but you are not aware of her monomaniac freaks. It was her practice to assume for a time the name of any female whom she might have happened to converse with in the General Exercise Yard of her Section: and at the time you mention, this old creature you see here was one of the *detenues* in that department, and even then rendering some useful service; so that Blondel in all likelihood imagined you would do more for

Emilie Noel, an *employée*, than you would for herself, and determined to (faufiler) tack on the name of this less excitable party to her own case."

This assumption of names, as of dignities, is one of the commonest practices among the insane. Some men have proclaimed themselves to be John the Baptist, or Ezekiel, or Mahomet: others have demanded the homage due to them as Monarchs or Princes of the Blood, Prime Ministers, Chancellors, Bishops, &c. In July, 1866, I saw a respectable lady, in one of the wards of the Salpétrière, who styled herself the Empress of the French, and resented with indignation the scoffs with which even her fellow *detenues* ridiculed her pretensions to the throne.

I can only conclude by saying I left the dreary Asylum of mental malady and woe with a heavy heart. The wonderful achievements I had witnessed in this Laboratory of painstaking, patient, persevering solicitude, where the instructed seemed to hang anxiously and gratefully on every look and word of the Instructors, and both vied in earnest eagerness to countervail the innate disorder which rendered Teaching and Learning so arduous, had raised my hopes and expectations too high. The pupils I saw and examined three years previously, read and wrote so well; responded so readily [as my published volumes reported,] and so lucidly, to numerous questions framed expressly to test their proficiency and assure me of their being well grounded in know-

ledge, that I had relied on finding them, on this occasion, secure in the possession of that blessing which we may all at all times pray for—'Mens sana in corpore sano:' but this day's experience went to convince me that where mental alienation is of that kind which perverts the ideas to such an extent as involves the loss of self-control, or moral liberty,—the sufferer may be to a most wonderful and, we may say, blessed extent, relieved,—but never cured. The matron's report of what befel the young women on their return home was candid and faithful. She scorned to elevate and glorify the Salpétrière system of Treatment at the expense of honest Truth; and in my opinion, her testimony was decisive. Intellectual growth may, from a condition of pitiable weakness, be, beyond all doubt, considerably advanced; but the reasoning powers are for ever limited; and it is a stint which leaves the sufferer 'poor indeed.'

To Charenton. About two years preceding the death of Charles I., one of the most devoted adherents of the Royal cause, a cavalier 'sans peur et sans reproche,' and the owner of hereditary estates in Cumberland and Westmoreland, acquired originally by regal gift about the period of the Norman Conquest, sent his two eldest sons into France; not so much with the object of foreign travel as from the wish to remove them for a while from the scene of internecine conflict and the troubles of that most

unhappy period, which left neither the noblest nor the holiest of men uninvaded or unscathed in their ancestral homes. The younger son died in the twentieth year of his age, in Paris, and, according to the family archives, was buried at "Sharington;" the etymology of the old chronicler employing this phonetic term to designate CHARENTON, a pretty little town about the size of Erith on the banks of the Thames, at the distance of three miles and a half from Paris, with a population, at the present time, of upwards of six thousand souls, on the Lyons Railway. In 1650, when disloyalty and treason had wrought their masterpiece in the taking off of the King, the bereaved and sorrow-stricken baronet went over to France with the special intent of visiting the last resting place of his son Philip; and found it at Charenton.

The difficulties attaching to the removal of the mortal remains of any English subject that had been interred in the Protestant Cemetery of that town, involving not only a transit of 190 miles through France and the passage of the Channel, and a further journey of two hundred and ninety miles to the family vault in Cumberland, compelled Sir Philip to leave the grave undisturbed; and there it remained, as it was reasonable to conclude, to mingle with the dust that would blend it with the dead of past and future centuries. As I was now in France for the last time in my life, I resolved upon a pilgrimage to CHARENTON; not without hope of discovering the

tomb or grave-stone, or, at least, of gaining sight of the enrolment of the youth's name in the Register of the Seventeenth Century; aware as I was of there being, still, more than one lineal descendant living by whom the report of such a discovery would be received with no light interest. The train speedily conveyed me to the foot of a very steep wooden stair, up which I found my way into the pretty white-faced town, well paved and tastefully planted with trees, (as though in imitation of a boulevard,) all along the main street, at the extremity of which stood the Town-hall,—a building of considerable antiquity, though modernized;—the foundations of it having been laid in the fourteenth century,—though the oldest chambers were not of earlier date than the reign of Francis the First.

I had been referred to this place as the Bureau of the Mayoralty, where the registers of the town were kept: and politeness and kind courtesy could not have done more to further the object of my enquiry, had I been a Prince of the Blood. I found two functionaries in attendance, who instantly commenced a search in the Registers. Of these I saw many folio volumes arranged in book cases and bearing dates from the fifteenth century; but, after patient investigation, which failed to discover any traces of the record of an interment, the question arose whether the deceased had died in Charenton or in Paris. It transpired from my answer that the death took place in Paris; upon which the chief

secretary assured me that any longer investigation in Charenton would be useless, as, in that case, the registration would have been required to be made in the Capital, and in that particular quarter in which the deceased might have been resident up to the day of his death. The Burial Service would have been read over the mortal remains in the Church of the Protestants at Charenton and at the grave also; but, as it was the interment of a stranger, the Parisian Register of the arrondissement in which the death occurred would alone record it. But the Cemetery? the Church? Long, long ago, one hundred and eighty-two years since, both disappeared. The latter was standing till the year 1685 at that end of the Bridge which was furthest from Paris, across the River Marne in Charenton St. Maurice; and the Cemetery was immediately contiguous. The Paris end of the Bridge was called Charenton le Pont.

To illustrate the position of the Church and the approaches from the capital, my obliging informants fetched a portfolio from one of their offices and showed me an admirably executed copper-plate etching (by an artist of the name of Israel, about the year 1640) representing the old bridge which stood in the seventeenth and eighteenth century. At the Paris end of this bridge stood a Flour Mill worked by a water-wheel in the Marne below; and at the distance of a furlong from the other end stood the Protestants' Church, in front of which was a small round tower which remains to this day.

The destiny of this Church was associated with an event involving no light adversity,—beyond the homes of Calvinism in and around Charenton. The secretaries showed me a large sheet of paper on which was engraved the fac-simile of a commemorative silver medal struck in Paris on the occasion of this favourite temple being razed to the ground on the 20th and 21st of October, 1685. This medal bore the effigy of Louis XIV. and the date 1685. On the reverse was an allegorical statue indicating "Faith"—a female standing amid ruins, and supporting with her left hand a cross which rested on a pedestal. Under this engraving was the subjoined letter-press, in Italian character, recording the origin of the medal:—

'Temples des Calvinistes démolis.'

[Translation. The Edict of the month of October * had issued commands for the demolition of all the Huguenot places of worship, and especially that of the Church at CHARENTON, the chief seat of Heresy. The people, hereupon, rose *en masse*, intent upon pulling down the edifice, which was done so effectually that after the lapse of two days not a vestige of it was to be seen.]

That event is recorded on the medal. Religion is seen erecting a Cross upon the ruins of the building, and herein is signified the triumph of Truth over Error. The motto "Religio Victrix" means "Reli-

* The infamous Edict revoking that of Nantes.

gion Triumphant." The motto on the reverse is "Templis Calvinianorum eversis, MDCLXXXV." and signifies "The Churches of the Calvinists destroyed, 1685."

The next document brought forward was a pencil drawing, traced from a print representing the mob carrying away the large bell of the Church in a cart: another followed, very curious in its details [of which, as of the Bridge Print, I made a copy]—showing a portion of the Church still standing before the despoilers had completed the havoc;—and in this were seen crowds of men elevated in waggons in order to handle more effectively the many ropes which they had attached to the beams and rafters, pillars and windows; and thus bring to the ground, as rapidly as combined strength and instruments could effect it, every remnant of the condemned pile. The Burial Ground, I learned, was desecrated and broken up to great extent on this occasion; but nearly all traces of even its site were subsequently obliterated by the excavations made for the building of the celebrated Lunatic Asylum in the last century; and what little remained to tell where the dead had once been laid disappeared altogether during the construction of the Charenton portion of the great Lyons Railway.

The Church must have been an edifice of goodly aspect, though without any pretensions to architectural beauty. Its Western façade exhibited five very lofty arched windows above four small ones,

and a central door in the basement. Nine other such windows were in the Northern, and the same number in the Southern wall; and these, too, had smaller windows below them. A little belfry surmounted the Western apex of the roof, which was, also, pierced by three ventilators at the Western, and by six in the Southern and Northern sides.

The residence of the Mayor, Mons. Desvignes, covers a portion of the site of this Church. There was, also, a building in close proximity to it in 1685, occupied by the Protestants as a House of Refuge or Sanctuary for their persecuted brethren; and this was afterwards appropriated as a rural retreat for the Nouvelles Catholiques (Nuns) of the Rue St. Anne, in Paris: and in 1700 it became a Convent for Benedictine nuns of the Congregation of Molesmes who came up from the Val d'Osne on the borders of Lorraine; and here they remained during the troublous wars at the close of the reign of Louis XIV.; but this, in common with innumerable others, was demolished between the years 1789 and 1793.

The population of Charenton appear not to great advantage on the occasion here recorded: but they were, doubtless, instigated by the Clergy, who thought they were doing good service and honour to God and the King when, shouting outside the sanctuary of the Heretics, they cried "Down with it, even to the ground."

No temporal ruler would, at the present time,

dare to issue such an edict as, to his everlasting shame, Louis sent through the length and breadth of France at the date above-mentioned,—the impolitic cruelty of which was only equalled by its wickedness. I trust the Church in France has become too tolerant and far too conscious of her strength to forfeit by subserviency to such despotism that respect among all right-minded Catholics which the Clergy deservedly enjoy: and had it been severed from the State in the beginning of the seventeenth century, Charenton Church might have been standing now; for it was removed from off the face of the earth, not by Papal persecution, but by regal tyranny instigated by that kind of female influence which, in almost all instances of its ascendancy, has tended to the perpetration of wrong, from the day of Herodias to that of Catherine de Medicis.

14*th*.—A stroll through the Galleries of the Palais du Louvre. Many changes have been made here. The entry is now under the Pavillon Denon; and the interior is approached through a splendid basement Vestibule or Hall forty feet in width, at the extremity of which are seventy stone steps leading up into the rooms. Busts (antique) are arranged through the entire length of this newly-completed hall, so transcendently superior to the dark and confined stair by which the public were admitted, till very recently, to the Galleries. In these, as of old, "the air breathes, burns with" the glories of Fine

Art, and we gaze on the numberless *chefs d'œuvre* from the easels of Italy, Germany, Spain, Flanders, and Holland, and on some excellent samples, be it said, of the French School. Among the latter I was sorry to perceive that Gericault's celebrated "Raft" or "Wreck of the Medusa," had become still darker in colour. When the original tints became *enfoncés* to just the extent of deepening effect which the picture required, this darkening improved it greatly: but, if it become more intense, much of the handling will be absolutely invisible. It is a fine picture, as is his "Dead Cuirassier."

"The Raft" has not been painted fifty years; for I think Gericault had just left Rome when I arrived in 1820, and he stretched his canvas in the immediate vicinity of the Beaujon Hospital in Paris about that time, and was occupied on it for nearly two years. His motive for setting up a studio in the precincts of the Hospital was to study the symptoms of disease and the agonies of death; and it is said that corpses were conveyed to his easel side in such an advanced stage of putrefaction as to render the effluvium around the artist most noxious. Some of the awful features of dissolution on which he gazed are depicted in the work here referred to, in which the fifteen individuals who alone survived out of a hundred and forty-nine on the Raft are seen huddled together amid the dead and the dying. The picture was exhibited in London: but, though greatly admired, found no purchaser, and was sub-

sequently bought at a very inadequate price—£240 —by the French Government.

Compared with Gericault's and Granet's pictures, the celebrated David's are mere sign-painting. The master-pieces of Horace Vernet must be sought for at Versailles.

With respect to the splendid collection of the works of Old Masters of Painting, "Verbum non amplius addam." Their fame is world-wide; and the delight afforded by the contemplation of such a galaxy of all that is beautiful in conception and wonderful in execution knows no diminution nor change, let a period of ever so many years intervene between the visits paid to these galleries. Excellence abounding with the fulness of perfection never tires. As usual, there were many artists, of either sex, copying: most of them handling their brushes in a tame and miserable manner, on commission. [We must travel in Italy and Germany to see good copyists.] One of these, a woman, was perched on a high framework ten feet above the floor, labouring on a large portrait of some foreign dame in whose features I felt some interest, surmising I had seen a print of it in England. I requested the *artiste* to inform me who it was. She confessed her utter ignorance of it, and all she knew was that she had been engaged to copy it. It was like a blacksmith carrying out an order to make a pair of tongs exactly after the pattern sent!

The vast picture, of indifferent execution, repre-

senting Napoleon the First riding over the snows of Russia—his track marked by the corpses of the frozen French, is still here; a wretched memorial, and a mockery of "La Gloire" of the Imperial armies; and I incline to think the Curators of the Galleries would be glad enough to put it aside, or send it into some remote province, if its disappearance would not create an undesirable sensation. The opinion that Bonaparte was a cruelly selfish man has gained ground everywhere, and "mort en Russie" sounds like a knell in the ears of only too many families whose fathers or sons had, as La Fayette indignantly exclaimed to Lucien, followed the Emperor to the sands of Egypt and the snows of Russia, unswerving in fidelity,—the bones of Frenchmen, scattered in every region, attesting their devotedness.

Took a parting glance at the Galerie d'Apollon, the most magnificent apartment in all Europe—probably in the world. It is best described as "The Golden." In all those journeyings which send the roaming tourist home sated with foreign pleasures and places, I have never seen its parallel. As I rested for a few moments on a costly settee of burnished gold and crimson Genoa velvet, I saw a begrimed bricklayer, fresh from the scaffolding in the Place du Carrousel, take up his position on a similar seat within three yards of mine:—his filthy blouse frock and sabots, powdered with lime, soiling simultaneously the glistening parquet-floor and the Italian

silk. These are the "ouvriers" of Paris, of whose pretensions and demands, as of the working man and rights of labour, here in England, we have, for upwards of twenty years, heard only too much. Were I the High Chamberlain at the Imperial Court I would "rope off" these sofas and settees, and compel Liberté, Égalité, and Fraternité to remain at least *debout*, and, if only on the strength of the ubiquitous French notice—"Toute immondice est interdite"—this dirty description of unclean visitors should be peremptorily excluded altogether.

The new Quadrangle in which the present entry to the Palais du Louvre is situate (the design of the reigning Emperor), is a very beautiful annexation to the Tuileries and Carrousel. Its three sides, surrounding a small but admirably planted garden, are made especially attractive by a legion of interesting statues of the most eminent men of France which surmount the arcades. These effigies are excellent of their kind; though grave objections must be urged against modern European costume wherever apparent in such a series of illustrations. Trunk hose and full-bottomed wigs were preposterous enough when chiselled in stone or marble; but the most ingenious sculptor must be baffled by small clothes and silk stockings; and top boots, *de plus*, are an abomination indeed. The classical costume appears to be imperative in all such counterfeit presentments of illustrious humanity, among whom I

espied Richelieu, Descartes, Montaigne, Le Sœur, Grétry, and Nicolas Poussin, *cum multis aliis*, very familiar to the eye and memory. Gas lamps are placed, sixteen feet apart, on tasteful slender columns around these arcades, but I was sorry to discover, in the gilt railings of the Garden, a reproduction, in most accurate outline, of the 'Lanternes' of old Paris; those memorable iron uprights terminating in a broad convolved scroll, from which the brutal mobs of the Revolutionary *canaille* used to suspend such of their victims as they could seize in the open street,—the hapless Clergy, in particular—when the cry 'À la lanterne!' was the sure precursor of murder, and many a blameless, unoffending man died the death. One might reasonably surmise that this hideous remembrancer would never have been revived and again presented to a Parisian citizen's gaze, to "show his eyes and grieve his heart;" but the French are not affected by such objects. They labour, seemingly, to forget and to ignore.

Within the garden are several openings in the grass, resembling our fire-plugs. In the Spring and Summer, the gardener affixes to these an iron rod surmounted by a dozen curved outspreading tubes, somewhat resembling the top of a palm-tree, from which water is thrown, over a very wide diameter, in a rain-like shower for half-an-hour at a time: an ingenious contrivance by which the grass plot and shrubs are maintained in green and lively freshness. I saw many of these *arrosoirs* in France,

and presume they are well known in our country, though I have not met with any.

On my way from the Tuileries up the Rue St. Roch (ever memorable in the history of that 'Jour des Sections,' which made Bonaparte's fortune in life), I fell in with what would be considered in Paris a very handsome Funeral. Four Undertaker's marshals led the procession, followed by the Undertaker himself and the Curé of the Parish with a Cross bearer. Seven mourning coaches succeeded, completely covered with black cloth, and having black high standards behind. The horses were without housings and feathers. The Hearse, an open one, without feathers, followed,—in which lay the coffin, without a pall. Next came, on foot, the chief mourner, a gentleman of about sixty-five years of age, of very venerable aspect, wearing a black cloak, without crape; accompanied by five other gentlemen of his own rank. Two private carriages followed; his own exhibiting a coronet on the panels: but the servants wore no mourning apparel or fittings. The preliminary burial service would be performed in the Church of St. Roch. There was, in this, a great contrast between the style observed in France on the occasion of the Funeral of a person of elevated rank, and that which characterises such an occasion in our country. The horses were rather of bay than black colours; and the absence of caparisons, housings, and feathers, and of even a black silk band or a hired cloth cloak for the servants,

were equally remarkable: but this was regarded as "funérailles superbes"—but for which estimation in the Parisian mind I should not have here made any mention of it.

The heat has been intense: Awnings, blinds, shutters, umbrellas, have been brought into universal use; and shirt-sleeves and bared necks are in the ascendant. While thirsty souls were rushing to cooling drinks and iced syrups and rosolios, every good man 'merciful to his beast' might well keep a look out on water in due season; as the muzzled dogs do most eagerly. This was characteristically, indeed comically, illustrated to-day by a grazier, or, probably, a grazier's foreman, arriving at the Place de l'Europe from the cattle market at Poissy, with a caravan of calves, in the rear of which walked a wearied bullock and an equally tired and dry-mouthed dog. The wretched animals, half dead with heat and thirst, were lowing piteously, and as their conductor halted to make some change in the arrangement for their standing, [they were not tied by the feet and left lying, as in our country,] before he proceeded to the Abattoir, he espied one of the Cantonniers—or men employed on the great thoroughfares to clean and clear and water the roads, —distributing abundant streams from one of the hose pipes attached to the fire-plugs which are turned to excellent account, not only for the water-carts, but also for these flexible pipes by which the dust on the boulevards and main streets and squares

is laid. These are used in Paris in preference to the water-carts which obstruct the progress of thousands of omnibuses traversing the capital in every direction from morn till night, and which, also, splash the foot-passengers;—a dire offence to the clean-ankled women, who, in the foulest weather, may be seen picking their way through mud and floating mire without a spot on their stockings,—but whose uplifted skirts, even, would be sprinkled by the indiscriminating out-pour of a water-cart. The Aquarius, whose line of operations I twice crossed, and at whose side I preferred to stand rather than cross within range of his liquid volley, was in full play with the long gutta percha tubing, like a snake upon castors (to which, in Paris, are always attached tiny little wheels facilitating its movements to a considerable extent before necessity arises for screwing it on to another plug) when the grazier addressed him—"Mon brave garçon! my calves here are actually dying with thirst: If you will give them a taste of your delicious water fountain, I'll stand treat for a *pour boire* worth your drinking." Hereupon the Cantonnier, without demur or parley, elevated the tubing to the caravan and directed the full throw of water towards the mouths of the eight calves; causing it to wash and trickle into their nostrils and throats in an abundant shower, which, it was evident, gave them new life. "And now," said the carter, "do let that melancholy bullock, behind, just have one drink; for he has kept pace most uncomplain-

ingly ['sans plainte ou gémissement'] with us ever since we left the 'cour'—farm-yard." And the big animal was accordingly *arrosé* from the same source of benevolence, at which his beautiful dilated eyes beamed with a delight bespoken not only by a new aspect and animation, but, also, by exclamations of a gratitude of which Livy would assuredly have said 'Satis constabat bovem locutum fuisse;' [Anglicè, there was indubitable testimony to the fact of an ox having been heard to speak!]

The meat purveyor, all joy at the wonderfully improved appearance of things, at once declared he would double the promised gratuity if the man with the tube would include the horse and 'boule-dogue' —(as the French call our bull-terriers—) in his gracious aspersions, which, as the fun of the thing was at its height, was unhesitatingly consented to; —upon which the grazier, begging to be put upon a par with his belongings, seized the flexible tube, and, while it was yet flooding, gave his own face a profuse wash,—following up the enjoyment with the presentation of a franc-piece to the Cantonnier, who, having realised twenty centimes a minute by his complaisance, deemed it a very lucky *rencontre*, and was all smiles and pleasantry. The whole proceeding occupied little more than three or four minutes.

"Now then, my hearties! [mes braves!] *en route*, again—!"

It sounded like an echo from 'O fortes pejoraque

passi!'—and the happy party sped on their way after the imbibition of what literally seemed to be the very Eau de *vie* that enabled them to reach the slaughter-house alive. Had I been able to communicate this incident to the tender-hearted Bishop of Gloucester, before he made his emphatic appeal, in the House of Lords, for mercy to the wretched occupants of the trucks in the middle passage between the farm-yard and the metropolis, he would doubtless have made good use of it;—and Miss Burdett Coutts will, I trust, peruse with interest the narrative here given—active as that excellent lady has recently proved herself in the cause not only of humanity, but of the best policy and common sense, in taking thought and providing means of transit for the foreign cattle landed in England.

Malgré the deterrent index of the Thermometer at 98°, I resolved upon paying a visit to the Buttes de Chaumont, the eminence now forming a part of Paris, as Pentonville does of London; though, fifty-six years ago, many myriads of Parisians lived and died as unacquainted with this outlying district as the residents in Belgrave Square or Westbourne Terrace are with "The Peacock" at Islington. At that date, March 30th, 1814, it acquired a saddening importance as the spot where that detachment of the military forces of Paris, entitled 'The Artillery of the Marine,' was driven back upon the Capital with a battalion of the fifth and sixth legions of the National Guard and a few youths from the École

Polytechnique (corresponding with our Sandhurst College)—by a dense column of Light Infantry commanded by the Prince of Wurtemburg.

The City was on that day attacked on all sides: Barclay de Tolly carrying all before him at Romainville; Blucher covering the plains of St. Denys;—Russians and Prussians combining to fight the fatal Battle of Paris. The issues of that day are too well known to render any further reference to the defeat of the French and the occupation of their Capital necessary.

My driver took me to the end of that seemingly interminable Rue de la Fayette, already mentioned, into the Place de l'Ourcq and the Boulevard de Puebla, leading on to Belleville, where we turned off into another boulevard which opens on the Rue de Crimée. Just before we reached this point, a vast panorama came in sight, of two hundred and fifty square miles; a radius of twenty-six miles extending in every direction, Paris forming the centre, and upwards of a hundred towns and villages lying within the circle. In fact, the view comprehends three Departments of France, the whole of that of the Seine, and that of the Seine and Oise, and the Oise. Had I taken my telescope with me, I should have seen Gisors, forty-three miles distant, whose castle was once the bulwark of Normandy on the side of France. Pontoise was plainly visible, eighteen miles distant.

It is a splendid view. Montmartre, of course,

rises grandly in the middle distance; the course of the Seine, traced in the sunshine by a railway line, is overlooked by the great outlying fort of St. Valérien, and eight railways permeate the living map at every point of the compass: the ninth is also visible—the Chemin de Fer de Ceinture, which encircles Paris on the north, and connects all the other lines, chiefly for goods traffic. The sudden appearance of steam, every other moment, on the several railways, formed a singular feature in the panorama; and the conglomeration of domes, spires, towers, bridges, palaces, churches, hospitals, theatres, markets, magazines, barracks, columns, obelisks, and arches, which the rays of a glorious sun brought into prominence, exceeded the prospect beheld from our Cathedral of St. Paul. Stone, metal, glass, water, glistened by turns, and attracted the eye to numberless details, which in the general survey eluded recognition, but served interestingly to designate this or that particular quarter, and were then acknowledged as familiar features.

This delectable gaze is enjoyed from a handsome stone balustrade, two hundred yards in length, erected at a height of forty feet above the foreground of the "Buttes," and terminating what is called the Chaumont Park. This is a charming spot (situate between Belleville and La Villette), forty-six acres in extent, and laid out with all the characteristic ingenuity and inventiveness of French engineers and horticulturists, on a tract of chalky

soil which, from the fourteenth to the present century, had lain fallow and under the ban, as it were, of a *terre maudite*, unsuitable for culture, and defying every attempt to render it habitable, not only on account of its rugged surface (which some geologists believed to have been formed by volcanic action), but also because, for centuries, it had been used as a place for the execution of condemned criminals. Here stood the detestable gibbet of Montfaucon; a framework constructed to suspend so many as fifty or sixty persons at once, which, in the reign of the odious Louis XI., was no unusual spectacle. The corpse of the hapless Admiral Coligny, one of the first victims in the Massacre of the Eve of St. Bartholomew, in 1572, was dragged to this horrid Golgotha, and there hanged by the heels at the height of nearly fifty feet from the ground. This gallows was removed in 1761; but these Buttes de Chaumont, even to the year 1840, were, so to speak, a proscribed quarter. Nature had constituted it a barren and dry land, in which yawning pits, unavailable for any purpose because of the danger of approach, lurked in all directions; and Man had resorted to the spot only to deposit the contents of night carts, and to flay dead horses. In fact, all that was repulsive in the horrible and perilous, in putridity and infection, was agglomerated on this "no man's" ground plot, as if to scare every one from even the neighbourhood of such pollution.

It is now a delectable and fascinating resort,

whereof, if we might not (in Rosherville phraseology) affirm that it is "a place to spend a happy day," it may certainly be reported as one of the pleasantest retreats within the *enceinte* of Paris, for whiling away a sultry morning or afternoon.

The Park, in connection with it, is entered by a gradual ascent between two slopes, succeeded by a declivity, on either side of which is a precipice. One of these descends into the Circular Railway, already mentioned, which in some respects resembles our "Metropolitan." It is a green turfy bank, prettily enamelled with flowers, shrubs, and young trees. The other diverges into a hollow, the bottom of which is, at least, a hundred feet below the roadway; and, on reaching the brink of this, the beholder looks down upon a little lake, out of the midst of which rises an enormous basaltic rock, two hundred feet in height, on whose summit stands a small round temple, humbly imitating that of the Sibyl at Tivoli beyond Rome. I gazed in amazement on all that has been here created by the indefatigable labours of the very 'Obstinacy of Genius;' a term which I perceive has been applied to the triumphant perseverance of M. Lesseps, with reference to the Suez Canal. It would have been no rash assertion had even such men as Capability Brown or Paxton, in days gone by, declared that to convert the rugged rocky mounds, the chasms and noisome pits, where rubbish, carrion, and filth in all its hideous varieties had for so many decades of years

rendered it the Gehenna of Paris, into a garden of beauty, to which the Bois de Boulogne, barring its rides and drives, is decidedly inferior, would be simply impossible. If anything can exceed the wonderful ingenuity of the transformation, it is the rapidity with which it has been completed, and the contrast thus presented to the primitive condition of the spot which connected it with the darkest histories of mediæval ages. It was an abhorred locality, even in the reign of Philippe le Hardi, A.D. 1270; and the odium attached to the Buttes de Chaumont through six centuries was intensified at so recent a period as 1814, when the howitzers of the Allied Armies threatened from those heights the bombardment of Paris. At the present date all is attractiveness and enjoyment; and every idler in the north end of the town to whom the opportunity is offered of rambling, without fee or gratuity of any kind, among grassy slopes and banks studded with flowering shrubs and trees reflected in the lake, or bordered by a waterfall, may here select his bench or chair or hillock, or any coign o' vantage, and, "animus nisi deficit æquus," while away hours of most pleasurable ease and contentment. On that side of this Elysian retreat which is towards Belleville is a brick-built bridge, of one arch, thrown across from the temple rock to that steep cliff which communicates with the Park, and spans the Lake, and that portion of the carriage road which skirts it at a height of one hundred and twenty feet; and

the almost perpendicular sides of the rocks combine to give the appearance of a stupendous arch, of which the bridge forms the summit. The reservoir, from which Paris is supplied from the Canal of the Dhuis, is situate at Menilmontant near this place; and I could only account for so large a quantity of water by supposing that the said reservoir has been made in some way auxiliary to the lake, and those artificial cascades, which also make their appearance among the crags and boulders, contributory to the picturesque in another part of the reclaimed wilderness.

On the opposite side, below the point on which the Temple of the Sibyl stands, are seen masses of rock which have been overlaid with loam to the depth of many feet; and this, having been sown with grass-seed, is become a green velvety surface, resembling those mounds and moss-covered projections which border upon Black Gang Chine in the Isle of Wight; and, to make these accessory to other attractive portions of the scene, several pathways have been cut, which remind the traveller of the goat tracks in Grindelwald. A sudden turn leads into a flight of steps cut out of the living rock, and ascending towards the summit, where the rambling visitor may go either to the right and inspect the temple, or to the left and cross the bridge. On that side of the enclosure which faces Paris are less massy rocks, rising abruptly out of the lake, and growing, as it were, like excrescences out

of the temple rock. These are watered at their base by the lake, and faced by much loftier cliffs, between which the road and lake are interposed; and, to form a communication with the centre similar to that afforded by the brick bridge in the more remote quarter, a slender Suspension Bridge, fifty feet high in air, made of wires, is thrown across, to the extent of two hundred and forty feet. The effect is charming. Having passed under this, another stupendous mass of rock is presently discovered, exhibiting two distinct orifices or entries formed (without any semblance of wrought stone) by early excavations.

Downpouring from above rushes a cascade of water through which these openings are dimly seen; and to lie among the tamarisks and azalias in immediate contiguity to this cool grot is as delectable a *passa tempo* as any Arcadian of the days of Watteau, or of these less sentimental times, could devise for his summer afternoon. Soon afterwards the road ascends to the heights, and a turn or two shuts out the view, every recollection of which cannot but arouse the most impassive among that multitudinous community, the discerning Public, to wondering admiration. I speak advisedly in expressing my belief that the Eighty-nine Departments of France, with which I am tolerably well acquainted, contain not a more remarkable lieu de Plaisance. Visitors in Paris may reach it readily enough. The Rue de la Fayette penetrates the centre of that

part of the town where the English are "in force:" the Route d'Allemagne, as the next broad roadway is called, succeeds to it. From this point a pedestrian, even, may reach the Buttes within ten minutes, having entered the Rue de Crimée to reach the Place de Chaumont. Those who may happen to like Omnibus drives should take the carriage proceeding to the Faubourg du Temple; and entering the Rue de Paris, in the quarter of Belleville, will cross the Rue de Puebla already referred to, and so reach the Garden.

I may here state that the rocks, of which such advantageous mention has been made, were, for upwards of a century, the scene of quarry-like excavations, thronged with labourers employed to hew out masses of that material from which all the Northern district of the French capital derived its supply of cement for building purposes, and the well-known "Plaster of Paris." The stone was burned in large kilns; and caverns were thus formed, communicating one with the other for the convenience of working, till, almost without the intervention of French fancy and ingenious contrivances, the openings made by spade and mattock assumed, at length, the features of the picturesque; and when it became dangerous to undermine any longer, the quarry was abandoned. Those who knew Ramsgate and its neighbourhood in the early part of the present century—(and, indeed, there is great likelihood of what I am about to mention being still extant in the

Isle of Thanet)—may possibly remember the retired hamlet of Manston near St. Laurence. Here there was (may be is) a large cave; an excavation in the chalk wrought out very ingeniously in the form of a mediæval Church crypt with elliptic arches, under which sixty years ago, my brother and self used to roam in search of butterflies and blackberries. It supplied a charming sketch in 1812; and was well known to roaming artists in Kent, as a happy illustration of that taste which out of seemingly the coarsest materials eliminates the picturesque and beautiful.

Let none of my countrymen and their fair fellow-travellers fail to visit the BUTTES DE CHAUMONT. The Bois de Boulogne is never omitted in their memoranda, though it is certainly over-rated. The spot I have at such length described is "a thing to be seen," and should be among the earliest "drives" in the Northern quarter of the magnificent city. It constitutes, in fact, a remarkable feature in the most recently engraved maps of Paris, though these have not yet introduced the Hausmannian boulevards and widest openings; and I would advise parties who may be desirous of furnishing themselves with complete Guides, so far as the streets of the great French Capital are in question, to apply exclusively to Angiveau Goujon in the Rue de Bac (the only map-publisher accredited by M. Haussmann) for his six-francs map in four parts, which, when the next edition shall appear, in 1870-71, will set out

the whole of the new avenues and lines of communication; in ignorance of which a stranger may at present drive about for half a day, vainly endeavouring to learn which way he is going, and what he will find at the end of it:—a deplorable loss of time, and, may be, severe trial of good-humour!

"Unde et quò, Catius? Non est mihi tempus."—

Q.—Where are you bound to? By what way?
A.—Really, I've hardly time to say.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM PARIS TO EVREUX.

THOUGH intending to reach EVREUX before dusk —(a corner of Normandy left unvisited in my 'Ramble' of 1854), I started this morning (July 17) from the Rouen Railway Station with a ticket for MANTES. That pleasant writer and brother draftsman, Mr. Henry Blackburn, in his 'NORMANDY PICTURESQUE,' has appended a foot-note to page 6 of that work, very recently published, which, being much to the purpose, I shall here quote :—["Mantes, —familiar to us from its historical associations, and by its graceful towers which so many have seen from the railway in going to Paris. All the world goes by Mantes, but very few stop there. . . . . . The tourist, on his way to Paris, generally has a ticket which allows him to stop at Rouen, but not at Mantes. People very anxious to stop at Mantes, and to muse, so to speak, amongst its embers, have had great searchings of heart how to get there, and have not accomplished their object until after some years of reflection."] It was even so with the author of these volumes. Only in the fifty-third year of my acquaintance with France was

the purpose fulfilled of visiting this place, though it lies at the distance of thirty-six miles only from the capital. After having stood in the lofty nook in the Castle of Falaise, which is confidently declared to be the chamber in which William of Normandy was born, and being twice conducted to the grave to which his body was committed, I determined to add to these reminiscences a record of the spot where this illustrious prince sustained the injury which so speedily led to his death. The excursion is in every respect agreeable; and to mere idleness (with which no traveller should suffer himself to be challenged) must be imputed the unacquaintance of thousands of tourists with localities it were a shame to ignore. The halt, while on the line, involves no trouble; it may engross five or six hours between ten o'clock in the forenoon and four P.M., but the chances are as ten to one that the whole thing will be voted a bore, and so it is let alone for ever. In proportion, however, as we diversify the interest of each day's travel by such breaks, the fatigue of long-continuing locomotion is lessened, and the pleasures of novelty are increased. To the right hand and to the left should the eye and the mind be turned through the whole line of the longest *plan de route* wherever History has left a record, or Nature presents a feature that ought to rivet attention and awaken thought. Perhaps it would be impossible to point out on the map of Europe a hundred miles' length of journey that offers not

such material at many points for the exercise of memory stored with adequate knowledge of the country to be traversed, and prefers not some claim to careful inspection. To complete a transit through fifty leagues of distance, and regard nothing; "to sleep, perchance to dream," as I have seen the French do, without waking, for three hours, while passing through the most beautiful scenery in Europe, is to identify oneself with a bale of merchandise, or a calf in a cattle-truck. Some of my readers may remember the illustration of the manner in which "Brown, Jones, and Robinson 'did' Belgium." It was no caricature. The farce is frequently played by 'Young England' abroad.

I remember the earliest formation of the Rouen line. It was one of Locke's designs; and it was not unusual to see a hundred English 'navvies' at work in one cutting. Even for years after it was opened some of these burly excavators were to be found in the section which was to branch off to Evreux; and I remember, as I approached the country seat of M. Guizot in this neighbourhood, listening to their 'ah-mes' and 'ejaculations' (as old Hobbes of Malmesbury translates οἴμοι καὶ ὀλολυγμοι) over the absence of porter, for which coffee or thin *vin ordinaire* was the only and most miserable substitute. Their work, however, was well done, and the levels were admirably taken—a precaution of no light importance on a line comprising embankments, bridges, tunnels, and viaducts that called for the

exercise of consummate judgment in engineering. The Royal Forest of St. Germain—that memorable meet of the Hunt in the most high and palmy state of the *ancien régime*—was among the first plantations in which the sound of the axe and the crash of falling stems were heard among oaks and elms that had stood in the day of Crècy and Azincour. But, before we reached Maisons, our train rushed through the little station of Colombes, where, exactly two hundred years before, Henrietta Maria, the widowed Queen of Charles I. of England, was seized with the illness which eventuated in her death. She lived in this village several years subsequently to the restoration of the Stuarts, straitened in means, forsaken and forlorn, even in her native land—a condition of hardness and suffering which expiated not the offence of her having acted, after her husband's untimely decease, in direct opposition to his will by seeking to draw his children from the communion of that Church for which he had died a martyr. James II. declared that her injunction to him upon her last blessing—to remain steadfast in the Roman Catholic faith—was his main reason for adhering to it; and the death-bed communings with Father Huddleston afforded only too convincing a proof that Charles II.'s principles were perverted; exemplifying the unhappy consequences of having been bred up in a family divided against itself. The King used to speak of her religion as the only thing wherein he and Henrietta

differed, and he called that difference his greatest temporal infelicity. The Queen, on her part, felt only as a good Catholic, and refrained not from means direct and indirect of influencing the children. Believing the tenets of her own Church, she conceived she was doing God honour, even while hardening her heart against the remonstrances and appeals of one who, being dead, yet spoke to it.

Impressed with these convictions, as I threw my glance over Colombes, it was difficult to think that Henrietta's lone and saddened lot was not a judgment on her treasonous and most unworthy breach of duty, where, however she may have loved, however she may have honoured, she should have obeyed. Previous to this interesting royal exile's decline of fortune, which was iniquitously precipitated by neglect of payment of her pension from England, she had founded a small convent in Chaillot, within the confines of Paris, which has long since disappeared. It had been suffered to fall into decay even before the Great Revolution; and the Haussmann improvements annihilated even the site on which it had stood. This came under my notice when I was exploring that extensive suburb on the south bank of the Seine, which lies between the Hôtel des Invalides and the Champ de Mars, where two new avenues have been opened. In 1649 there were grass fields and thickets, and a few cottages only, on this important area of space; just as seventy years later was the case in those

unenclosed acres lying north of Oxford Street, on which now stands Cavendish Square, where the ground was laid out in 1717, but no builders were forthcoming to erect houses on it, simply because the West End folk would consider the situation so much out of the way!

Within twenty minutes after our passing by the Colombes Station our train reached that of MAISONS, whose old name is now far more appropriate than when first assumed two centuries since, for it will very soon be covered with *houses*, and is already a kind of Notting Hill estate, supplying convenient villa residences on a small scale to Parisians in or out of business who would fain occupy what they call a 'cottage coquet' about ten miles out of town. The site was, in the reign of Louis XIV., a park, in which stood the Château still extant, and occupied by a yearly tenant whose slovenly gardening contrasts unfavourably enough with the beautiful parterres and *gazons* immortalised by Watteau, many of whose admired illustrations of rural fêtes and 'pic-nics' were sketched in the slopes and arbours contiguous to the mansion. When Charles X. was the gayest of the gay, as Count d'Artois, about the year 1781 (he being then only twenty-four years of age), he made this his country-seat, from which, as a matter of course, the Revolution expelled him. In 1805 it became the residence of the Duke of Montebello, Marshal Lannes. The hotel here is a pleasant resting-place, and seems to thrive. It is

the very house occupied after the Long War by Talma, the Garrick of France. All, however, that used to remind us of France in the olden time and of her Grand Monarque is rapidly disappearing, even in the country surrounding the Capital; for, as in England, the requisitions of railway companies forming or extending new lines, and demanding more and more space, even in the localities that had long been illustrious or endeared by associations and ancient reminiscences, have attached a fabulous value to land, which the owners thereof fail not to turn to the best advantage; and sales of vast tracts are of frequent occurrence, especially in the environs of large cities. Hence, as at Maisons, may be seen new men on old acres; newly-created colonies of housekeepers, white-walled 'lodging-houses, green shutters, and gilt railings, where, within the memory of living individuals, were *bosquets* and *bocages* only, and hares, and squirrels, and wood-pigeons.

We have taken up some passengers at POISSY, a little town with a bridge long enough to cross the Elbe rather than the Seine. Had it been Thursday, and not Saturday, I should have devoted a few hours here to the cattle market, the largest in France. The show of oxen, though exhibiting many fine beasts, is always surpassed by that of the calves, which even our Witham breeders might admire. Mem.: Veal is the best meat in every part of France; the primest beef comes from Normandy; the best

mutton from Le Sologne, which, from having been a barren desert of waste land, heath, and common, has within a quarter of a century been reclaimed by scientific agriculture, and covered with short-bite grass, and sends along the Orleans line some of the goodliest sheep of the Continent; not but that honourable mention should be made of that *proximè accessit*, the two-year-old wether of the best pastures of Brittany, where, if culinary science were but cultivated as sedulously as apple-trees and buck-wheat, a cutlet would always be a dainty dish; the fibre of the flesh being fine, and the tissues fatty and succulent.

Some of the purchasers of stock at this vast cattle fair carry a leather tube (like a shot-belt) round their waists, weighing nearly fifteen pounds, seeing that they contain two hundred pieces of five francs each. I saw a grazier deposit one of these ponderous lumbar purses on the seat of a carriage in which I was travelling twenty years ago, and ascertained that it contained forty pounds English money.

It was at Poissy that the experiment was made which, doubtless, Pius IX., in replying to Dr. Cumming's queries, failed not to remember—that of attempting to reconcile the discrepant doctrines of the Romish and Protestant Churches. Beza stood up as the advocate of the Calvinists; Ippolite d'Este, the Cardinal, upheld the ancient faith; Charles IX. and Catherine de Medicis being present at the preliminary discussion. As might have been anticipated, the Papists, holding that the

primacy both of honour and of jurisdiction conferred upon St. Peter and his successors had thus been placed beyond the hazard of disputation, could not permit errors which the Vicegerent of Christ had carefully considered, judged, and condemned, to be again brought under discussion. The infallibility of the Bishop of Rome's decisions being the hinge upon which the whole question between Roman Catholics and all who dissent from them turns (and all the errors of the Protestants flowing from this dissent as from a fountain), the Calvinistic doctors entered the Poissy conference prejudged and condemned; and the controversialists, perceiving all the elements of concord to be wanting, parted after two or three *séances*, each going his way, and retaining his own opinions unchanged.

They show in the Parish Church of Poissy an old font in which Louis IX. (called the Saint) was baptized upwards of 650 years ago. This devout monarch, who undertook two Crusades, and completed the fabric of that temple which is now become the most beautiful little sanctuary in Christendom—the 'Sainte Chapelle' adjoining the Palais de Justice in Paris—was born here A.D. 1215.

Before eleven o'clock in the forenoon I walked from the station of MANTES into the centre of that white, shining, stone-built town, which, at the first glance, realised to the full the characteristic epithet of 'La Jolie,' which, of old time, has distinguished it among the many bourgs and villes of Seine-et-

Oise. The contrast between the unbroken silence of its streets and the din of Paris, which I had quitted only an hour and forty minutes before, to traverse the thirty-six miles lying between the Rue St. Lazare and the margin of the Seine where it was my intention to set up my noontide rest, was forcible, indeed. Half London's population is said to circulate on wheels; but in Paris the lowest of the low may be seen in those calèches which all ranks appear to use in common; man rushes in search of his fellow in rotary locomotion, contemning pedestrianism; and old and young nurses convey their infant charges over three miles for fourteen pence, at a rate which leaves perambulators leagues in the rear. In fact, the omnibuses, cabriolets, and calèches seem to hold the carriage-way as their own; the number of these public vehicles compared with private being in the proportion of two thousand to a unit, and the noise in the great thoroughfares emulates the row and racket of Naples. After all this turmoil, the empty and quiet streets of a little town are a luxury indeed. There was not an individual in sight on either side of the way as, in intense heat, I paced the forsaken pavement. The whole population of 6000 inhabitants were stewing very nicely (as the cooks say) indoors, behind white shutters and 'jalousies;' and had the *locus in quo* been Italy instead of France, the inference would have been that every man, woman, and child, tabby cat, and poodle dog was enjoying a *siesta*.

The solitude and silence were at length broken in upon by the step of M. le Curé, who, *en soutane* and in streaming perspiration (the thermometer pointing to 100°), was wending his way from the church, and soon disappeared. Mantes must in early days have been a town of no insignificant rank. There was a castellated royal palace on the banks of the river, and I noticed several mansions which, upwards of a century ago, were the residences of nobility. The principal house, built six years since, of red brick and stone coigns and copings, is the seat of the Sous-Préfecture. The Seine flows with handsome breadth of stream at the end of the long main street, and is spanned by a noble stone-built bridge, where the view of the river on either side reminded me, in some respects, of the Thames at Richmond, with an immense improvement thereof in the addition made to the living picture by the towers of the church and the solitary tower of St. Maclou, a beautiful ruin of the fourteenth century; the only remnant of a temple raised by the fund created at that remote period by a toll which used to be paid by every barge towed through the bridge on fête days and Sundays. The scanty portion of wall through which a door once gave entry into this church is now fitted up as the workshop of a locksmith and bellhanger; and there the grimy artificer may be seen filing keys and adapting cranks where, in the days of Louis XI., the sacristan used to mount the belfry's winding stair to sound the 'Angelus' and 'Ave Maria' at noontide and eve.

The hills that rise around the bridge-end of the town present a charming effect in being cultivated up to their summits; the blended colours of the cereals and green crops comprising every tint of the prism, and covering every knoll and slope like a rich carpet. The river banks are here planted with noble trees, and the old ramparts afford delectable promenades, rendering the Bridge quarter a charming place of residence. Henry IV. thought so when, standing on the terrace of the castle inhabited in the twelfth century by Philip Augustus, he exclaimed to Sully, "Mantes is my Paris: this château is my Louvre: this garden my Tuileries," a compliment of which no other town in France could boast, and which 'ce roi vaillant' doubtless bestowed in all good faith upon so pleasant a retreat from the extravagant Court and carking cares of the Capital, where the royal revenues sufficed not for the *menus plaisirs** of the throne; and Henry's liabilities pressed so hard as to induce his devoted Minister to cut down timber to the amount of 5000*l.* in the neighbouring woods of Rosny, the seat of Sully in the sixteenth century, to enable him to tide over those difficulties. Rosny Castle is still in existence at a distance of three miles or thereabouts from Mantes; and forty years since was the home, *par préférence*, of the Duchesse de Berri. The line of country I was to pursue would leave it on my right.

* The Privy Purse.

Re-entering the main street, on my return from the bridge, I noticed a very good-looking hotel bearing the blended appellations of the 'Cheval Blanc' and the 'Grand Cerf.' It looks out upon the principal *place* or square, the Place de Rosny, and presents quite as pretentious an aspect as our Star and Garter used to exhibit at Richmond. I had no occasion to enter it; but I should imagine there was not a house of entertainment in the Department more likely to furnish at command a good *poulet rôti* and a flask of pure Bordeaux at any season of the year.

At length I stood before the Church of Notre Dame, the exterior of which has been for several years under repair; and the interior has been scraped, and admirably restored. It is a beautiful Gothic pile, nearly six centuries and a half old, and characterised by many architectural excellences on which the eye gazes with rapture. Chief among these is the triforium gallery, which runs completely round the interior with charming effect. I ascertained the breadth of the gallery to be upwards of twelve feet; and the abundant lights admitted through the lofty windows (visible through the triple arcade) exhibits the four delicate columns in each to the greatest advantage throughout the whole nave, which, from the Western Portal to the High Altar, measures two hundred and twenty-two feet. Immediately below the apex of the roof at the west end is a glorious wheel-window, fitted with

the best samples of modern stained glass, in which the deep crimson, the violet, amber, and green hues are exquisitely blended. Three narrow ogive windows, similarly enriched, are seen immediately below it;—there being no organ in the gallery to conceal their beauty. Three small circular windows of the same excellence are visible in the Apse at the eastern extremity of the triforium, and a fourth irradiates the space below the High Altar in the Lady Chapel, built out in an apsidal recess of sixteen feet depth. The capitals of the columns recalled to mind the elegant simplicity of design of those at Fontevrault, and marked the continuation of the style of Henry II.'s day.

Many modern architects have endeavoured, not without success, to convey the idea of transepts in our churches without actually forming them. I noticed a very happy conception of the kind on this occasion. Where the transept would be looked for are recesses six feet deep, and in these are windows comprehending three large and seven small trefoils in tracery, glazed with quarries of remarkably quaint design. The effect of these recesses is admirable: not that I have anywhere observed so ingenious and pleasing an illusion to give out the appearance of a noble transept as may be seen in the Church of St. Michael, Paddington, where the last arch in the nave eastward, being elevated considerably above the level of the apices of the precedent arches, seems to open into a transept of ample proportions.

While seated at gaze on the many interesting features of this portion of the interior, I noticed a curious little sculptured gallery, about fourteen feet above the pavement of the south aisle, immediately over a small doorway. It comprised in its depth a square chamber illuminated by a Gothic window, and conveyed the idea of what is called, in cathedrals, a Minstrels' Gallery. About thirty feet westward of this was an apsidal chapel of exceeding beauty, twenty-five feet in depth (according to my steps), groined, and illuminated by extremely ancient glass; framed in trefoil and septfoil tracery similar to that which I had seen in the recess substituted for a transept. This was in two windows piercing the south wall—in one, eastward, and in one facing it. A flat arcade, rich in carved stone decorations, ran round the three sides, comprehending twenty small pointed arches, the effect of which was to give important character to what might otherwise have seemed to be an unmeaning break in the south wall: whereas this chapel is a feature of beauty. Several smaller (semicircular and polygonal), built by individuals of high rank in the middle ages, project at different points of the edifice, and give assurance of Mantes having been, as I have already observed, the home of wealthy and illustrious families, flourishing in the dynasties of Anjou and Valois up to the period of the Capets.

There were no stalls in the chancel; nor was there any organ at the west end.

Exteriorly, the two towers above the western façade are the chief feature. They display in perfection the minute and beautiful decorations which adorn the triforium in the interior; the effect of which is charming;—and I suppose there is not a church in the country on which better work has been wrought, or grants of money more judiciously expended, than this venerable pile of the thirteenth century, within the last six years. One tower was entirely rebuilt; a spirited undertaking, considering how many magnificent cathedrals in Chartres, Reims, Amiens, Rouen, &c., were under restoration, at enormous cost, during that period.

Within ten yards of the Portals, which are pointed, stands a group of noble trees, acacias; one of which must be of high antiquity. Their very close proximity to the sacred building is remarkable; and one would infinitely prefer seeing them distributed on the three sides of the elevated slope on which it stands;—the Place de l'Étape (the Halting-place)—a site for ever memorable not only in the eyes of French subjects, but of the English. I was slowly walking, in the intense heat, over the incline leading down from the church to an open kennel, and thinking how much safer it was to be on foot than on horseback while going down such a declivity—(and there are several such slanting little squares in the town)—when it occurred to me to ask a respectable housekeeper residing on the 'Place' whether any spot had ever been pointed

out by record, tradition, or hearsay, as the scene of William of Normandy's fatal accident. The reply informed me that this occurred within a few yards' distance from the trees. The church that stood there in the year 1087 had been set on fire, with many other buildings, by the ruthless soldiery that accompanied the Duke in his raid on the devoted town, pursuant to the threat conveyed in his angry message to Philip I.,—and a brisk wind having blown a shower of sparks and ignited particles of wood into the open space where the Invader was gazing on the progress of the flames, some of the fiery fragments fell on the hind-quarters of his horse, whose sudden plunging, having thrown him with great force on to the demi-pique pommel of the saddle, inflicted the internal injury from which he never rallied. Instead of pursuing his vengeful march to Paris, he gave orders for his immediate transport, by easy stages, to Rouen; in the immediate neighbourhood of which, as is well known, he died six weeks afterwards. He lay, during the interval, in the Priory of St. Gervais, where a church of high antiquity still stands, marking the locality of the religious house. William had demanded of the French King the cession of this town of Mantes to his province of Normandy, and met with a sharp refusal; and when ill-will had been aggravated by messages and communications of no very genial nature, extending over a period of many months, Philip, beginning to think the Norman Prince had

only used an empty threat, was overheard saying, "This fat man (in allusion to William's obesity, which had now become remarkable,) is a long time making his preparations to lie in! Beyond doubt there will be a grand fête on the occasion of his churching." The Duke's rejoinder to this sally was, "King Philip will see the end of my lying-in too soon for his contentment; for, by the splendour of the Nativity of God, I will go and offer up my thanksgivings at Notre Dame in Paris with ten thousand lances by way of tapers." The anecdote is "somewhat musty;" but, perhaps, not so familiar to the general reader as the mere name of the Conqueror: at any rate, it was an interesting little episode in French history to recall upon the Place de l'Étape, where I subsequently whiled away a quarter of an hour in conversation with the bookseller, who had pointed out the scene of the fatal accident. He was busied in arranging space for some twelve hundred volumes temporarily deposited on his premises in anticipation of the 'break-up' of the Communal Schools. Whoever travels in France in the early part of August will find ample opportunities of observing with what liberality the State, and, be it added, the upper class of inhabitants in towns and villages, encourage competition among the young people by the gift of prizes consisting of really handsome books, awarded with strict impartiality, and bestowed under all the additional gratification arising from the public assemblage of

the patrons and advocates of education, and the entire collective number of all the pupils' relatives and friends. Several English travellers besides myself have been present on these occasions, and sometimes have taken an active part in the ceremonial of the fête; for, as a matter of course, a fête arises out of it.

The Commune votes a certain sum, which covers the cost of all the books, exceeding sometimes a thousand, which would be receivable on the day of the bestowal of the prizes, by the sons and daughters of the poor. The "well-to-do" inhabitants subscribe to purchase a sufficient number of volumes for the sons and daughters of townspeople and villagers receiving education in the higher schools and colleges. I inspected upwards of a dozen of the books; some quarto, some octavo, tastefully bound and gilt,—and found their matter unexceptional. The smallest juniors were supplied with tales and incidents of real life, natural history, stories of the sea, of mines, manufactures, &c. Their seniors were to read Travels, Biography, Annals of Christianity, Inventions, and a few harmless Romances. Among the latter I recognised 'Paul and Virginia,' 'Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia,' &c. My informant gave me what I considered a most satisfactory account of the general machinery of education in the province, and assured me that religious principles were duly cared for in every establishment with which he was

acquainted;—that there was an anxiety on the part of the parents, the mothers especially, to guard the young female mind between the ages of seven and sixteen years with every protection that conscientious fidelity in the oversight of growing girls could throw around them in the early stages of education: a signal rebuke to those mothers in England, from the middling gentry to the immediate circle of the Court, who allow their daughters free range among the most 'sensational' of trashy novels, the pith and piquancy of which lie in the narrative of woman's frailty and man's powers of seduction; in details of the incidents leading to the fall of the one, and of the 'extenuating circumstances' that went so great a way to excuse the 'unreflecting conduct' of the other! Who recognises not this jargon? The terrible records of the last century appear to have taught the reflecting heads of French families that for their daughters or wards to labour in after life under a want of religious training and female purity is likely to prove the most fearful of all destitution; and the first thing inculcated on the young French mind at home, where both father and mother themselves live with the fear of God before their eyes, is habitual reverence to both parents, and especially in all that pertains to self-respect and strictly moral life, and the prescribed duties and discipline of religion. The *first communion* is for the most part at the age of fourteen—and the home training

keeps this steadily in view;—and, where the parents can afford it, the next point in order is the bending of the mind and its energies and gifts to light study, the English and Italian languages, drawing, painting, and music: and enter what family we may in France, where daughters are living under the mother's eye, in all affectionate obedience, industry seems to be prominent; and this is regarded as a bulwark of safety. "Elles aiment à s'occuper"—says my man of Mantes; and "plus elle est occupée, plus est elle innocente la vie de ces jeunes gens." This reminds us of Watts's axiom that Satan soon finds ample work for idle hands to do. The books I saw to-day would be read three times over at least; and then extracts would be made therefrom, and many passages committed to memory; and fresh emulation and energy would be awakened by the happiness of being publicly rewarded, for exemplary progress and behaviour, at the approaching prize distribution; all which the worthy *papétier* and *libraire* assured me was beneficial in the highest degree, and did good in adult and advanced life in a way utterly unknown to the generation that grew to maturity in the years of the nation's troubles. It would have been well worth while to pay this visit to Mantes were it but to hear such cheering report of the inner life of so many in a country so forlorn, so forsaken of Heaven as France was less than eighty years since, when every other fool in that distracted

and demented nation was saying in his heart "There is no God." But there was a turning point: the foundation of the Empire mainly leading thereto; and the men of even the last generation were awakened to a sense of what was true and right, by witnessing the short-lived ascendancy of all that was false and impious and wrong.

My stroll was now nearly ended, and the train would be due within twenty minutes; and, while on the look-out for a carriage to convey me to the Station, I came again in front of the Hotel. Exactly opposite was a forge, where I heard the work of the bellows in full blow, and the clink of the anvil responding. Judging by the number of horses waiting to be shod, I should say Robin Volland carried on a very brisk trade; but not here *always*—

> "Vulcanus ardens urit officinas;"
> (Vulcan, all fire, lights up his smithy's walls)—

for his wife (no Venus, however), invested with a long leather apron, looped over her shoulders, assisted by turns to lift the horses' heels and to raise the wind. It was ludicrous to see the hoof of a monstrous Norman mare resting in her lap while Monsieur le Mari fitted the hot shoe;—her arms bared to their full length; her legs astraddle; her hair tied up with a piece of twine, like the tuft of an American Indian, and her whole *personnel* (seasoned through sixteen years, as she told me, to

fire and iron-filings), as smoky and embrowned as a Yorkshire ham of last year's curing. It was marvellous that she did not catch fire in the rear; for when old Volland belaboured metal on the anvil behind her, the scattered particles of iron flew about like a charge of red-hot shot; but she winced not. Had the Conqueror's mare defied sparks with the same *insouciance* seven hundred and eighty-two years before, Philippe l'Amoureux, Roi de France, would have seen to his cost the *relevailles* of his fat rival at Notre Dame de Paris.

The train, to accomplish the remainder of my journey, was to leave at 3 P.M.; and I at length terminated a pleasant visit of four hours. The platform of the Station bespoke the goodliness of the land I was so soon to enter, and the glory of its pasturage; for, ranged in large tin barrels (such as are to be seen daily at our own Railway Stations* throughout London) were a thousand gallons of milk from Normandy, ticketed for Paris.

It is a somewhat monotonous country that lies between Mantes and Evreux: the general features for about an hour being chiefly indicative of farming on a very limited scale, except where there are wide tracts of grass land, and *then* the proprietorship is mostly vested in one party, or made highly remunerative by the new system of co-operation; several small owners coalescing; to unite their herds and

* 400,000 gallons are brought up to the S. W. Railway Station annually.

to pay out of a joint fund such a number of labourers as are amply sufficient to carry on the business of a large dairy farm in a way which is sure to realise considerable profit. I beheld from the carriage window grain of various kinds,—wheat, barley, buckwheat,—alternating with plantations of beech and poplar growth; but the soil abounded with limestone and, here and there, ferruginous granite. The first large apple-orchards appeared before we reached Bueil; and several carts were discernible on the old carriage road, laden with oak bark, coming out of the dense woods which abounded in the neighbourhood. As we flay oak in the early part of Spring, I was somewhat surprised to see this useful rind packed up in waggons and in progress of conveyance so late as the third week of July. On inquiry, I found that the French wood-reeves bark the stems of the fallen trees in May, and, having set up the yield according to usage for about three weeks in the open air, proceed to stack it in vast mounds, and cover it with fern leaves, or whatever will serve to exclude the entry of rain, till the harvest operations have ceased; and then they send the released waggons into the tan-yard.

Our train having rushed through amphitheatral ranges of rock, covered with a staple soil of loam, in which I noticed good herbage and thriving plantations, made rapid way into the Department of the Eure, and reached Evreux at seven o'clock in the evening. While the bright and attractive features

of 'Le Grand Cerf' of Mantes were yet vivid in memory, I alighted on the threshold of the only suitable inn, bearing, indeed, the same name, but a wofully different aspect. Though shortcomings in every variety of repulsiveness should be anticipated throughout all Continental travel,—coarseness, and indelicacy, and semi-civilization obtruding discomfort, if not disgust, in only too many localities, where a far better condition of things might most reasonably be anticipated, considering that our way in France will at no distant date have been progressing through sixty years,—we ought by this time to find Normandy, at least, abounding in bright and attractive improvements. Now the entry into the best inn at Evreux is fit for low life only. You step at once into the steaming, greasy kitchen, and proceed over dirty brick floors and passages of the most forbidding aspect to a bed-room, the woodwork in which must have been strange to soap and water since the Revolution of '89. Weariness, however, and a keen appetite soon make a man contented with a home, be it ever so homely, and I have no objection to say, 'Au Grand Cerf, Bon logis;' and the *vin du pays* —to wit, cider—was excellent. EVREUX, nevertheless, makes no pretensions; it is a market-town, and relies on the native population around it for subsistence, and on that continuing resort and business which arises out of a thriving agricultural community, compared with which the casual visits of travellers are of the lightest consideration. For

many long years—upwards of a hundred, probably—'gentle and simple' folk have been ushered in to the Cooking-place, where, upon some occasions, probably, the aroma of cunningly interblended flavours may have been suggestive of everything that is delightful to nicely appreciative nostrils and palates; and there are other worthies besides Englishmen the way to whose hearts is through their stomachs. Matters went well enough, *quand même*, for two days; but I affirm, with Malvolio, that 'this house is dark;' and less complaisant reporters would probably say it was a dirty hole. The reader may remember my mention of the intense heat of this day, in which the harvest-men must have eaten their bread in no little sweat of their brows; but I was not prepared to see the waiters, at the first dinner I sat down to, wiping my plate with the napkin already moistened by frequent application to their foreheads! The other guests seemed to pity my fastidiousness when I expressed disgust; but they were one and all foreigners, able to say with Hamlet,—

"—— I am native here,
And to the manner born."

A friend of mine tells me, *par parenthèse*, he has seen the feat repeatedly performed by a *foreign* waiter during one repast at Greenwich in the June and July season, where, without such off-hand cleaning process, each succeeding plate would tell of what it last contained.

There is an equally large hostelry exactly opposite to the 'Cerf,' where I was told the prosperous Norman graziers most do congregate, and, judging by the sign of his house, 'Le Mouton Couronné,' the host had probably been one of their fraternity, and gained the prize medal for some superiorly fatted sheep, whose triumph in the cattle-show was thus immortalised.

EVREUX had been included in my *plan de route* merely for the sake of visiting its Cathedral, which, like many other architectural creations, looks far better in a print or painting than in reality. There is much that is excellent in and about it; and, considering the high antiquity of many of its principal features, the fabric is replete with historic interest; but the western façade spoils all. It exhibits an unmeaning and disagreeable intermixture of various orders of architecture, such as may be seen in many parts of Northern and Central Italy, and is uniformly offensive to the eye educated in a purer style. I know but one instance in which such intermixture is carried off with excellent effect, and that is in our Schools' Quadrangle at Oxford; but *there* each of the seven great orders is distinctly ranged above the other, as if to illustrate by uplifted standards the peculiarly distinctive features; and there is no incongruous jumbling together of capitals and pediments. The Coliseum, too, represents four orders in its circumference; but here, again, the distinctions are widely and beautifully

preserved, and the impression left on the mind is that no other composition would be preferable. Few must be the approaches of pilgrims or parishioners to the western end of the Cathedral at Evreux; for the grass was growing rank among the stones in front of it, and conveyed an idea of dismal forsakedness. All else, without and within, deserved careful survey. The nave appeared to be singularly narrow, measuring between the north and south columns twenty-five feet only. The clerestory windows, full of ancient stained glass, are of unusual height, rising to twenty-five feet, and present a noble appearance. The triforium, in arcades of four arches, is but a yard in depth, but accords well with the surroundings. A stupendous organ, so frequently to be seen in France, fills up the western extremity of the nave, and another of tasteful design occupies a place in the choir; both deplorably out of tune. The capitals of the columns through the greater part of the nave marked the style of the twelfth century, and the semicircular arches declared the Norman work up to a certain point where they were succeeded by the Pointed. The choir, which is singularly long, and reminded me of some of our college chapels, exhibits pointed arches also; but the transepts merit more notice than any other part. These are of faultless design, and exhibit the extreme perfection of stone-carving. The stained glass in their windows is of transcendent excellence,—the southern rose-window especially; and the Lady Chapel,

behind the High Altar, completed in the middle of the fifteenth century, is a gem of beauty, still coruscant with the original stained glass. The most attractive feature, however, by far, in the entire fabric is the *exterior* of the north transept. The foliated tracery and elaborate finish of the sculptured stone, albeit reft of all its statuettes by the brutal despoilers of 1793, recalls the prominent beauties of the Rouen churches. The work of the chisel on some of the brackets which, previous to the Revolution, carried the figures of saints, would bear inspection through a lens. It reminded me of the Tyrolese and German wood-carving, and those ivory card-cases which are brought over from India. The crockets represent vine-leaves, and, under the trefoil canopies the stone is engraved, as it were, in arabesque scrolls, which fill each compartment formed by miniature groinings. Photography alone could convey any accurate portraiture of this exquisite work; but I made a careful drawing which still brings it vividly before me. A photographer had published some cards purporting to be illustrative of these brackets; but, with inconceivable ignorance, had set to work at the wrong time of the day, and then printed by the dozen a black mass which might equally well have passed as the representation of an ebony snuff-box.

There are chapels both in the north and south aisles; but the windows, inserted on principles of the most rigid economy (an unfailing method of

spoiling churches), are little better than 'Carpenters' Gothic,' and are only disfigurations. These chapels are, for the most part, in all sacred edifices erected by private individuals or families. The greatest part of the Cathedral was built, at different periods, by reigning kings; Henry I. of England and Philip Augustus of France having retained skilful designers and workpeople to carry out their intents; the former fulfilling a compact with the bishop of the diocese to this effect—that the town of Evreux might, as the infuriated Plantagenet had vowed it should, be laid in ashes on this condition,—that the King would rebuild its churches!

18*th.*—To the Cathedral again. A slender congregation, exhibiting sixty females to one male; and the music very indifferent;—the boy-choristers producing a mere caterwaul. Nowhere in France or in Italy do boys sing well. In England their voices in our cathedrals surpass the richest notes of women; but the basses and tenors were really good, and only marred by the ungifted, undisciplined youngsters alongside of them. To make discord still less tolerable, both the great and the choir organ were so distressingly out of tune as to seem employed on a melody altogether diverse from the vocal music.

Seated in meditation in the north transept, I noticed an oil-painting (twelve feet by ten), which had evidently suffered in some other quarter by exposure to the sun, and deserved better treatment. It represented the attempt to seize our Lord in the

garden of Gethsemane. Two or three individuals are seen prostrate on the ground to which they had fallen at the utterance of the words 'I AM HE!' but the group of disciples appear to be shrinking alongside of their divine Master, whose hand is seen extended as if to indicate to the band of men and officers that these were not to be assailed. Judas is seen slinking off at the right-hand corner of the picture. The artist has given him a terribly vicious physiognomy. If the painting were cleaned, lined, and varnished, though it is not above twenty years old, the subject would come out with considerable effect, but it should be hung *on the sight line*, at about the height of ten, instead of twenty-five feet from the pavement; and then, possibly, the eyes of the faithful might rest upon it to their edification. But it is astonishing to witness the stolid indifference with which many of the finest works of Art are passed by without a glance, not only by the lower orders, but by the upper. As for the priests, they have eyes only for the painted images; and being as ignorant of the schools of painting as of dancing or anatomy, they would leave the masterpieces of Correggio or Caracci unregarded for many years, and wonder at the interest expressed by the connoisseur for their better conservation. I incline, however, to believe that it is only the educated eye, the cultivated taste, and early initiation in the handling of pencils and palettes that take cognizance *anywhere*, except by direction and earnest

persuasion, of fine pictures. A London or country-house drawing-room may be adorned by some ten or twelve splendid landscapes, or portraits, or figure pieces, and twelve individuals shall pay visits to the master or mistress of the house, and enter, for the first time or the twentieth, that apartment,—all radiant as it is with high art,—and not a glance will be directed, after first greetings, nor at parting, towards any single picture; nor a question asked, nor an observation made thereon. In a mixed company, perhaps, some happier individual, snatching his opportunity, will be seen examining all (if not interrupted) in detail, and enjoying the occasion and the privilege; eyed by the less observant, perhaps, as a man is by the ladies at a dinner-table when he eats olives or caviare; while they wonder at his taste and his appreciation of that which they, for their part, could never at any time relish, and are astonished that any one else can!

I must not omit honourable mention of the wooden screen parting the northern and southern aisles from the chancel. It is a work of the sixteenth century, and wonderful in all its details, as most of the Flemish carving of that date is when intended expressly for Church decoration; but the style, instead of being assimilated to the simply elegant ornamentation of Early Norman architecture, which constitutes the chief beauty of the nave, is flamboyant; an Italian arabesque scroll superseding the trefoils and cusps of the Gothic. Cast in bronze, these elaborated designs

would supply glorious gates of entry into a palace court-yard; but it is an anachronism to set them up, whether in wood or in metal, where they are.

The old belfry tower of the days of Louis XI. is a characteristic feature in Evreux, with which many of the oldest houses, quaintly timbered and decorated, are quite in keeping; but I failed to discover the many grotesque carvings and plaster casts which early descriptions of the old town had led me to expect. The very delicate monsters, as Trinculo calls them, must be looked for further on—at Vire, Lisieux, Bayeux, and Caen, where, some fifteen years ago, I fell in with many hundreds. Here, in Evreux, a corbel or two in carved oak, covered with the whitewash of many summers' annual beautifying (!) projects in hideous guise from under the first floor, like a devil cast out, or a deadly sin castigated and exposed to public gaze and abhorrence. One of my parting glances, however, on the frontages in the principal street detected at the house numbered 44 an ancient rilievo in carved oak, painted in chocolate-tinted brown, and highly varnished; for all the world like a first-rate square of gingerbread. Some old Norman artist had evidently been engaged to carve a chivalresque design in honour of four members of the same family, the pristine occupiers of the dwelling, and had found that a space of 40 inches by 32 would be distressingly too confined to admit of four horses and as many riders, comprehending *in toto* twenty-four legs and four tails.

The scale was inadequate, and the work could not be done at the price, nor at a hundred times the figure. The result was a compromise, and the production of a horse whose immortality is likely to be as certain as that of 'Bucephalus' or 'Copenhagen.' The animal carries all four gentlemen without crowding, without creating any uneasiness in their saddles or in his *spine*, which is elongated to three times the normal length; and, had there been a fourth son (that is, a fifth rider), it would, no doubt, have been made to accommodate, on the Procrustean model, this cadet of the family:—most probably across the crupper. We are all aware that a lesson is inculcated in the saying that "If two men ride the same horse, one must ride behind;" and hitherto the second removed from the mane has done very well, and reached his journey's end very little behindhand; but to bring up the rear with a fifth or fourth would provoke from the most willing horse a resolute 'non possumus.' I have seen three sweeps on one ass; but even Pegasus, winged and ready to please everybody, must demur to be weighted with a man to each leg, and would be puzzled were he to attempt even that short and sweet speed familiarly known as 'a donkey's gallop.' The *vis comica* which thought out this group (speedily secured in my sketch-book) has never been wanting in Western France, where I think the largest number of chimeras in wood and stone are to be found; and the gargoyles of the churches and cloisters and the door-posts and

house-fronts of the middle ages abound in grotesque allegorical and diabolical ornamentations to point some moral or adorn some tale, which (in days when no schoolmaster was abroad, and neither primer nor print was handled by the unlettered population) was most effectively brought home to their perceptive faculties by these monstrosities in every other nook and corner.

19*th*.—The General of Division, Inspector of the Department of Eure, who had been lodged in the 'Cerf' during the last two days, left us this morning at half-past four o'clock. I saw him depart, dressed *en bourgeois*, in his open carriage, attended by three officers of his staff in uniform. An escort of six lancers rode beside them. The bugler was up and stirring, and, unfortunately for 'the sleepers of the house,' blowing hard also, soon after cockcrow; for he it was who at half-past three gave his dreadful note of preparation. It was reasonable, however, to suppose that when the wheels of the departing calèche should be fairly out of the street, neither cock's shrill clarion nor the echoing horn would rouse the occupants of lowly or luxurious beds; but the gates of the back-yard were hardly closed upon the last troopers that followed the carriage before a cornet-à-piston, in the hands of the bugler aforesaid, began a favourite air from 'La Grande Duchesse,' which was resounding on every side of the dormitories, when I heard a window sash thrown up in the chamber where the senior aide-de-camp lay, and a

shout of "Hola! finissez cela! Plus qu'il n'en faut dejà!" [Hallo! Shut up that; we have had only too much of it already.] This was timely, for I had not a doubt that before five o'clock the vivacious performer, in all the fulness of that pride which characterises the man who has risen from his bed long before others under the same roof, would have modulated into the 'Trovatore,' the 'Puritani,' 'Martha,' and perhaps half-a-dozen other operas, by way of keeping his hand in, and our eyes and ears open till breakfast time. The general's aide-de-camp, however, and myself being of the same mind with Othello (according to the clown's report to Cassio's musicians), we were speedily rid of this 'matin trumpet.' "The general so likes your music that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it." The cornet-à-piston accordingly was laid like ourselves to rest; an early hour, nevertheless, found me making the best of my way westward.

CHAPTER V.

FROM EVREUX TO ST. LO.

ALL Normandy, except in the flat country around Caen, abounds in what we may term 'pretty bits' of scenery, rather than with extensive landscapes. Of such a character were the glimpses enjoyed every half hour in this day's journey, embellished here and there by the grey ruins of a donjon tower or some monastic chapel, such as the Empress Matilda's Abbey of Noe, founded in the reign of Louis VII., and the Priory of Beaumont le Roger. Most of the châteaux, however,—and they were numerous,—that came immediately within view, were of yesterday; the mansions erected by thriving woollen manufacturers. Not so the forest growth, to which they were greatly indebted for their improving *entourage:* for the woods on either side of the line must have been thriving in the days of François Premier; and their massed foliage was an admirable set-off to the pinnacled roofs and dormers and tourelles characterising all the French residences that affect the style of the sixteenth century. We travelled through many miles' length of declivous hill-sides, richly wooded, or brilliant in the hues of

parti-coloured crops, exhibiting the best samples of Norman cultivation freed from the trammels of *parcellement* and *petite culture*. Agreeably to memory and expectation, the fine green pastures, dotted with cows that vied with the herds of Alderney, began to alternate with apple orchards, till, as the valleys of the Touques and the Orbec came in conjunction, LISIEUX (*Noviomagus Romanorum*) was discernible;—an old and valued acquaintance, worthy of grateful mention as a locality where some fifteen years since I had paid a most agreeable visit. From the station, however, little more of the ancient town is visible than roofs and steeples; but memory depicted to the mind's eye many a fantastic gable, faced with monsters—one-legged apes and eight-footed salamanders, laughing bears, and gaping owls—grinning horribly, and, as I conceived, unmeaningly, in rigid oak,—among casements whose quarries of green and only half-transparent glass were old when Philippe de Valois was king. It is hardly necessary to advise the traveller to look upon every house in that dear old street in which Norman fancy and fun ran wild whenever a house was to be built—the Rue aux Fèves. An artist might fill a folio from it. Even the young lady 'who has learned to draw,'—who can pencil a mastiff holding a pheasant by his teeth, or paint a peasant girl at the brook (invisible or dimly seen in real life),—might here find engrossing amusement; and any enormities in perspective or foreshortening of which she might be unconsciously

guilty, would only tend to make each chimæra more and more wonderful, and unlike reality! Some of the performances of this stamp that have occasionally been submitted to my 'indulgent eye' have been startling. I shall never forget the *opera operata* of eight or ten damsels led into the enclosures at St. Mary's Ruins in York, some three years since, by their drawing master :—each to sketch independently. The trees and the arches contended for admission into the sheet of paper under treatment, but the Arches won; whenever a tree interposed it was dwarfed to the scale of a cabbage: when an arch appeared unfriendly to the scale of the sketching block, it suffered the like penalty, and underwent the needful curtailment. They teach better at South Kensington, where many gentle ladies of 'blue blood' might compete with the best copyists of Germany or the South. It was high time that such a school should be established; for the drawings by English girls, in general, are beneath contempt.

Brief are railway halts; and six minutes had hardly elapsed when the whistle was sounded for our departure *Caen-ward*. The heat of the weather was oppressive; and the delightfully cool moments enjoyed in a long tunnel through which the train now made way were a refreshment amounting to luxury. Charming, however, was the country now opening upon us. Surely no one that has travelled through Normandy can ever forget it! Valleys

speckled with cattle and overtopped by ancient forests and apple orchards that might be counted over five miles' range of cider districts, riveted the gaze of delighted eyes. The woodland appeared to prevail to the greater extent, and well did it serve as a happily massed foreground through which a remote horizon, with just the hazy blue of Claude Lorraine or Wilson, finished each dioramic picture.

The gradual disappearance of all these beautiful features of Nature in her most fascinating form and aspect hardly reconciles one to the monotony characterizing the plains on which stands CAEN—that ancient city Caen—where, if an Englishman will but take up his abode in company with half a dozen of the most faithful chroniclers of the eleventh and fourteenth centuries, he may live a happy time. To look out upon the Abbaye-aux-hommes, La Sainte Trinité of Q. Matilde, the Place St. Pierre, or St. Michel en Vaucelles, with Froissart, Monstrelet, and Philippe de Comines close at hand, is an intellectual enjoyment to which few of our enlightened countrymen are unsuited or indifferent; and for those less tutored in historic or archæological lore our Mentor Murray has provided an admirable substitute for the tomes here adverted to in upwards of eight columns of his 'Vade-mecum;' every paragraph of which, under the head of CAEN, befriends the tourist who knows how to travel and cares to improve himself thereby.

I visited this interesting spot, the head and front

(far beyond Rouen in my estimation) of Normandy, for the second time, in A.D. 1854, and it was with a pulse of no ordinary pleasure that I now again caught a glimpse of the spires of St. Etienne and St. Pierre, and of many another feature and landmark with which a prolonged and careful exploration had rendered me familiar. The very wheels, twenty feet in diameter, on the stone quarry fields, became again suggestive of, and led imagination into, glorious temples and palaces constructed in Europe from these invaluable mines through a period little short of a thousand years. The material (oolite) is particularly white; in which respect it infinitely surpasses—(where such whiteness is desirable)—the Bath stone, and is easily wrought; and the magnificent cathedrals and time-honoured sanctuaries of our own country testify to its durability,—and to the imaginative fancy rise in vision, as the English traveller beholds wheel after wheel raising the ponderous blocks from those caverns that have in every age aided in constructing the finest monuments of the world.

The face of the country after leaving Caen Station for Bayeux bears, as is well known to tourists in Calvados, a singularly close resemblance to that of England. The cropping might illustrate Hertfordshire. The farm-buildings and cottages, the homesteads and sheepfolds, the sheds and hedges, are all identical with our rural *ménage*, and the notes I made when, with credentials from the Government,

I inspected the Crown land farms in 1847, confirmed the statement as to the labourers being lodged, paid, and fed on much the same footing with our Kentish peasantry. We farm, however, much higher; and invest far larger amount of capital in the soil, and obtain a corresponding excess of produce. The Norman agriculturists in this district are no strangers to the science of good husbandry, nor to the policy of employing adequate labour; but they want that which constitutes the sinews of Land cultivation as of War—money;—and not having such command of this great resource as would insure them against bad luck, bad crops, and bad seasons, they fail upon every occasion of encountering these heavy drawbacks; and, notwithstanding the exercise of laudable energy, are compelled to abide by small returns and proportionably slender profits.

Within an hour we halted in full view of the magnificent Cathedral of BAYEUX. Not until this railway line was completed had there ever been afforded, even to the wayfaring man or a stroller across the fields, such a vantage ground as is now enjoyable for a perfect view of this sacred edifice. Even when the traveller has been conveyed to his chosen hotel, which, I presume, will be the 'Luxemburg,' he should return to the Station and walk from it westward, along the bank of the line, for about two hundred yards, and then look across the meadows. He will find himself placed on the same elevation with the portal steps of the Cathedral,

which, when seen from this point, stands out, in heraldic phrase, *proper;* and the effect is infinitely finer than is afforded from any other spot in or near the town. I thought I was very familiar with the whole outline and general aspect of this glorious monument of the epoch of the Conqueror, before it burst upon my sight in all its grandeur on this occasion; but the point of view was so infinitely better suited for forming a judgment of those proportions and beauties which have in every age won the homage of the wisest master builders than any I had obtained during a former residence in close proximity to it, that I felt all the surprise and all the delight of contemplating the scene for the first time.

A day or two might well have been given to Bayeux,—but so likewise might I have lingered in Caen and Lisieux—and this longing to revisit affectionately remembered spots, and to revive happy associations, and renew the enjoyments of intellect and taste, intervenes only too often as an alloy in the delights of Travel, whether at home or abroad :—and but for the distant unseen and unknown, which seems to beckon us onward, and defer these tempting opportunities to an hereafter which, unhappily for most of us enthusiasts, is very seldom granted,—we should not be content to fly away from pleasant places and innocent joys therein as we do when borne along at the rate of half-a-mile in two minutes, to retrace our steps no more.

There are beautiful pastures around Bayeux, in many of which may be distinguished the celebrated breed of Cotentin cows. I saw a large truck filled with some splendid oxen going eastward by the up-train to Vaugirard, for Paris. At Lisons Station, where we left the line to Cherbourg to our left, I soon afterwards saw fifteen butts of Cider on their way to the same all-absorbing capital. The Station Master with whom I fell into conversation informed me that in this, the district of La Manche, the Cider is sold unmixed with brandy. In all the neighbourhood of Evreux the potent spirit enters largely into the produce of the Wing-house;—the name given in Somersetshire to the building containing the Apple-press. The season of 1869 had been as adverse as that of the preceding year, the fruit being scarce and bad: and old cider, in consequence, increased in price from twenty-five to thirty-seven francs [one pound to thirty shillings] the cask of two hectolitres—forty-four Imperial gallons.

Our line now lay through a succession of little villages lying interspersedly among thick plantations of oak and beech, (very little elm,) and apple-orchards, many of which shelved down into deep dells skirted by coppices and watered by a narrow silvery rivulet, the Eile, which wood-pigeons were skimming, while cows were drinking, and completed the realization of Ruysdael's and Hobbema's most truthful pictures; especially where the stream, being dammed, gave motion to a large water-wheel, the

sound of whose working was distinctly audible. Seen through occasional openings of the limestone rock, (and most of the line cuttings are in this material,) these living pictures, especially at Mauffe and Pont Hebert, enlivened the journey very delectably. I give the countryfolks of La Manche great credit for parting their fields and farms with quick-set hedges, of which the best tenants in Norfolk might be proud, instead of constructing them with the stone which lies around in such abundance, ready to hand, and requiring only to be picked up and piled into dwarf walls, as in Oxfordshire, Cumberland, Derbyshire, and several other counties. Probably, the cattle have so often, either by accident or design, thrown down the stone walls, which, as in England, so also on the Continent, are set up without cement or tie of any kind, that the living hedge became a matter of inevitable necessity.

At six o'clock we reached St. Lo, chief town of La Manche. Here, adopting the earnest advice of mine host of the 'Cerf' at Evreux, which, to the *ear*, seemed to commend me to the care of the Curé rather than to the sedulous attentions of the Innkeeper [for his words were, 'Vous serez bien chez Monsieur Labbey,'] I chose another "White Horse" kept by the said Labbey; and though none of the hotels between Mantes and the Land's End of France bear an inviting appearance, and, at the best, convey to an English gentleman the notion of Commercial Inns, I think my quarters in this in-

stance might vie with many more pretentious and far less satisfactory. The master seated himself in the central chair on one side of the long table in his dining-room, at six o'clock, for which, as the scene of a full repast, my nine hours' fast had tolerably well qualified me. It was entertaining enough to hear him announce the name and good qualities of each dish, like the headings of a chapter, as the waiter began to hand it round. 'Potage Vermicelle—bouillon clair et fort;' 'Brochet—meilleur poisson de la Vire;' 'Vol-au-vent aux écrévisses—la première prise de Juillet—elles sont rares,'—and so on to the cheese, (the Camanvert,) which richly merited such distinguishing notice: a thin flat one of the dimensions of a small crumpet, and exquisite in flavour. It is a product of the dairies around Lisieux, and reminded me of some of those very slender cheeses, hardly exceeding the thickness of pancakes, which are made around Bedford in the summer.

The *Abbatial* dinner being ended, I sallied forth to stroll up a steep incline diverging from the pavement of the main street of this pretty, but melancholy, town, which is about as large as our Leamington, and in some parts rather similar to it, though wanting its cleanliness and wealthy and cheerful aspect. The top of this steep by-road or section of the street led away on the left to some ten or eleven steps which it was necessary to ascend before reaching the platform of ground on which

the Church of Notre Dame, formerly a Cathedral, stands. When we walk out for the first time in a strange town in England, I think the chief curiosity of the passing traveller directs its observation to the style of its shops. Abroad we one and all start for the Cathedral or principal Church. The archæologians of Normandy attribute the name of this town, which is the seat of a Sous Prefecture, to an old saintly ecclesiastic living at Coutances in the days of Clovis I., through whose influence, as Bishop, a Christian church was built here in the sixth century, at which period it bore the name of Bourg l'Abbaye, or the town near the Abbey (of St. Croix). Even up to that date the ruins still stood, (in the immediate enceinte of the place,) of a Roman temple dedicated to Ceres. To the extinction of that relic of Heathenism rose the Abbey, which, in turn, was supplanted by a church consecrated under the name of the Holy Cross. There is something more than ordinary in the first *coup d'œil* of the exterior of the Cathedral Church of St. Lo. Two towers are surmounted by spires; and the portals are decidedly superior to the average style of the architecture of the days of François Premier, the date to which they are attributed.

It was grievous to trace the ravages of the brutal despoilers of 1793, who here displaced and broke up upwards of sixty statuettes which adorned niches in and about the porches: and one half of the Western window was filled in with brick.

The Interior *might* be worked up into all that characterizes a pure mediæval temple; but its present shortcomings and unsightliness depress the spirit of a man of even limited apprehension of the unities. There are double aisles, but the roofing throughout is of trumpery modern work; a miserable combination of wood and plaster, to form a canopy above the ten pointed arches in the nave, which are of the reign of Philippe Auguste (1180). The slender leaflets forming capitals to the columns indicate that æra. There are twelve arches in the choir where the pillars have no capitals: the pointed arches growing, as it were, out of them without any break or decoration. Modern *improvement* (!) has here stepped in and committed an abomination. The arch parting the nave from the choir is arrested halfway down by a hideous ramp, only suitable to carry a hall-clock bracket. It is to be ever regretted that there is not in every country (England on no account excepted) a Board of Control, composed of the most highly educated architects; men who have studied much, and travelled extensively, with a view to perfecting their knowledge and conceptions of the purest style, from the most distant ages to the present, without whose *fiat* no change, no restoration, no "improvement" should be made in any ecclesiastical building whatever, and under whose delegated authority and expressed concurrence that which is trashy and condemnable ought to be removed, to await the introduction of what is absolutely fit and

faultless. From how many shocks and mortifications such a protecting influence might have rescued us! If the corrective interference so devoutly to be wished for were to begin even with the mural tablets,—Egyptian, Moorish, Heathenish,—that disfigure the interiors of so many of our most beautiful churches and cathedrals, and remove them without favour or affection to some mortuary chapel, or insist on the setting up of a commemorative window of the best style of stained glass, to the exclusion of the stonemason's urns, sarcophagi, pyramids, cherubs, doves, torches, and teaboard-shaped tablets, an important measure of relief would be carried out, and a most welcome Reformation begun, which would enable the eyes of the worshippers in each temple to rest on its walls without encountering some crude, incongruous, and intrusive excrescence as offensive to taste as it is uninteresting to posterity.

I may record, *par parenthèse*, a notice which met my glance in the South aisle, imploring the members of the Congregation, for St. Lo's sake, *not to spit upon the pavement!* I wish, for the English traveller's sake, a similar *affiche* were placed at the entrance doors of every public Dining Room on the Continent, appealing to the natives of either sex. But it would be unavailing. Among the foreigners, not to expectorate is not to live. It seems, with them, to be an indulgence much upon a par with what the radical mob-orators used to designate as

"Liberty!—It is like the air we breathe! If we have it not we die!"

The delicate and tender woman among the French, who would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, and walks in silk attire, the envy of all the chignoned and paniered dames and demoiselles surrounding her, will startle a score of guests at the dinner-table graced by her presence, with the forcing up of phlegm in such *abandon* of all restraint as to noise and expectoration, as must convince the whole company that she intends to leave no more of that peccant rheum behind. In the Choirs, immediately before the spot where the two priests, arrayed in gold brocade and velvet, stand for three quarters of an hour during High Mass, may be seen a triangular wooden box containing either sand or wood-ash, into which these privileged men of God are free to deposit as much saliva as they may choose to get rid of; and most joyfully do they avail themselves of the accommodation.

I made a drawing of the old stone pulpit projecting over the pavement of the street at a height of about seven feet, alongside of the seventh window in the North wall of the Cathedral. It is admirably sculptured, and as perfect as when it was first built in at the close of the fifteenth century, the date assigned to one of yet greater beauty in the South Eastern end of the exterior of the Church of Notre Dame at Vitré, between Rennes and Le Mans.

The canopy above it resembles those of wood which we often see in our cathedrals above the Bishop's throne. On inquiry, I learned that in the memory of living man it had never been used for any purpose whatever. The announcement that an address would be delivered from it on some high festival day of the Church, would probably attract an immense number out of the ten thousand inhabitants to hear, Athenian like, the word of exhortation as "some new thing." It was probably employed in olden time, as an expedient for assembling the multitude who cared not to enter the House of Prayer, but who would stand awhile, if not throughout the whole length of a discourse, in the open air, from sheer curiosity, or to while away a tedious time. Our own 'Paul's Cross' was a very magnet of attraction in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. One of the last sermons preached from it on the 30th of May, 1630, was attended by Charles I., who came in state to the Cathedral, and, after having heard the service therein, went forth into the open to the seat prepared for him, to hear the sermon. This out-door pulpit had been, for many generations, the most noted and solemn place in the British dominions for the gravest divines and scholars to occupy; and, considering the frequency of addresses now delivered to the people, in densely inhabited districts,—in the East end of London particularly,—where the poor in their rags and destitution (and, we may truly add, their ignorance and

indifference,) cannot be persuaded to enter a church, it might be found very desirable to select some few spots where a *wall-pulpit* might be thrown out, and reserved for the use of the Clergy of the district or of any of their brethren, in all respects qualified for such oratory and audiences, to preach from, at those hours of the day when the population would be best able to leave their homes, and hear a word in due season. In the absence of such a standing-place, the amiable and zealous Archbishop Tait, when preaching to the promiscuous populace in Covent Garden, availed himself, if I remember rightly, in 1860-1, of a small cart, or some such expedient ready to hand.

On my way home at dusk, I met a small band of youthful musicians, in full play, followed by seventy or eighty boys, alongside of whom walked a young man, who, from his costume (black gown and bands and broad hat) might have been mistaken for a priest; but I recognised him as one of the fraternity called 'Frères Chrétiens;'—laymen teaching secular and religious knowledge in the National Schools. His presence among the lads was thus explained, when I instituted inquiry into the circumstances. About ten years ago, the Town authorities evinced a strong disposition to exclude Religious Instruction from the College or Lycée, which had existed from the commencement of the present century. About the same period, the Bishop of Coutances, in whose diocese St. Lo is situate, was equally bent on estab-

lishing here a Seminaire or training College for young men intending to enter into the Ministry of the Church. Having, however, ascertained that the townspeople regarded this design with aversion, and that no funds would be forthcoming from them towards its maintenance and efficiency, he conferred with the Municipality with a view to prevent the existing schools falling into an altogether Godless secularity, and succeeded in gaining their consent that the education of the College youths should be conducted by these Christian brothers, on the express condition that the Bishop would subscribe liberally to the Educational Board Fund. Hereupon he caused the Lycée to be closed altogether; purchased a site and erected new buildings to be appropriated, in its stead, to educational purposes; and appointed 'Brothers' to superintend the studies. I reached St. Lo on the eve of the Break-up for the summer vacation; and this little procession was an annual display in which the boys were gratified to see their preceptors among them. I hoped there might be more accord in the doctrines inculcated in Term time, and more harmony in all their systems than was apparent in the musical performance; as their ophicleides and clarionets were executing somewhat elaborate passages *fortissimo* in different keys (!), and the drum was having all in its own way, which, as in the case of a child untameable by discipline, and all the worse for being beaten, might make a noise in the world, but would not, could not, come to good.

BEFORE dark, to the heights again to explore what lay about and beyond them; for, though the lower parts of the town comprise the straightest and best streets and the best private houses, there is but little to attract notice. All that an archæologist cares to examine is in the upper town. The shops, indeed, are numerous and good, and the pavements excellent; which is always to be commended. The staple manufacture is Drugget, Serge, Bed-tick, and that white material which was once so familiarly known in England as 'Russia Duck,'—a coarse sort of 'Jean,' such as our household brigade of Foot Guards used to wear in the summer (and our young men generally) for trowsers. It may still be seen on Cricket-fields; though there we almost universally have adopted Flannel.

The Town Hall is on the eminence to which I had ascended; an edifice of grandiose aspect, in the Palladian style, but having its frontage marred by eleven architectural *paterœ* or roses of unmeaning design, like large round plaisters affixed to it; another instance in which, as I have just observed, the controlling interference of some architect that could not thus offend by eye-sores, would have been most opportune.

The Prefecture is a splendid residence, and the Salle d'Audience and Palais de Justice are equally important in appearance, and constitute grand features in what may be called the New Town on an old site. Here is an Esplanade, also, beyond the

square where the Town-hall stands, planted with considerable taste, like the Park at Brussels, and best known as the 'Champ de Mars.'

From the corner of this Esplanade, on the town side, may be discerned portions of the ancient walls, and several picturesque round towers on the ramparts that were manned for defence in the days of Charlemagne; and full in view rises an immense building called the Training College for Teachers. Two small rivers, the Torteron and the Dollée, flow at the bases of this eminence;—tributaries of the Vire, on the right bank of which St. Lo stands: and the largest factory in the skirts of the town is a paper mill, where, as is mostly the case, all the machinery is set in action by water-wheels. While occupied in this leisurely inspection I fell in with a communicative little man of respectable appearance, who was seated on the same bench where I was resting, and who volunteered information which he thought would interest me as a stranger; especially as he announced himself to be the owner of a Chapel for Protestants that had held its ground for upwards of twenty-two years, and was chiefly supported by M. Sanson, a French gentleman possessed of a considerable tract of land in the neighbourhood, and who had married an English lady of Jersey. His farm labourers exceed a hundred in number; and, most of them being of the Lutheran faith, they attend this place of worship, as do several Swiss confectioners carrying on business at St. Lo.

There is a Stud-house, also, here—beyond the precincts of the Church of Sainte Croix already mentioned, and approached by the Rue Neufberg. The whole of its site was occupied in the days of Louis le Débonnaire by the religious house known as the Abbey of Holy Cross, vying in celebrity with the most eminent in the ninth and tenth centuries, but destined to share the general destruction which befel nearly all such establishments when France was overrun by the Normans between 853 and 890.

Its Church was regarded as a perfect type of that architecture which has been absurdly termed the Saxon, but would be more correctly designated as Franco-Romanesque;—the ecclesiastical and monastic buildings of the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries being constructed after the Roman manner and exhibiting the Roman style debased. This in our country obtained the characteristic name of Anglo-Saxon. The Saxons only embraced Christianity in A.D. 804, and submitted to the power of the Franks: and moreover, even in the middle of the tenth century, Saxony was comprised in Westphalia, Hanover, and Holstein—and its people raised no edifice in France. Reverting, however, to the so-called Saxon architecture, which, in the early ages, exhibited simple beauty in the Abbey Church now under mention, it may be sufficient to state that it was distinguished principally by massive columnar piers supporting semicircular arches; by similarly

arched doors and windows; and by arches on small columns in *relievo* against a dead wall, to ornament it. The round pier had a rudely foliated, or a rounded, capital; and generally a moulded base, variously ornamented on the surface. In these semicircles were occasionally introduced chevrons, or zig-zags; and the capitals displayed flowers, leaves, and animals; producing rude resemblance of the Roman architectural ornamentation. The piers consisted, sometimes, of clusters of small columns. All this was eventually merged in the Gothic and Norman styles—the semicircular arch having everywhere asserted its beauty out of the Norman handling, whether in solitary position or in intersection and among interlacing mouldings. The pointed arch so elegant in its loftiness, so fascinating in its varieties of height and breadth, arose out of the current of design, so to speak, upon which the semicircular was borne into bi-section, and thence contracted from its apex into the so-called 'lancet' shape. The vertical principles from which the Early Pointed style sprung were fully developed about the year 1230, when Louis IX. (St. Louis) was employing architects to design some of the most beautiful churches of the thirteenth century.

I found matter of interest to beguile a brief interval in St. Lo, but I would not recommend a traveller to halt there, unless he be pursuing his way leisurely. It is an exceedingly dull town; and, perhaps, this sufficiently condemns it, unless a long-

ing after the places, persons and things of remote antiquity renders the total absence of stirring life and sprightliness a very secondary consideration. St. Lo occupies the site of one of the old Gallo-Roman towns, which, doubtless, stood here before Julius Cæsar went into Gaul; and the student whose strong imagination can people the upper and lower town with citizens living under the Merovingian dynasty, and man the ramparts with mailed warriors that sallied forth to do battle for Charlemagne, will find his account in a ramble that may familiarize him with objects on which these ancients gazed with the partiality of long attachment; and enable him to trace among the monuments of a warlike people the advancement of the arts of peace, and the progressing cause of the Cross. Manufactories have risen on the sites of machicolated towers, and the Cathedral adorns the area on which once stood the Carlovingian camp.

20*th*.—Having been apprised, over-night, that the so-called 'Mail,' a demi-semi Diligence for the 'Service des Dépêches,' was to start at half-past six o'clock in the morning for Avranches,—(a five hours' journey for which no railway served,)—I was, *de raison*, up and stirring an hour previously; a good example lost upon the full-grown garçons and small boys of the establishment who lay still sporting in the nebulous atmosphere of dreamland, while my landlord, for very shame, set to work, in his own person, to fetch in wood from an outhouse, kindle a

fire, prepare *café au lait* and broil some coarse household bread, to speed his parting guest. Had there been boots to clean he would have done the needful in that category of service, also. I speak of *broiling* the bread, because Toasting is an operation unknown in an ordinary French *ménage*. There are no perpendicular fires, except in some few mansions recently erected in Paris and made attractive by English fittings [or, Americè, 'fixings'], where occasionally a Carron foundry stove or grate may be seen. This arises from the very great scarcity of coal in France. The work of the kitchen is done on logs of wood laid horizontally, or on charcoal,—the fuel universally used in the stoves. *Pain rôti*, which we are constrained to accept as toast, is bread laid on hot embers and turned twice. If closely inspected, (and, to avoid a crunch, it is well to do so,) at breakfast, a few particles of wood ashes will generally be found adhering to it. Bœuf, mouton, veau, porc, poulet, canard, gibier, *rôti*, have all been *baked*. They facetiously call it 'roast meat;' but we are free to enter the cooking-places, and there see the ovens doing the work.

This, by the way, is of every-day occurrence to a certain extent, in *our* hotels; and in Devonshire prevails widely in private houses. *Expertus loquor.*

At length, ensconced in an open *coupé*,—(there was no *banquette*;—the place, *par excellence*, for a male passenger)—I entered upon this up-hill, down-hill, cross-country ride, and accomplished one-third

of the distance between St. Lo and Avranches by ten minutes past eight o'clock, when we ascended a hill four miles in length. The morning mist had veiled the horizon and dimmed the middle distance, but the general features of Norman landscape were discernible on all sides. Corn and Fruit, Woods and Pastures, with hedges on the road side as high as those in Devonshire, characterized the line of country we had thus far traversed. Dwellings were rarely seen; and in ten miles I descried not a living soul. This, in provinces abounding with grass land and orchards, is not remarkable. The cultivators reside in the villages, and may be said to *visit* the fields rather than to labour upon them; and such buildings as were now and then visible in the intermediate lands were of a wretched description compared with those in the Department of Eure; being mostly raised in what we call 'wattle and daub;' and clay being universally substituted for mortar. One door, one window, were the only apertures, except, here and there, a wide crack in the crazy wall:—a condition of things exhibiting very little difference between the days of peasant proprietorship and those of the *ancien régime*, eighty years ago, when infinitesimal estates and *parcellement* were terms unknown.

The highway labourers for keeping the roads in repair (Cantonniers) adopt a very ingenious mode of stacking the stone when broken up on the MacAdam principle. A frame-work like a crate made of strong

laths, in the shape of a miniature roof, open at the top, is placed alongside of the heap which is to be broken up; and when the whole quantity has passed under the hammer it is poured into the frame till the latter is full. The frame is then lifted off, and the deposit remains in the most compact form, to be touched no more till the inspector has gone his rounds and taken note of the quantities. It is an admirable mode of ascertaining the amount of each man's work; and favours regular distribution of the road material. The French delight in these expedients. Even the 'bonne femme' of the poultry-yard who has discovered that one of her hens has contracted a bad habit of breaking through hedges and scratching up the garden seeds or plants, resorts to a preventive measure worthy of our notice. I saw one of a large number of fowls sauntering about with a piece of wood like a flat ruler fastened to its back. The string passed under the bird twice, and was tied in a knot on its back; and, bearing this distinctive badge of the habit of vagabondism and breaking in with intent to rob, it consorted sulkily with its fellows; not unconscious, perhaps, that like the ancient Roman's vicious ox—"fœnum habet in cornu,"—or our own cows with their head-boards, it was a proscribed and *disgracié* animal—sentenced to a term of special surveillance, and, at no distant date, to capital punishment.

Just as I took my eyes off this melancholy bird, we drove through a small village called "Percy,"

and an old *militaire* at my side took occasion to inform me that it was from a castle-residence at this spot, in the twelfth century, that the Chevalier de Percy went to Bayeux, and there learning from our Henry II. how grievously in his way that monarch found Thomas à Becket, proceeded with his fellow knights, Fitz Urse, Moreville, and Brito, to Canterbury, where they murdered the hapless prelate. I questioned his authority for this statement, and for thus calumniating a Percy. One of the four nobles who imbued their hands in the blood of the Archbishop bore the name of Tracy, that ancestor of Lord Sudeley whom Fuller characterizes as "a man of high birth, state, and stomach, a favourite of the king, and his daily attendant"—but, though Villedieu, the castle of the Norman Percys, be certainly very near to Percy, I claimed the silence of History in defence of the Northumberland family, and gave my informant to understand that, if we have writ our annals right, Lord William was guileless of the deed imputed.

I could not better describe the district of Normandy, through which my journey lay this morning, than by comparing it with the most beautiful parts of South Devonshire: those portions of the fairest county in England where the pastures undulate most pleasingly; and woods and forests, massed in all the splendour of the growth of centuries, constitute the grandest feature of every landscape. At half-past nine o'clock we came upon the new cutting

near Villedieu, where a branch line is in progress of construction between Paris and Granville. The Parisians, who are so voraciously fond of oysters that they would all but realize old Dr. Bailey's passionate exclamation, "Eat oysters! Oh! yes—shells and all!" * will thus be placed in the most enviable rapidity of communication with their celebrated *pensionnat d'huitres.*

The road here passes through a very steep eminence of limestone rock, on the declivous sides of which a most extraordinary effect was produced by the conglomeration of about two hundred 'navvies,' each in a blue blouse, covering the slopes like so many ants, and perched upon every available fragment of stone or boulder where toe and heel could find a standing. 'Dos pou sto' † (to use Archimedes' words) seemed to be every man's requisition, and the narrow space in which he wielded axe and spade was marvellous to behold. The road, an ample causeway, eleven yards wide, was now alive with market folk. Pigs, fowls, vegetables, eggs, early pears, firewood and sand, were *en route* for Villedieu, where Market-day was gathering in the peasantry from all the adjacent villages.

I here saw some of the characteristic caps of the

* A very fanciful London lady having sent for this doctor late at night to prescribe for her relief under severe suffering from indigestion, was advised to take something very light (a little gruel or panada) and go at once to bed. Upon which his patient interposed with, "I suppose I might eat a dozen oysters?"

† "Only give me a spot where I may set my foot."

countrywomen. Excepting that they are splayed widely in the nape of the neck, like the milkmaids' caps in Somersetshire, they resemble those which our London housemaids used to wear sixty years ago, before the injudicious and highly blameable concessions, made by the mistresses of the present day, began to tolerate patches and rag-like remnants of muslin and net on the heads of even kitchen-maids,—varying in all the phases of absurdity, according as they resemble more or less nearly, kettle-holders, plaisters, pen-wipers, d'Oyleys, or grape-house bags.

The severe toil and privations of these little proprietors,—ignorant and disheartened, over-worked and over-taxed peasants,—cannot but shorten their lives. Some of the women fifty years old (in appearance seventy) walk five miles with a full basket weighing thirty pounds. A few ride on donkeys, but the majority are on foot; and the runs that old crones are obliged to take when reclaiming a truant cow from a by-lane, up which the aggravating brute seems invariably determined to stray, would tire out one of our less hardy maidens in the course of an hour.

We were obliged to go at a foot's pace through the main street of Villedieu. There were, at least, a thousand persons in and about the standing places for the sale of rural produce. Calves, sheep, pigs, fowls, ducks, eggs, potatoes, and salt (piled in sacks), appeared to be the chief provisions offered

among heaps of other stuff which found ready purchase,—such as dried furze, fern, and brushwood, for fuel. How the throng of bargainers and buyers managed to move about as they did was marvellous. Their passage was through everything, seemingly, that would most easily be broken. Whatever was 'très fragile,' appeared to stop the way; crockery pans, pots, and pitchers of all sizes;—plates, glasses, and little mirrors were scattered on the ground outside the trestles on which lay the edibles; and here and there half a dozen ducks, tied together by their united legs, lay sprawling and squealing among wooden bowls and wooden shoes. A runaway black pig, seeing this hindrance to successful flight, 'took' it with a leap, that would have been lauded with 'huzzas' at any hurdle race, and was only secured by having bolted in a wrong direction and thrown down a large churn over which there was as much outcry and *sacre-r-r!* as if the *would-be-free* protégé of St. Anthony had floored the *sous-préfet* or a *juge de paix.*

I just now mentioned the *harnessing* of a sheep for his promenade from the farm. As we were leaving the village I espied an old woman (Oh! how ugly!) entrusted to the driving of a very large hog, whom she managed by means of a leading rein connected with a cord which had been passed twice under the porker's body, and brought up, muzzle fashion, to his head; after five ligatures, which served to secure him in a very complete set of

single harness. In England he would have been guided on his pilgrimage by a string tied to one of his hind legs; and any one of our rustics would have feared that if the animal had been given so much rope as I saw on this occasion, he would have hung himself.

Hereabouts I noticed fir-trees of upwards of fourteen years' growth in the hedges, extending for upwards of a mile along the road. Behind were apple and cherry-trees. This was probably to screen the orchards from an adverse wind, which is quite as much dreaded in France, before the fruit is set, as in our country: but I had never before seen the expedient resorted to; it being the more usual custom to let the hedge grow, as in Devonshire, to such a height as would effectually fence the fruit from blast or frost. From this point the Norman landscape showed itself in vivid pictures of great beauty. I refer especially to the continued slanting, swell, and uprising of the surface of the soil in long banks and natural terraces, called 'côtes,' uplifted to the sun, and overtopping little valleys and dells. These slopes ascend tier upon tier, displaying all the colours of the rainbow, accordingly as they may happen to be cropped with corn, clover, buckwheat, mustard-seed or flax; to say nothing of interspersed red poppy, telling the tale of the field into which the hoe had never been sent; but contributing, *quand même*, a tint which told charmingly in the picture, and would foul

nothing till harvest. The farina of this weed in a feed of oats resembles a charge of finest small shot! When to these mappy upland tracts are superadded forests of mingled growth that round off the head lands, and cause the middle distance to rise and fall in bronze-like masses, over which the Western Sun casts amber tints that seem to intersperse gold in the foliage, the glory of Nature asserts her claim to our homage; God's earth glares in beauty and attractiveness: admiration is too tame a word, and we may well worship while we gaze.

Perfect is this scenery in its kind. On the other hand, we miss water, we miss towers, castles, ruins, rustic and signorial dwellings, herds, flocks, and busy and animated groups of men. Population appears to have been swept away from the province. This, to a certain extent, may be accounted for by the old road having been formed through vast breadths of forest land where habitations could not be set up, nor the necessaries of life be obtainable: but the cost of erecting houses on land, and of keeping them in repair, deters even wealthy proprietors in France from providing a single cottage, if the estate can be reached within two miles of a town or village,—in which, probably, the very man, who in the field, handles a plough, or guides a harrow or roller,—may be carrying on business as a carpenter or blacksmith;—divided duties and divided interests leaning, for the most part, to that

scene of exertion where the returns are quickest, and the profit most sure. The agriculturists of this class are only half-farmers; and are much more in their element behind an anvil, or in a *magasin de comestibles*, than in the harvest field or behind a team. The attractiveness, however, of such scenery as is here referred to, is not diminished by its being mainly composed of Still Life. The eye ranges over landscape abounding in lively features and delectable artistic effects,—the relish of which is a very positive enjoyment. There stands the living picture: to touch it with a view to alter and improve, would be to spoil it. It is beauty, *sui generis;* and nought but itself, as Shakspeare would have said, can be its parallel.

Our last stage, however, which was accomplished with only two instead of four horses, took us over less undulating ground, and opened wider prospects: some portions, indeed, were tame, and might be compared with the country lying about Hendon in Middlesex, whence our great metropolis derives the finest supplies of meadow hay. The soil now became sandy; and here I noticed occasionally a line of twelve—sometimes twenty—narrow carts, four yards in length, laden with what seemed to be grey sand, but it was a clayey silt taken up at low water from the estuary (where the river Sée discharges itself into the sea in the bay of Mont St. Michel,) and carried in all directions about the country, to be sold to the cultivators of land as a very valuable sub-

stitute for rot-dung; being effective, not only as a top-dressing but even as an improver of the subsoil. The saline particles in it are not so abundant as they are in sea weed, owing to the outpouring of fresh water over the surface of the soil at the river's mouth, which is sometimes unapproached by sea-water for three weeks. The farmers spread this Nile-like mud on sandy soil especially; but it is not without beneficial effect on grass land also.

The picturesque and beautiful was not yet on the wane. We again drove through woods, and again emerged on to heights from whence the eye could roam over twelve miles of distance,—traversing valleys and knolls planted with beeches, and declivities of gradual incline crowned with myriads of chestnut trees. When, at length, at a bend in the valley of the Sée, this scenery was shut out, the country resumed, as Normandy so often does, an English aspect; and I was actually thinking of the Great North Road between Barnet and Hatfield, when an old church tower peered above an eminence ahead, for which I saw we were making, and our *conducteur* exclaimed, 'Voilà, enfin, AVRANCHES!'

No traveller, on whatever wheels borne along, or by whatever horses or drivers favoured, has ever 'rattled' (as we have elsewhere heard coach, chaise, or car,) into this Capernaum of Normandy. At a very leisurely and deliberate pace must the approaches be taken; and with hard breathings and patient expectations of being rewarded by even one

glance from the summit, did we creep up a zig-zag road whereby the steep sides of the mount on which the town stands are made practicable for carriages; and, even then, when I had alighted at the Hôtel de France where the Mails (!) finish their journey, and proceeded to the Hôtel de Londres, some two hundred yards higher up the main street, I found that I must be 'Excelsior,' by many degrees, than the pavement to gain any insight into the distant country. My quarters here were very superior in respect to accommodation to those I had occupied at Evreux and St. Lo; and specially so from the free and frequent use of soap and water on the stairs and walls (an expedient of cleanliness spurned and almost interdicted in a French *ménage*,) which the host had adopted since his return from England, where he had been visiting previous to his marriage; and his young wife had been gratified, not long afterwards, by the arrival of several crates of excellent Colebrook Dale toilet services, which distributed our country's large basins, jugs, and other articles of outfit, throughout the first and second floor apartments. Such of my readers as may remember the shallow tart dishes and milk-jugs which were supplied formerly to our countrymen in foreign hotels, will easily imagine the extent of improvement effected in this one single particular. 'O si sic omnia!' but in more important provisions of comfort and decent accommodation there were deplorable short comings still. I believe "the

happy couple" aim at making their Hôtel de Londres quite a London House,—and not a little so by the hostess beginning to speak our language, according to her school training in Guernsey. I took occasion, however, to remind her that "naughty boy" did not express what we mean by "bad man!" Her husband, with all his recollections of a well-appointed residence (a good hotel especially) in London, felt keenly all the disadvantages under which the vicious construction of a French house left him: but it was his conviction—and I had heard as much from others—that do what he might, and at whatever outlay, the filthy habits of his countrymen, (and their custom therein is 'a second nature,' as the phrase runs,) would defeat every attempt to keep the corridors in a wholesome state of atmosphere, and to introduce refinements where the national taste seems really to prefer all that is coarse and repulsive.

My first stroll was up to the heights, where I found myself sixty feet above the road over which wheel carriages wend their way into the town. Here opens the glorious view! There is no disappointment, let expectation have been raised ever so high. All that had been said of the prospect to be enjoyed from the summit of that mountainous ascent on and around which AVRANCHES has, at different periods, been built was now in one glance realised. It is, indeed, a magnificent view, unsurpassed, and rarely equalled, I may say, by any I

have come upon in the course of fifty-five years' acquaintance with France: it being so unusual to comprehend in an instant of time millions of acres mapped out into every conceivable variety of cultivation interspersedly with woods, winding rivers and tributary streams, towers, churches, mills, and all that can enter with effect into a stupendous panorama, the boundaries of which are invisible; and, at the same moment, gaze upon as extensive a surface of sea whose onward coming wave constitutes a grand feature in the glorious scene: for, when the waters of the main rushing in at high tide meet the river Sée, a vast lake is formed whose silvery surface imparts an inexpressible charm to the prospect, especially when the sister island-peaks of St. Michael and Tombeleine (twenty minutes' voyage distant from each other)—appear emerging from the roadstead. On the present occasion both were visible; but, unfortunately, not a drop of the Ocean remained in the enormous area of sand and silt left at the mouth of the river by the receding of the tide. Such of my readers as may have visited Weston-super-Mare, in Somersetshire, will be able to form an accurate conception of the disadvantageous vacancy created by the temporary absence of the sea at Avranches-sur-Mer; and this incident alone derogated from the well-merited fame of the living picture before me. The thermometer pointed to 110° in the sun, but it was impossible to withdraw a minute before it should become abso-

lutely needful to regain home-quarters; and it was while I was thus lingering in quiet delight on a spot to which imagination, after reading, had so often led me, that a comical little man approached me with a civil salutation, asking me whether he could give me any "renseignements" on the fascinating objects which he perceived to be engrossing my wrapt attention. I was glad enough to avail myself of such an offer, and occupied him fully for half an hour, and when he asked whether there was any view in my own country at all comparable, I was at a loss to reply; for though there are inland pictures of unsurpassable loveliness, I remembered none combining sea with so wide an expanse of land. There may be such—for our little island is a gem of Ocean;—but travelling from South to North and from East to West has not brought me within its scope. My obliging informant observed that I had arrived at an inopportune season. The intense heat had spread a disadvantageous haze over the scene, and for some weeks past had scorched the whole face of vegetation—turning green into yellow, and yellow into brown, and otherwise marring the general effect of intermingled bright colours. This, he said, was most striking when, after two or three days' rainfall, all the pastures, trees, and shrubs, stood out in vivid green; and every tint, from whatever object given, made its peculiar beauty more and more distinct and 'telling.' He spoke of Constantinople and the Bosphorus, lauding alike the

Cimmerian and Thracian straits which he had visited:—but where would the champaign country appear there! In the AVRANCHES' panorama one spot alone marks fifteen square miles of timber-growth. He, also, reminded me of the Fourvières eminence at Lyons, whence, as I well remember, the summit of Mont Blanc is discerned in the horizon without the aid of a telescope, at exactly a hundred miles' distance: but the intervening space is a tame and comparatively barren map devoid of a single interesting feature; and the Rhône, below, is not to be named in comparison with the sea or estuary. The Frenchman, at length, communicated the fact of his having visited England, and he thought that at Bristol the channel sea was 'beau comme ça;' a compliment to which I thought our 'auld reekie' of Gloucestershire was, certainly, not entitled. Perhaps AVRANCHES stands alone in respect of that *coup d'œil* which, differing from the Italian, Sicilian, and German scenery, all beauteous as vast breadths of those fine countries are, brings within our scope the most interesting features that at once render land and water delightfully agreeable to look upon; and I could not but express this opinion, as I continued to gaze and felt the difficulty of quitting the spot:—

'We stand as captives, and would not depart.'

The distance between the heights and the broad acres of silt and sand (looking, as at Weston, only

too like mud), where, to make all perfect, there should have been *water*, was very considerable, and for some time, not having a telescope at hand, I was at a loss to comprehend what produced the appearance of black dots in motion on that wide and moist expanse. At length, I espied horses and carts. These were busily employed in collecting the silt abovementioned, to carry it out on to the farm lands. I am not aware that such use is made of any similar deposit in our estuaries. Here, in Normandy, it is of a pale grey hue resembling wood-ashes moistened with water. I found an opportunity, subsequently, of taking some into my hands, and it suggested a combination of fine sand, fuller's earth, and wood ash.

It was now time, however, to take a view of my host's dinner table at the 'Londres,' and here I found his handsome bride (hat and plume most bewitchingly set upon her head) had improvised, *à cause de la chaleur*, a little novelty. We were to dine, in groups, *al fresco*,—in that cool part of the garden where the house cast all its shadow. The arrangement was very tastefully made, but an all-important point had been omitted; for, when laying out eight tables in lieu of one, more *waiters* should have been laid on, and the result of our being dispersed in little sections was that some parties had only been served with soup when others had entered upon a salad; and haricots verts and *boudin à l'abricot* jostled one another. It quite controverted

the maxim 'Divide et impera:' for though Madame was *everywhere*, all smiles, she could not maintain any order among her handmaidens who, in the embarrassments of a divided duty, when most wanted seemed to be *nowhere!* The policy of all, however, in such heat, was to try and keep cool; and we seemed eventually to finish, like a village choir, at the same moment,—*malgré* the lagging of some and the murmurs of many who, probably, felt that 'Ici on mange, mais on ne dine pas:' not at all an unusual condition of man or woman at the conclusion of a *table d'hôte* dinner.

CHAPTER VI.

AVRANCHES.

TO the heights again, on the 21st; taking up a station at the extremity of the Jardin des Plantes. Perhaps this is, upon the whole, the preferable spot for looking out seaward and across country simultaneously. New comers are advised to survey the beautiful prospect from behind a small Gothic arch, in the terrace, constructed from the scattered remains of a chapel which, in very remote times, stood on the brink of the estuary, but was absorbed at last by the encroaching waters. It is altogether a mistake to resort to any such vista, which so far from giving greater effect to anything in the distance may be said rather to interfere with it. To trifle thus with the grand through the little and insignificant is purely French. There was still a vacuum where blue sky reflected in the gulf would have been a delectable gratification; and, judging by what the gardeners on the spot reported, I inferred that this scant entry of sea-water is far more usual than any lakelike abundance at the mouth of the river; the *ebb* being familiar to sight—the *flow* being spoken of as a most desirable but very uncer-

tain visitor. When the sea rolls in with considerable impetus the influence is felt in the river and in its tributary streams to an extent of ten miles up the country. The risen tide of our Thames is perceptible at seven times that distance.

This morning introduced another casual individual all on the alert to guide and edify. I was wandering over the site of the ancient Cathedral —(now utterly extinct; having been razed to the ground in 1784 when it was evidently about to fall)—when I inquired of a respectable-looking individual, seated near the Archbishop's palace, my nearest way to the Museum. Perceiving that I was a stranger in the place, he volunteered his services to show me not only what I wished to find, but everything else which was likely to interest me in the same locality; and, as the sun was shining in full brilliancy, he proposed our making at once for the Grand Tertre, the designation given to the crowning eminence at this part of the heights. There, from a spot three hundred feet above the level of the sea, I again surveyed the splendid picture already described; my new companion pointing out various objects worthy of particular notice; among these the Great Hospital, in the faubourg, with eighty acres of land attached to it; not far from which stood the white-fronted, glistening mansion of M. de St. Germain, *député* for Avranches. He also directed my gaze to a spot in the middle distance which he named 'Gavary.' "There," he said, "is a

family living, at this day, the direct descendants, without a break in the lineage, of Tracy, one of the knights who, with Percy, murdered Thomas-à-Becket. The village of Percy is not far from it." This was a renewal of the history touched upon by the old soldier, my fellow-traveller.

Speaking of the high tide, as we stood gazing on the wide expanse of the country, he said it might be looked for once in a month, with reference, no doubt, to the moon. 'C'est dommage: Vous auriez du voir la grande marée.' Certainly, the forlorn appearance of a muddy area of three or four hundred acres for upwards of three weeks in every month is a great drawback on the glorious view of which it is, nevertheless, impossible to speak in other language than that of earnest admiration. In fact, one becomes insensible of any such alloy while contemplating the *tout ensemble*,—in itself so ample, so satisfying, irrespectively of this solitary blemish. It reminds us of Horace's tribute of praise to a fine poem, regardless of a few weak points and immaterial errors:—

> "'Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
> Offendar maculis, &c. . . . . .'
>
> But, where, in such a poem, many a touch
> Of beauty is apparent, the few spots
> Which carelessness, or man's mere frailty, left
> Upon the surface scatter'd, would in me
> No great displeasure waken."

He now led me to the spot on the Place Huet

where formerly rose the western façade of the magnificent Cathedral. It was the pride of Normandy. Its two towers soaring high in air (not comparable, however, with our 'Durham') were visible, across country, from Coutances; "and here," said he, "about the centre of this platform of land, close to the brink where we have been standing, we may see some few remnants of the majestic pile." These are thrown together in a small heap, and comprise among fragments of plinths, and capitals, and corbels, a stone coffin, and a gargoyle in the form of a dog. At about the distance of a stone's throw from this, he showed me a dwarfish pillar, surmounting an ornate base that bore a sculptured cross, in which was inlaid a brass plate bearing the following inscription :—

"Sur cette pierre" [referring to a flat stone in front of the pillar] "ici, à la porte de la Cathedrale d'Avranches, après le meurtre de Thomas Beckett, Archévêque de Cantorbery, Henri II., Roi d'Angleterre et Duc de Normandie, reçut à genoux des legats du Pape l'absolution apostolique, le Dimanche, 21 Mai, 1172."

The flat stone here referred to is declared to have formed a portion of the threshold of the ancient Cathedral, close to one of the side doors; and it was hereon that the penitent monarch placed his knee in his public humiliation. On the surface is a distinctly recognizable engraving of a sacramental chalice.

After examining this relic and memento, my guide led me to a stern round tower of other days which, with another alongside (the narrow street alone intervening) was built by Louis IX. The two were formerly joined, and contained a portcullis and formed the entry into the town from the Faubourg des Ponts (so-called from two narrow river streams which required several small bridges), the ascent from which was very steep. Very near to this stands the still surviving fabric of the old Deanery, the walls of which, like those in many of our Deaneries, were four feet thick, exceeding by six inches the thickness of those in the present Deanery of Gloucester, where, on my return from France, as the guest of my oldest schoolfellow, I was lodged as if in a casemate; so massive was the work of the old Benedictine masons of the fourteenth century.

We walked onward to survey several sections of the ancient town walls, some of which are of Roman construction, and stood here in the days of Augustus Cæsar. A tower still remains newly faced,—five-and-forty feet in height, loopholed. A similar tower was extant, not many years ago, on the Esplanade we had recently visited; but a lawyer, "un homme sans gout, sans cœur," had built all round it, and completely blocked out the ancient masonry. Another was in sound condition in the year 1793, when the Revolutionary rabble demolished it. The vast keep remains in its entirety. All this was in ancient AVRANCHES; but

three turns led me into the street where I was quartered.

While we were threading some narrow lanes, the better to explore these relics of antiquity, my communicative companion informed me that he was a *ci-devant* notary of the town; that his name was Edmée Foisil; that he had practised in the tribunal of the Municipality, and was well-known as an archæologist and a citizen intimately acquainted with the early history of Avranches and its neighbourhood.

Our conversation having led to the mention of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and of the cruel demolition of the Calvinistic Church at Charenton already recorded in these pages, he took occasion to observe that the Calvinists themselves had left a bad name on the records of early time as the violators of the tomb of William the Conqueror; a prince in many respects the superior of Charlemagne, and in this especially, that he secured his conquest to his family, and handed down the good and the glory thereof to remote descendants. "It is not every sovereign that can do *that*"—alluding, with a sly look, to the reigning Emperor. The Saxons, he went on to say, were barbarians; and England owed the introduction of salutary laws to that bold enterprising Norman who won the day at Hastings. Speaking of those laws, he observed that even in very remote ages the office of notary was in full activity; that this officer was the party retained as a

clerkly man, to frame agreements, dotations, grants, &c., and many of these were as full of good law as any that are drawn now, though exhibiting dates as remote as the eleventh century. When I spoke of the injurious influences of Louis XIV.'s weakness and vices on monarchy in France, and of the selfish sacrifice of the good of his subjects to the gratification of his own boundless pride and ambition, he rejoined that Louis was an instance of those very remarkable changes that occasionally affect the whole remainder of a man's life after attaining to middle age, and becoming weary of intrigue, dissipation, and self-indulgence; that after the age of forty-seven years he was no longer the man he had been: that the ascendancy gained by Madame de Maintenon was beyond all question beneficial: that there were many of the *haute noblesse* who even began to complain of the rigid enforcement of purer morality in and about the Court. Zeal springing out of such strong but newly felt influences often rushed into error:—[This was an apologetic reference to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which was issued when Louis was forty-seven years of age!], but, *au fond*, the King meant to do the right thing!

We conversed for upwards of two hours, and I was really sorry when Edmée and I parted for ever; for our casual rencontre and ramble through the streets of the old town, and the pages of History, was one of those episodes of travel which compen-

sate for many *contrarietés*, shortcomings, and disagreeables; and in many a subsequent stage of my journey I could better have spared, as Henry V. says of old Falstaff, a better man.

Visited the Museum. This was established in a section of the ancient edifice which formerly stood here as the residence of the Archbishop. In one of the rooms was a model of the Cathedral, which was pulled down, as a measure of safety, eighty-six years since. I could not discover in it any door nearer to the east end than that of the north transept, which certainly could not have stood so low down on the ancient site as the pillar and stone above-mentioned would indicate. The latter, therefore, must have been removed, and placed in its present position as the most convenient spot, by parties who never for a moment took thought of the possibility of any "chiel amang them takin' notes" and likely to print 'em, to gainsay the inscription! The said model exhibits a very curious clock-tower at the east end. It is an uncouth piece of industrious work, and does not impress one with the idea of the Cathedral having been the finest in all Normandy. That of Rouen must have been incomparably superior. The two western towers of the Avranches pile that were so conspicuous must have exhibited the severest style of Norman architecture; and the western porches are executed so as to show moulding of that order. I was more interested in a picture exhibiting AVRANCHES as it stood in 1649. Here the old Cathedral was prominently

shown; and both the round towers that stood formerly on the heights. The sacred edifice is shown included westward in the *enceinte* of the citadel, which was surrounded by walls fifty feet high. The picture was hung so high (as is but too often the case where grossly ignorant individuals are employed to arrange and classify works of art) that the spectator would contract a crick in the neck if he surveyed it for more than a minute at one time; no great matter of regret as regarded the surrounding frames, in one of which, however, I espied a good painting to illustrate the murder of a lug-sail-boatful of French emigrants, endeavouring to put out to sea from Cherbourg, in 1792.

I saw, among a few objects of art, a good model of the Portland vase. Having alighted at the foot of the stone stairs that wound round the tower of the old Palace, in which all the masonry seemed to be more consistent with the facings of a battery than with the residence of a holy man of peace, I found myself in the Law Courts, among barristers, attorneys, clerks and clients, upon whom my little notary might, doubtless, have made some interesting remarks had he been still at my side: but I was particularly struck by the long *allée verte* created at this spot by a double avenue of lime trees; planted so as to form an extensive cloister, and a complete shelter from the rays of the sun, if not indeed from a smart shower of rain, where the men of law would (like the privileged Romans addressed by Mark

Antony in the play) "walk about and recreate themselves" in the most luxurious enjoyment of shade and pure air when emerging every now and then from the heat and worry of the courts: and here, indeed, I saw the barristers listening to and conferring with the attorneys and discussing the *pros* and *cons* of the cases under trial. It occurred to me that a charming Promenade of exactly the same kind might be laid out in the garden enclosure of New Square, Lincoln's Inn, where, after 'angry parle' *in foro*, such a verdant retreat would induce a cooling process of no light refreshment. The AVRANCHINS call it their 'jolie salle des pas perdus.'

From this *plaisance* of the Jurisconsults I went down a few steps into the wide square, planted with trees, called the Place de l'Archevêché, in the centre of which is the statue of the young general Valhubert, a native of Avranches, who fell in the battle of Austerlitz, A.D. 1805. He must have been one of the handsomest men in the French Army; his features not being surpassed, hardly equalled, in beauty, by those of the Belvedere Apollo—a good cast of which stands in the adjoining museum. The sculptor, however, in representing "his martial cloak around him," has encumbered the effigy with a mass of marble which, when seen from the terrace above, conveys the idea of the whole of the soldier's bedding being gathered up behind him, blanket, sheets, quilt and all; the weight of which hardly permits him to grasp, as if he could not long hold

it, the hilt of his sword, which he points downwards. The *living* military are nowhere visible in Avranches. I remained sixty hours in the town and saw not a soldier. The beat of a drum was heard, certainly; but it was that of a crier, who was giving notice of a sale *aux enchères* (by auction) of certain shop-goods on the day following.

Our garden dinner is now a matter of history. Such a thing was. We were all to-day mustered again in the dining-room. Madame did not show; and the entertainment, "ab ovo usque ad mala," was *à l'ordinaire*. The latter term suggests, by-the-by, Johnson's definition of the word 'ordinary:' "a place of eating established at a certain price,"—and, perhaps, that is the simplest description we can give of these feeds in France. I have bidden farewell to them for ever; but I owe them a debt of gratitude—the enjoyment of steady and vigorous health throughout the whole of my stay abroad, in consequence of forced abstemiousness; equivalent, in several instances, to a fast. Ounces lukewarm, served on cold plates, soon dispel even a keen appetite.

22*nd*.—Left Avranches, and its nine thousand of population, on good terms. Again without railway conveyance; but eleven feet up in the air, as the occupant of No. 1 *place au coin* in another 'Mail,' *alias* Letter-carrying Diligence. Magnificent is the view opening on the sight as the traveller, on his way to Pontorson, leaves Avranches, on a right royal road

forty feet wide, the highway to Brest; shaded to a considerable distance by splendid chestnut-trees. Wood plantations, indeed, enter largely into the landscapes, but wheat and clover, stubble and pastures, were not wanting; and here, for the first time again after a long season, I descried cherry-trees in orchards and in the roadside hedges. At two o'clock we crossed a little river called the Selune; and here I noticed how scanty the stream was, and how wide the breadth of sand or silt, in consequence of the soil not being covered as at spring-tides. There were enormous heaps of this silt laid up on the margin of the stream, ready to be carted away; and I had seen the stuff, as we travelled from Avranches, abundantly spread over the pastures. We had now passed through the small village of Pontaubault, and turning off at a point where there was a direct road to Mont St. Michel (a spot I had never felt the least curiosity to visit) we soon reached PONTORSON, a clean, tidy, cheerful little town, somewhat like Uxbridge, but larger, and with the same kind of Market-house. Most of the houses, however, are stone built; the quarries lying on one side, and close at hand. Its vast Lunatic Asylum is built of the lime stone, which also abounds in the district; as hard as granite, and not unlike it in appearance. So also was the church, still extant, built by Robert, father of William the Conqueror. We were now about to quit the fascinating province which supplies landscapes by the hundred, and fills

the memory with life-long reminiscences of beauty. Having reached Pontorson at three o'clock, our despatch coach (!) entered, about five-and-twenty minutes afterwards, a village called Villecheret, and we were at once in Brittany,—proceeding for a hundred yards at a foot's pace in consequence of falling in with a line of twenty carts, each drawn by five horses, laden heavily with the silty, sandy mud taken up from the bed and banks of the River Selune. Here, too, I saw some of the peculiar caps of the female peasantry. Three of the women were married, one was single,—as was indicated by the make of their respective caps. It appeared to resemble a large sheet of white foolscap paper spread right and left on their heads and surmounted by another, rolled up like a cylinder, and placed across the said sheet at right angles, or rather, I may say, in the line of the suture of the skull; not but that there were others of a different shape: the sheet of paper, as I would still describe it, forming a sharply ridged roof, and secured somehow to the hair; the sides rolling upwards again towards the top, and there fastened by a slender thread. Again, one wife wore what might be termed a skull-cap, from the apex of which were brought down two bands, each twenty inches in length and eight inches wide, which were also brought back, after descending ten inches, and made fast on the top of the skull-cap. One of the group seen on this occasion displayed these bands hanging over her

shoulders, and I learned that this was an unmarried woman.

These caps were not to be compared, for outline, with those of Poitou; but I saw twenty varieties within a week afterwards; some of which forcibly reminded me of those cowls which revolve, accordingly as the wind blows, on the top of the shafts of the flues in our malterns and hop-drying houses in Kent. Outside this village of Villecheret, and opposite to the Church, stood a very lofty crucifix. It was at this point that I began to observe such extensive growth of furze in the hedges, and occasionally in the fields skirted by those hedges. It was evidently *cultivated;* and, as I was informed, is appropriated frequently as horse forage. When it becomes too dry and rigid, it is used as fuel; though miles' length of the plant serves as a protecting fence where any natural or artificial embankment is in use to screen crops. Fern is almost as widely planted.

About eight miles on the Villecheret side of Dol, I saw sheds erected for the drying of tobacco leaves. A hoop was suspended (from a slender raft) which revolved in the draught of air admitted under the pent; and to this were appended the long leaves; as, in some of our London print shops, engravings are fastened to a frame-work revolving by mechanism. With regard to the husbandry to which my attention was naturally directed in the province just entered, there appeared to be a tolerably wide growth

of Grain; chiefly Wheat and Sarrazin [buckwheat]: but neither Barley, nor Oats, nor Beans came in sight: and of pasture a very insignificant account. I had not seen a sheep for twenty miles of country on end: nor a head of cattle. The property hereabout is too much divided to admit of any continuous surface of herbage; and sheep-feed, consequently, is out of the question, though France has materially increased her flocks, and, learning the value of stock as an export, has in many districts converted arable into pasture. Still, it has transpired that though one-eighth, at the least, of her whole territory is now grazing land, our country rears upon sixty-two million acres of feed, thirty-five millions of sheep, while France from a hundred and six million acres, on which her flocks feed and are folded, rears thirty-*three* millions.

Apple-trees were standing, as in other provinces, in the middle of the wheat crop; and the tobacco plant appeared as often as in the Vosges and in Germany,—well ridged up, like our celery. If the Breton cultivators subsisted mainly by eating galettes and by smoking, the cultivation of Buckwheat and Tobacco would not have been more extensive. The soil is excellent. In many places I saw the wheat-ears intermingling with the hanging apples at a height of six feet from the ground; and the sweet chestnut prevailed to such an extent that it occurred to me as being just possible that, as in Spain, and in the Abruzzi and certain other parts of Italy, the

fruit of these fine trees might form a staple food, at certain seasons, for the needy class of labourers. It is a wild growth, however, which abounds in these districts; the nuts being very bitter to the taste, and not edible. The trees are serviceable to the carpenters only; and supersede the use of oak, as, some three centuries ago, was the case in Kent.

The oak-trees that I saw to-day seemed stunted, though numerous: whereas these chestnuts soared triumphantly in air; a majestic adornment wherever found. The cottages were clay built and unsubstantial,—much after the Irish model; but their roofing displayed marvellously good work in straw thatch. Here and there we fell in with some hideous old women tending cows. One of these was straining every bone and muscle to extricate her charge out of a ditch,—through the sole medium of the tail. It would have been 'bad luck for the Coo,' as Stephenson observed, if the vertebral joints of that useful appendage had not been capable of bearing the longest and strongest pulls; for the old crone hauled away as if she had been exercised at Brest or Cherbourg in raising main-sails and anchors from her childhood. The *forces physiques* of some of these ill-favoured ones, who at fifty years of age present the aspect of seventy-five, are hardly conceivable by those who have never witnessed female labour on farm lands abroad. They fetch and carry loads from which our coal-porters and brokers' men would shrink aghast; and stand for hours unscreened

in torrid heat. Their husbands toil in spade labour; but what shall we say of going to plough so late as a quarter to six o'clock in the evening! I saw three horses in line drawing a heavy plough through a white clayey soil; and this was to continue till half-past eight o'clock. Both men and beasts had been carrying hay and haulm all day. This is the toil-some destiny of the peasant proprietor. He is a slave on his own plantations, and from the imperious obligation to spread some kind of compost un-sparingly on every square foot of soil from which, of necessity, he takes crop after crop without a fallow or relief in any shape, he is a stranger to ease and contentment. The land has no rest, nor the owner thereof. Within the radius of distance which admits of their obtaining the silt from the estuary above mentioned, the farmers use no other ingredient for replenishment; yet they draw from the land, in succession, wheat, barley, rye, clover, colza, beetroot, potatoes, and tobacco—(the three last-named very exhausting crops)—besides hard and soft fruit. A tenant holding on lease pays upon such land three pounds sterling the English acre; and well he may! I wish I had such loam on my own patrimony.

The horses bore collars, covered with sheep fleeces dyed blue, of which the peaks rose nearly two feet above their mane; and their drivers wore hats larger than those we see on the heads of our coal-heavers. It is remarkable that within a mile from the border line dividing the two provinces, the costumes and

general aspect of men, women, and dwellings of Brittany are seen to differ materially from those of Normandy. The Kersanton stone, a dark dull coloured granite, begins to show itself on every side, so that in fact both villages and towns may be said (as Nahum said of the Ninevites) to 'gather blackness;' and, let me add, the observation is equally applicable to the natives; for out of fifty men and women, forty, at least, will be found clothed in black raiment.

At a quarter past five o'clock I entered DOL,—a sad looking town, suggestive of DOLEFUL! This arises from the exclusive use of the dark granite in all the buildings, and wherever we should for the most part employ wood. Every one stands or sits, more or less, upon *granite:* a block here and a block there; and on it an old dame knitting, or a girl shelling peas. The mercer spreads his silks, the draper his cloth, the hosier stockings, the fishmonger mackerel and mullet, on dressers or counters made of this massive material,—and I should not have been astonished to find infants laid to sleep, in the back room, in a granite cradle. The house fronts are rendered still more sombre by the frequent application of dark coffee-coloured paint to the ancient oak and chestnut studwork or timbering in which they were constructed some centuries since.

Our stay here was brief, as we quitted the place just about six o'clock; but I purposed to return and make a long and leisurely survey of the many queer

gables, tourelles, statuettes, and antique roofs which, at a glance, were perceptible, and invited inspection in every quarter.

We proceeded, accordingly, through a tract of land abounding in hemp and flax, alternating with willow plantations and wheat crops, in which apple-trees, loaded with fruit, stood in rows. The soil thereabouts must be of no ordinary fertility; for *malgré* all the nourishment extracted by these trees, the ears of corn were mingling, as I had seen previously in fields between Avranches and Dol, with the pendant apples; yet the cereal crop was not patchy, nor the ears poor and thin. Within a distance of two miles were several acres of newly ploughed land, on which each upturned clod must have weighed at least thirty pounds. I should have eyed with interest the blade of the plough that made those ridges. The roller, succeeding to the share, ought to have been one of five tons pressure: yet the last crop taken from that field was, as I ascertained, Colza. Hardly a shower had fallen since midsummer, and the long drought had baked the earth into the dryness of a lime-kiln. At length we neared the Sillon; that extensive line of road nearly three hundred yards in length, which runs along the frontage of the town of St. Malo, and, connecting it with the main land, forms a broad quay. Here we came upon shipbuilders' yards and a fragrant odour of tar from the docks,—and vast stacks of timber, stone, and coal. I counted thirty colliers

and one or two Baltic traders. St. Servan, the suburb across the water,—the estuary of the River Rance,—was to the left, and presented a very pleasing aspect, but my gaze was instantly arrested by the stupendous round towers of St. Malo, for which I was hardly prepared by the mere mention of this town being a fortified sea-port. They are absolutely startling,—and bring to the mind's eye of an Englishman the grand feature of Windsor.

Even a feeble imagination can picture the warriors that bade defiance to Great Britain from these impregnable strongholds among the fortifications of the sixteenth century, and watched in arms for the issues of the war of the League. Legions from our country were at that period doing battle in Brittany, and drove out the Spaniards from Morlaix and Brest; but St. Malo made head against all assailants, and neither on shore or in naval enterprise proved unequal to the struggle. They were brave men and true that held their ground on the fifty-two acres of which St. Malo consists,—these towers on her ramparts vying with feudal castles in their strength, and the sea itself constituting their moat. At high tide in very fine weather the expanse of water in front of the little isle is like a sheet of glass, or a vast field of standing barley, the surface of which is almost imperceptibly made to wave by the breeze. At the approach, however, of the Equinox and during the prevalence of violent wind, this marine outwork assumes a very different aspect; the rise and fall of

the waves forming deep troughs, and dashing the foam over the stone breast-work of the walls as if against a breakwater. The inhabitants regard this alternating condition with no little gratification; the features of the *water* by which their homes are so closely surrounded presenting such frequent changes, and rendering the prospect so much more interesting than that of an equally extensive surface of *land*. In so dull a spot it is well that the Malouins have something to create an interest. At high water the tide brings the sea wave to the very pavement the spectator stands upon when looking out from the ramparts. At ebb the waters retire to such a distance that one would think it never at any time approached the town within half-a-mile. In the interval a vast bay of white sand remains exposed, out of which project the crests of a thousand little rocks, (like the boulders that lie scattered around large brick kilns) few of which are discernible at high water.

I was assured there was not a shore in all France where the tide for the most part rises so high. About the end of September the water floats round the walls up to the parapets, at a depth of forty-five feet. There are not so many islets as off the Land's End of France, but these dark excrescences cluster about the roadstead in such profuse distribution that no strange craft would venture on the navigation; and upon one of the most considerable in altitude lies Chateaubriand; the townspeople having here

interred his remains and laid above them a large stone without any inscription; agreeably to his wish expressed, both as to the burial place and monument, while living. He was born in the town, in a house now well known, and much frequented, as the 'Hotel de France.'

The isle here referred to bears the somewhat Turkish designation of 'Le grand Bey,'—and at low water is easily accessible for pedestrians, who may from its summit enjoy a capital view of St. Malo,—which is far more interesting than the stone slab and its railings that mark the grave of the once moody and desponding Chateaubriand; but should the tide return five minutes earlier than usual, the excursionist would find himself like Crusoe, in solitude and forsakedness till next day!

I shall not here enter into the early history of ST. MALO. It has been sufficiently noted by my predecessors in the same route of travel: but I demur to the suggestion as to the old saintly prelate who settled here in the sixth century having been a member of the clan of M'Cleod, and an ancestor of the dame whose honoured name immortalised one of our most popular *contre-danses*. Malo or Maclou, it is presumed, found his way from Scotland into Wales, and thence to St. Servan's, at that time called 'Aleth,' and subsequently into the isle of Aaron, opposite, which was in the issue named after him.

The inhabitants of both places (Celts, probably,)

had a sad time of it in those days ; for every Norman or Danish owner of a sea-boat, that could keep a piratical crew together, made onslaught on all these desolate rocks along the whole sea-board of France; and neither saints nor sinners were exempt from the raids of such roaming expeditions.

As I have already remarked, the entry into the town through these Carisbrook Castle kind of portals was very imposing. To the right and left were loop-holes; above were machicolations, and the sheathing through which, in olden time, fell the portcullis :—but, of all the dark, dingy, dull abodes of mankind that I have visited in Europe, ST. MALO struck me as the most ungenial and depressing.

The entry of the so-called 'best' Hôtel de la Paix, is in a street about four yards wide: not through a porch or sheltered door, but up a paved court, at the side of which are benches and little metal chairs and marble-topped tripods, such as stand outside the Boulevard coffee-houses in Paris. This leads to a glazed enclosure or closet resembling the booking office of a Coaching House; and here may be found the host. From this point a narrow stair leads into bed-rooms: a small door close to the street-entry leads through narrow passages to the Dining-Room. This *salon* is the boast of the house: the kernel attainable after penetrating the ragged and repulsive rind or shell! It is a very large apartment, about thirty yards in length, fitted up in the prevailing style of ornamen-

tation for such modern refectories, and only dependent on its gilding and gas lamps for any the slightest gleam of cheerfulness; as the windows look on buildings opposite little better than a dead wall in the narrow street just mentioned. I was led up into a wretched room on the second floor, because there was none other vacant; but an assurance was given me that I should be well accommodated next day. I desired to occupy the best in the house, and on the following morning was installed in the central apartment on the first floor, having a balcony and vases with aloes, &c., and displaying velvet and gilding, and mirrors, &c., but looking into the woe-begone narrow street which Melancholy had marked for her own. A black gutter, also, distinguishes the locality, and makes occasional additions to the stench, which, as in Cologne, comes up on the gale from certain waters charged with essences that have neither oil of Neroli or Rosemary in their composition.

Novelty is *not* always pleasurable. The first sensation of which I was conscious on the day of arrival, and indeed on the following, *malgré* the mirrors and red velveteen sofa, was that of great regret at having set foot in the place. The Hôtel de France seemed to be only less dull and discouraging in its having several windows on a frontage looking on to the space between its lateral frontage and the rampart. Nothing can banish dulness from St. Malo, whose sombre granite-built houses bear, one and all,

a Newgate Prison complexion, and are suggestive of lazarettos, lock-ups, and fever hospitals. When we hear, therefore, of many English families taking up their residence in St. Malo, I conceive this must be understood of St. Servan, the town on the land opposite;—as preferable to its near neighbour as, in Kent, we should say Rochester was to Strood;—the Medway flowing between the two. A subsequent visit to St. Servan confirmed my opinion. My host at the 'Paix,' deluded man! spoke of the latter place as the 'plus triste du monde!' What a dispensation of mercy is it that tastes should thus acquiesce, and thus differ!

A cool evening proved favourable for a stroll upon the only delectable spot in St. Malo,—the ramparts which encircle it. They constitute an elevated and breezy promenade, from which one may descend into the streets by stone steps from the side of one of the monster towers above-mentioned, at the Porte St. Vincent. The views from these ramparts are interesting enough. They comprehend Pointe du Décole, Cap de Fréhel, Dinard on the Rance, opposite to St. Servan, and, at the extremity, St. Servan itself;—a range including also five island forts, which, previously to the day of Armstrong and Whitworth, defended the approaches, and would have deterred any naval force from attempting such attacks as from the fifteenth century upward had frighted the isle from its propriety; the most recent being that made by the Duke of Marlborough a

hundred and twelve years since, which, though no entry could be effected into the town, did damage in the port, and around St. Servan, to the amount of nearly half a million sterling. Our fleet attempted a second assault three months afterwards, but were driven off at the headland of St. Cast.

These ramparts, the most modern of which have stood a hundred and thirty-three years,—the oldest three hundred—being continued all round the town, enable any one to compass the *enceinte* within an hour; and it is an entertaining round to make, especially when the pedestrian has realized the truth of Chateaubriand's saying, that the whole place put together was smaller than the garden of the Tuileries in Paris.

Regaining the level of the streets, we come upon the Castle,—entering by the two largest towers,—erected by Anne of Brittany nearly four centuries ago, who, when the young French King Charles VIII., her husband, had constituted her feudal sovereign of ST. MALO, determined to build this castle, the ground-plan of which somewhat resembles the constellation of 'Ursa Major,' otherwise called 'King Charles's Wain,' there being four towers and an outwork of fortification carried onward from them in a straight line; all which, in fact, was constructed through what may be termed the facetious guile of Anne, who had merely requested the Bishop of St. Malo—himself the supreme authority of the place—to grant her a

privilege which he could not for a moment refuse,—namely that she might build a four-wheeled carriage. First rose one tower, and startled everyone: a second, however, was begun, and, to the amazement of the natives, completed, when; in prosecution of an unrevealed design, the foundations of a third were laid. Before a quarter of a century had elapsed *four* were a *fait accompli*, and the long outwork also, to which, when the *mauvaise plaisanterie* declared all its meaning, the name of 'Le Timon' [carriage-pole] was given. Labour was cheap in those days, and the supply of hands never-failing; so that it is possible that these colossal structures may have been finished and occupied within the period of Anne's union with Charles VIII. Not that her second marriage (with Louis XII.) would have been permitted to stand in the way of their completion; for she asserted the sway of a Queen of France, and was not likely to slacken her hand in a design of this description under any opposition, when, as Consort of the Sovereign, her will was acknowledged to be supreme, and her influence was sure to be paramount. However, long before the basement of the third tower was laid, Briçonnet, the Bishop, asserted his supremacy, protesting against what he deemed a daring assumption of sovereignty. The fair builder persevered, regardless of remonstrance or threat, and the baffled prelate was left to discover the close resemblance her ground plan of four towers and a prolonged outwork bore to the

four wheels and pole of a carriage. The ecclesiastic's indignation would have hurried him into a conflict for ascendancy, but for timely reflection, 'furens quid fœmina possit;' for, though he knew he was Charles's favourite, he was also aware of the soft influence gained over the young king by the offender; and all that remained to him, while fretting and chafed under her contemptuous disregard, was to lift up his voice against the stupendous *opera operata* on every occasion favourable to his denunciation of breaches of faith and of wickedness in high places;—of which he pointed to the towers as a lasting memorial. The Queen Duchess received very early intimation of this raging discontent; and the tower still called 'QUIQUENGROGNE' records the spirit in which she came to the conclusion of the whole matter—'Grumble who will, the thing shall stand: it is my will and pleasure.'

'Qui qu'en grogne, ainsi sera: c'est mon plaisir.'

The Bishop, having found all expostulation vain, threatened the royal lady with all the thunders of the Vatican,—but, carrying out her fanciful project with a high hand, she caused those words to be cut in high relief on a slab of granite and inserted in the masonry of the tower, at the Porte St. Thomas: and though the Revolutionary rabble of 1793,—the scum and dregs of the population,—endeavoured to obliterate every syllable, it is not difficult to descry here and there one or two of the thirty-eight letters.

Being thus brought, as it were, face to face with this illustrious Duchess, of whom one hears such frequent mention in Brittany, it may be well to introduce a brief mention of her romantic life's beginnings. Francis the Second, the last Duke of the Province, left at his decease, two daughters, Anne and Isabeau. The former was born on the 26th January, 1477, and was called to the ducal throne when only fourteen years of age. Our Henry VII. had then been King of England five years. She was betrothed to Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, King of the Romans, and assumed the title of Queen of the Romans. The French Court earnestly wished her to form an alliance with the Royal Family ;—Louis of Luxemburg, cousin of the King,—and the Count of Angoulême, and the Duc de Nemours, being severally named ; but Anne said she was already the affianced Queen of the Romans ; and if she must break the vow thus contracted, she would not do so except to wed a King or the son of a King. She married, accordingly, Charles VIII. at Château Langean, in Touraine, on the 6th of December, 1491 : the Pope sending a dispensation, eight days afterwards, to release her from her engagement to Maximilian, on whom she had never set eyes ; the betrothal having been made by proxy. Charles died in 1498, without issue ; and Louis of Orleans (Louis XII.) married the young widow, now twenty-two years of age, at Nantes, on the 7th of January in the year following. It would appear from the

page of History, that this interesting young Princess had noticed with some degree of partiality the Duke of Richmond, at that time a refugee at the Court of the Duke of Brittany. Had they married, she would have become Queen of England; for by the death of Richard III. (who himself had entertained thoughts of proposing for her hand!) the Duke of Richmond became Henry VII.

These chronicles attach no light interest to the name of Anne of Brittany, on our first entry into the old province; seeing how great the probability was of our own nation hailing in her person a Queen Consort. Henry VII. testified his regard for her, when she was affianced to Maximilian, by sending a body of troops to aid her in resisting the encroachments of France, which, as the history relates, ceased and determined by her union with its Sovereign! but military expeditions were slow of accomplishment in those days: the army from England arrived too late to rescue Duke John (Anne's father) from severe defeat at the hands of the French; and he died, at the early age of fifty-three, of sheer grief and overwhelming anxiety. The alliance, therefore, with her conqueror was a timely act of policy, and quite characteristic of the woman.

To return, however, to the tower walls: The tower next to "Anne's" is called 'La Générale.' Possibly, the drummers who, in case of alarm, used to go forth into the streets with their resounding tattoo which is called 'La Générale' may have been lodged

in this stern round-casemate, and, for aught I know to the contrary, it may still contain a guard-room and a canteen. The town watch, however, consisted, till towards the close of the eighteenth century, of guardians of the night, whose tongues have never failed to make themselves heard in every age, "ere drums and parchment were invented." Old Rome's capitol, we read, was once saved by Geese. From an early period, up to the year 1770, the Malouins used to let loose at nightfall a large number of mastiffs. It was the established belief of the people that those dogs were lineal descendants of the celebrated breed which, according to Strabo, were employed by the armies of the Gauls to fly, in the first assault of battle, upon their enemies the Romans. The seal of the Town Hall Authorities up to the eighteenth century used to exhibit a shield of arms argent, with a *dog* gules. The modern heraldic device is a portcullis surmounted by an ermine passant.

However, as might have been anticipated, when the population increased and the citizens circulated in greater numbers about the streets, after nightfall, these fierce champions of order proved to be a great nuisance, snapping at the citizens' calves and shins in undiscriminating caprice, or howling in morbid discontent when they should have been pacing their rounds in silent observation and vigilance; and in the ninth year of the reign of Louis XVI. they were summarily deposed. It was a timely reform, no

doubt. My own experience, on the first night of my sojourn in St. Malo's chief hostelry, led me to form very decisive opinions on the Canine Guard; having been kept awake for five hours by the barking of some dissatisfied and noisy brute on, or very close to, the premises. The people in the house thought nothing was amiss, and seemed to rejoice in having such a waking sentinel: but the Malouins regard everything that belongs to them and to their island-home to be unexceptionable; and their old men speak, with an exultation which grates on the ear, of the Privateers that used to run out from this port and make havoc among our traders during the Long War. The conceit, indeed, of these islanders is ultra-French: they call themselves neither Frenchmen nor Bretons, but Malouins! 'It was a Malouin that discovered Canada.' This is one of their vaunts. 'Jacques Cartier was that great man. Two hundred and thirty-six years have passed away since that scientific navigator opened a passage for you English into your finest Western Colony.' They likewise exalt the memory of another of their townsmen who in 1711 took Rio Janeiro,—Duguay Trouin—'the terror,' they assure us, 'of the English!'

When I walked round to see what kind of quarters the adjoining Hôtel de France was likely to have been, I found its frontage,—in the little court-yard,—signalized by four statues, *magni nominis*, which are supposed to shed a halo of importance, if not of 'la gloire' (so essential to a Frenchman's hap-

piness!) around the old inn, irrespectively of Chateaubriand whose birthplace is shown in the bedroom floors. One of these impersonated Arthur Duke of Brittany:—(whose magnificent effigy in bronze I remember to have seen by Maximilian's tomb in Inspruck): another represented Cartier: the third is some 'great unknown,' for no name is attached to it; but I gave Madame Blanchard credit for preserving with all care 'the counterfeit presentment' of my old acquaintance the prototype of Garibaldi on the high seas, Jean du Bart,—(who, by-the-by, set Newcastle on fire!)—and was presented by Louis XIV. with a patent of nobility which he would never take up. Doubtless the hostess thinks that in thus furbishing up annually these remembrances of national enterprise and valour she *does only the right thing*;—the very course of conduct for which the 'old salt' last mentioned told *le grand monarque* to his face he gave him credit when informed by him, at a reception in the Tuileries, that he had made him a Commodore!

"—— Rude in speech
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace,"

he was a man after the Malouin's own heart, and though not a native (for he was born at Dunkirk) he is still held in admiration as *un vainqueur des Anglois*.

There are many hands employed in the Dock, where vessels to the amount of three thousand tons are annually built for the Newfoundland and Eng-

lish coasting trade: but the old notion of fitting out privateers is never likely to be revived; a salutary conviction prevailing that our present marine artillery would blow them, in the twinkling of an eye, out of the water. We are spoken of as having spent millions in constructing 'bâtiments de guerre effroyables.' So much the better! I expressed myself to be quite of that opinion.

There is something, however, staunch and sound which I like in the character of these Malouins. Their opposite neighbours in St. Servans basely fraternized in 1790 with the Revolutionary republicans, and adopted their king-destroying, God-denying principles, while the men of St. Malo stood steadfast in the old paths; a schism which to this day makes its influences felt: for I discovered within twenty-four hours that the people of one town identify not themselves as citizens with those of the other. Surely it is time that the old feud were healed. The Empire, which was founded sixty-five years since, made them fellow-subjects, and sharers in all the glories of La Grande Nation; and, agreeing to differ as they may, they are all incontestibly French. In fact, from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century, France was indebted to both stations for all the credit or discredit (?) entailed by her most desperate and dare-devil pirates!

23*rd*.—Again on the ramparts, looking out to sea, over the hard sands, where twenty-five bathing machines were in active requisition; one horse drawing

two. These machines, very dissimilar to ours in England, are constructed entirely of wood, and bear an exact resemblance to a small tent or marquee, which they are intended to imitate. They run upon cast-iron wheels eighteen inches in diameter.

The islets seemed more numerous than when I first saw them in the dusk overnight. Whenever there is space enough for the requisite platforms, they carry cannon. The largest, Fort Napoleon, reminded me of the outstanding marine battery at Ambleteuse, near Boulogne.

Sate down to my first breakfast in St. Malo: a half-pound lump of *pain de ménage* (household bread), and the same ration of *salt* butter. Nothing better was forthcoming, though I asked for the best: and, in fact, these people ignore any morning repast earlier than ten o'clock, and less heavy than the dinner-like collation of fish, flesh, fowl, and wine on which they literally *dé-jeûnent;* break their fast. No adequate provision is made for our simpler taste beyond coffee and milk; and it was only at Morlaix and Quimper that *petits pains* (small rolls) were procurable; and that not daily. We are still, doubtless, regarded as the nation lamentably deficient in taste, whom Voltaire impudently characterized as having a hundred creeds and only one sauce: (melted butter, probably!) and, like a proscribed subject, I withdrew from the immense saloon and seventy covers to enjoy a second breezy promenade upon the ramparts. This ten-feet width of

elevated pavement opposite to the Pharos is skirted by a fosse twenty-five feet in depth, where, by looking over the parapet on the town side, may be seen a vast array of cannon-balls for artillery of all calibres [48, 36, 24, 18, 12-pounders], and heaps of the cylindrical shot; eight hundred piled in pyramids. These were brought from Vincennes. There must have been half a million of balls in this repository; all well varnished to prevent oxydization. The carriages are laid up in the largest of the round towers, and the powder magazine is at the extremity nearest to the tower. In recesses on the seaward side of the rampart were twelve cannons (18-pounders) mounted. There is a frontage of many noble houses behind one portion of the ramparts which constitutes a really handsome feature in the town. They stand in the Rue de Toulouse, and from their second-floor windows command a view of the offing and lighthouse. They were occupied in the reign of Louis XIV. by merchants whose business realized handsome fortunes in far distant lands, and are still the residences of the most opulent; but the maritime and commercial importance of St. Malo has dwindled in the present century from the period at which America and the Northern ports overflowing with produce, (brought down to them from the interior by railway,) began to supersede the comparatively limited dealings with Breton traders. I was given to understand, nevertheless, when conversing with well-informed parties on these subjects, that the range of duties on mer-

chandize brought upon the quays indicates exports and imports to the amount of about ninety thousand tons annually. Ships are launched from the yards, year after year, amounting in gauge to three thousand tons; and the collective number of vessels registered in the Port as Malouin keels comprehend a total of thirty thousand tons. These statistics were obtained from a very sensible 'long headed' settler, seemingly prosperous in his ventures, whom I descried superintending the washing out of several empty hogsheads, which I supposed were to be filled with water for a sea voyage; but he proved to be a Warwickshire man engaged in the butter trade, which is here carried on to a very considerable extent. He said he alone exported fifteen thousand tons every year, and three million and a half of eggs—[I thought of the salt butter at 'La Paix!'] and added, that the Malouins could outsell the Irish. Our Bedfordshire eggs were on sale at this date at a shilling a score. He was giving sevenpence-halfpenny a dozen—the same price. I had not left him above ten minutes when chance threw me in the way of a hearty sea-captain of Wells in Norfolk, who had brought a cargo of coal from Hartlepool, and was about to sail for Falmouth with white and red wheat of the harvest just reaped. It was but a small craft he had in port, of about a hundred and forty tons; a sort of 'Billy-boy;' but he said there would be ample business to transact in this way for even the small class of traders here mentioned, were it not for the steamboats, which

were always able to get to the markets many days in advance, and so forestall him. St. Malo exports corn and colza seed, cider and tobacco, in large consignments. Cider was realizing thirty shillings the hogshead of forty-eight gallons. I told him that when in Somersetshire in the year 1829-30, I bought it at half that figure. He said cider was dear in Brittany, and so was flour at twopence-halfpenny the pound of sixteen ounces. While talking about the coal trade in the North, he spoke of the Haswell main, about two miles and a half from Durham, as the pit that yielded by far the finest coal. St. Malo, he said, was too dear a market to provision his boat. He had victualled it for a ten days' voyage before he left our shores; "and we shall hold out well, all four of us, on British grub." He explained "all four" by telling me he had a wife and two children on board! It was amusing to hear him relating stories of Sittingbourne and Faversham alternately with recollections of Galatz and the Danube, and intermingling descriptions of Maltese custom-house officers with reminiscences of the navigation of the Swin, Sheerness, and Milton Creek; and then resuming the tale of some of his bad Breton bargains.

He was leaning on the parapet of the rampart during these ruminations,—

"—— and thence we look'd towards England,"

but not to "cite up a thousand heavy times," for it was very manifest how much more congenial to his

taste the Ouse was than the Rance, and Shields than St. Servans: and I suppose the generality of these men are like fish out of water when coming in contact with the foreigner whose ways they understand not, whose notions they despise, whose language they can barely speak so as to conclude agreements with accuracy and reciprocal satisfaction, and whose money dealings are often very complicated. Though they convey to our country many loads of the seed, they rarely venture on purchases of colza *oil*. The adulteration of it in France is of such frequent occurrence with nut and linseed as to imperil every consignment: and it is notorious that the French come over to our country to purchase the very ingredients out of which they compound the spurious article; just as the Italians buy cotton-plant seed to bruise it, and, after extracting all its dark colour, actually make out of it an oil, which they send to England as fine salad oil!

By train to Dol—a run of three-quarters of an hour. Here, with sketch-book in hand, I hoped to have brought away many *souvenirs* of the old, mediæval town; but rain fell almost incessantly. This is the place immortalised in the eighteenth section of the celebrated Bayeux Tapestry, where the inscription, in letters of worsted, saith:—"They [the Norman army] reached Dol, and Conan began to retreat." At that period—1066—the baronial lord of Dol was at war with Conan, who laid siege to him in his own town. A man is seen (in the

tapestry) gliding down by a rope from the walls, who is supposed to be about to hasten off to the Duke of Normandy to report the state of the besieged. The Normans approach; Conan flies, and seeks refuge with his troops in Rennes, his usual place of residence.

Even a youth unread in archæology would, upon entering the main street of DOL, be impressed with the belief of its being a very ancient town. So remote as 1022 years ago a coronation was solemnised in it, when Nomenoe, elected to be King of Bretagne, was with great ceremonial inducted into his sovereignty; but between that period and the Norman invasion of England, Dol was again and again pillaged and burnt by its ruthless neighbours the Normans. In the year preceding the Conqueror's descent on our shores he took possession of it; and from that date it became the prey successively of the English, the Normans, and the Breton Dukes and Counts, but eventually fell to France in 1487, when Charles VIII. effected the conquest of Brittany. The land could hardly be said to have enjoyed rest before the seventeenth century, when France throughout her provinces felt the full benefit of settled government under Louis XIV. The Great Revolution, as a matter of course, involved this town in no light trouble; and the history of the conflict between the Republican forces marshalled under Napoleon's favourite generals, Kleber and Marceau, when brought into collision with Henri

de la Roche Jaquelin, reads like a romance. The Vendean forces drove the legions of the Convention from post to post, till, after two days' unavailing struggle, they fled in rout and consternation to Rennes.

Dol, however, had always been a battle-ground. In its position as a frontier town it was, at the first, a bulwark against the incursions of the ever-restless and encroaching Normans, and held out, on every occasion of assault, with undaunted resolution; but it felt to its cost the influence of all the contentions that from time to time distracted and harassed Brittany. In the space of 800 years the populations by which the place was inhabited, between the eleventh and eighteenth century, were involved in no less than fourteen sieges or general actions; and there is not a town in the empire that has made such a valiant stand against invasion. The men-of-war that fought from her ramparts had to resist in succession the Kings of the North, the Breton Dukes, the sovereigns of England, the native legions of Charles VIII., Henry IV., and the Republic of 1790—a military chronicle which may well make us regard those people the happiest who enter not into the pages of history! The Vendean army, in La Roche Jaquelin's day, "covered themselves," to use an old military phrase, "with glory." Under pressure of severe deprivations — without provisions, shoes, or shirts, they drove Napoleon's generals from the walls, and rid the town of them for ever.

The archæologists of the district would fain lead us to believe that DOL was originally peopled by a colony from our side of the water, in the sixth century. I could not call to mind any place in Great Britain bearing the name of 'Domnonée;' and thought Dolgelly, in Merionéthshire, might better serve their turn in this particular. Baldric, however, a chronicler of the twelfth century, has recorded that a British subject, named Samson—a needy friar, in fact—coming over from a small British principality known as Domnonée, and wandering with his companions under great privations, and in *dolour* (!), found a resting-place at last, and called it 'DOL,' as though to commemorate the hardships encountered by the primitive settlers.

Considering how 'deadly lively' the streets are, it might well be called 'DOLENT' in the day that now is; as a field, situate at half a league's distance from it, actually is, where stands a dolmen or Druidical stone thirty feet high, on which some energetic and active Christian has fixed a cross. The petrified *tristesse* and melancholy aspect of the town is, after all, exclusively attributable to the dark colour of the granite with which all the houses are constructed. Even this is brilliancy itself compared with what would have been the case had not the bricklayers and plasterers covered every house with a coat of white stucco, leaving the reveals, labellings, copings, and jutting friezes, whether of wood or of granite, untouched. There is white-

facedness, therefore, everywhere; but this contrast only makes the native ferruginous stone stand out more *prononcé* in its darkness. Much, also, of the timbering is painted in a deep coffee colour; but the pillars, corbels, statuettes, crockets, scrolls, cusps, and whatever else the Norman and Breton chisels have shaped, in the original framing and adornment of these primitive dwellings, still exhibit the sombre and sad-coloured granite. This stucco, or, in its stead, a limewash, appears throughout the whole of Brittany, producing everywhere the same disadvantageous appearance; but the "people," as Jeremiah says, "love to have it so," and consider it a happy idea.

The greatest part of the town would seem to have been built, as some of the streets in La Rochelle are, with arcades; then the continuous passage was by degrees closed, and each house with partitioned frontage had its porch. Now these porches are rapidly disappearing; but I availed myself of one for temporary shelter during the rain, and made a finished drawing of the three granite pillars that supported the floors above—very beautiful as they were in their simple elegance—the capitals strongly reminding me of those perfect Norman specimens at Quillebœuf, which I published in 1855. Seated beneath this porch was an elderly woman wearing a very high stiffened muslin cap, not unlike a revolving ventilator, and suggestive of the English headdress of the fourteenth century. It was en-

riched throughout its edges with excellent tambour work, and clean as laundresses' labour could render it; the sides, or what might be termed cheek-pieces, completely screened the profile of the wearer; and the aptitude and accordance of the costume to the ancient dwelling was very remarkable.

While, unperceived of the industrious dame, I transmitted this characteristic specimen to drawing-paper, I had to listen to one of the most lugubrious chants that ever rose upon the air to make life's day mournful, and the soul of a man heavy and disquieted within him. It was from a wandering mendicant, who had begun at the top of the street half-an-hour previously, and had now approached that ancient hostelry of Dol, 'La Grande Maison;' and was taking up a standing-place with speculation on a few centimes from my relish of his performance, in which there were but six notes (key-note altogether wanting!), giving out what sounded like five bars from the old French air of 'Charmante Gabrielle;' but this was my fancy. It was a *cantique* peculiar to the beggars of the province; and if Discontentment and Melancholy had composed the strain as the most emphatic expression of their morbid refusal to be comforted by anything on earth that this world could offer, 'the dismals' it generated could not have been more depressing. With a feeling of delight I heard mine hostess of 'La Grande Maison' shout out to this son of lamentation, beseeching him to make the

best of his way a hundred paces lower down, which, surmising there might be more kicks than halfpence laid aside for him in this proscribed quarter, he incontinently did; and I subsequently heard "that strain again: it had a dying fall,"—the wind fortunately wafting all its misery in the direction of Fougères on the frontier, and then I breathed again cheerily. I ought to record, *à propos* of the pillars in Dol, that one of those which faced 'La Grande Maison' was diagonally fluted; not exactly what we term a twisted column, but grooved by serpentine incisions, the effect of which was very striking, and seemed, indeed, too ornate for the capital surmounting it, which was the work evidently of a primitive artist in stone, whose chiselled representations of a dog and a cock exhibited some vague notions on animal structures. The occupants of these houses sit outside the shops or parlours under the porches, and between pillars that were raised in the day of Philippe de Valois; and from the casements of the chambers resting thereon did the great-grandchildren of the earliest tenants shout 'Vive la Reine!' to Anne of Brittany;—so full of grey antiquity is the place.

At the further end of the main street, where it formerly touched the town walls, the remains of one of the ancient gates are still visible, as are the grooves through which the portcullis used to fall; and here I saw the materials and *débris* of a house that had just been pulled down, the thickness of

its sole remaining wall being of four feet. It must have been part of a tower—an adjunct to the town walls, which may still be traced to a considerable extent around Dol from this point, right and left. Here, too, are old mansions displaying corbels, friezes, panels, entablatures, statuettes, and oaken pilasters in the frontages upheld by quaint and massive pillars, the introduction of which into such buildings plainly indicates the wealth and rank of their earliest occupants. In fact, the escutcheons projecting in so many of these decaying domiciles denote their original appropriation, and it is not without a shock that one sees such interesting homes of antiquity transformed into the receptacles of chandlers' store of the coarsest and most unsavoury varieties; rank tallow and soft soap filling up recesses, where turned arches and carved brackets and diapered panels protest in vain against grease and stench; and rushlights lie in heaps on sculptured granite slabs that would form, without alteration or addition, venerable stone altars. Within a pace or two of this illustration of base uses (where it required not any strong imagination to trace the noble dust of a Du Guesclin till it was found stopping a bung-hole), stood the premises of one Rouhalt, a dyer—a mansion which might have been purchased to be preserved, as Shakspere's birthplace is at Stratford, as a singularly perfect sample of the residences of the Breton merchants—men that made terms with Henry II. and with John forty years

afterwards, and encountered from age to age the vicissitudes, losses, and horrors of war—a condition of things with which Brittany through many a generation remained far more familiar than with the prosperity attendant on national peace. Many a pillar did I see this day which, had it stood in the Abbey cloisters at Westminster, would have been signalised as a pattern of mediæval taste and handiwork, photographed and published in the archæological journals, adopted by unerring Scott, lectured upon by the successors of Barry and Pugin, and imitated in many a chancel and chapel; yet these beautiful relics are to be sought out amid grease and defilement, marine-stores and pawnshops, and whatever else meets the eye or nose, where small profits and quick returns are felt to be far more precious and interesting than mediæval reminiscences or the flower of all France in the olden time. Just before I proceeded to the Cathedral it occurred to me to turn off to the left down a very narrow dark passage, at the extremity of which I had discerned some trees; and here, to my astonishment, I saw a square mansion, modernized to a great extent, from which projected two pinnacled *tourelles*, those charming little round towers out of which the old architects so frequently constructed stairs and boudoirs. They constitute the principal features of royal and baronial castles, and, except where they are redundant and tend to encumber the pile out of which they rise, are always pleasing to the eye. The

largest number I have ever seen on one edifice was at Glammis Castle, the princely residence of the Earl of Strathmore. While a guest within those ancient walls, 'where the eloquent air breathes, burns with' the romance of 700 years of Scotland's history, I ascended to the roofs, and beheld actual clusters of these stone cylinders, the appearance of which was more fantastic than pleasing. The Scotch, Lord Strathmore said, were herein copyists of the French, and introduced a charming embellishment which in England is comparatively rare. These two in DOL appear in my sketch-book, and I should have comprised some of their surroundings but for the intolerable stench of a sewer close to the only spot whence a view could be taken, and which warned me to decamp ere the miasma should generate a gastric fever. We should not be over nice when reconnoitring among open drains and gutters, but there was something *ultra* in this nook and corner, which gave out a combination of the washings of a gun-barrel, a dead dog, and decayed onions, savouring always of assafœtida.

On the other side of the main street, exactly opposite, was a recess over which a building had been raised, where two carts were standing; and, having occasion to pass these on my way to the picturesque porch where I had begun my morning's work, I was not a little surprised to discover behind them a doorway moulded in stone, with a foliated arch, crockets and finials in perfect condition,—and

indeed, every part, from the plinths to the apex, as sharply and beautifully defined as the whole had been left in the fifteenth century. There had been an arcade, but the arches had been barbarously bricked up. A wider and plainly constructed arch was alongside, through which a long court was entered; but it was very manifest that this was the entry into a Maison Religieuse, a monastery or convent in the days of Francis I.—a date comparatively modern in DOL, whose first streets were laid out a hundred years before Dagobert I. was king. As is mostly the case, no one could give the slightest information relative to this very elegant remnant of palmy days in the town. All that the nigh dwellers knew about it was that the spot went by the name of the 'Cour aux Charretiers'—in other words, a square opening where waggoners and tumbril-drivers were glad enough to put up their vehicles. To such vulgar appropriations must the fairest monuments of Art and pure taste sink, in the decadence of empire and the transfers or spoliation of territory. Where Church and State have from time to time shared overthrow, and Utilitarianism superseded all veneration for the holy or beautiful, temple and tower have gone to the ground, and artists and antiquarians alone are left to take thought for what may remain. I did take thought, and sketches, too, on this occasion so long as I could endure the smell prevailing around, which, being a counter-blast to the vapours opposite, already

particularised, drove me off in the course of twenty minutes.

The Cathedral proved worthy of a careful survey. It is named after the Saint already mentioned—St. Sampson, whose wanderings led him to these parts in A.D. 540. It is regarded, and justly, as one of the finest Gothic edifices in Brittany; illustrating the most florid taste of the Renaissance, and owing its progress towards completion and its final perfection to the architects and builders that were employed for that purpose between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries:—a long interval; yet so faithfully were the primitive design and style carried out by successive generations, that the whole of that fine structure bears every appearance of having been begun and finished by the same artificers. It was iniquitously defaced and injured by the atheistical wretches that made havoc of churches and all that was sacred in 1793, and the generally impoverished revenues of the Church in France have not here, more than elsewhere, availed to restore what was lost, though much has been attempted. The shower of rain which was falling as I drew nigh to the precincts drove me at once into the porch of the south transept. It appeared to me the largest I had ever seen. In early times it was called the Episcopal Porch. The sides are open, and display such mullions, as are seen in tall windows of the fourteenth century: they are also enriched with covings formerly filled in with sta-

tuettes and foliations of very beautiful design. Fragments alone remain of the statues, the effect of which in their entirety must have been very remarkable; for it is evident that they were executed with great labour and a minute attention to outline and detail; and the grouping in all these accumulations of the human figure—including, very often, portraits of individuals of note in the town or province—is mostly excellent. I paced this porch, and found it thirty-three feet long and twenty-seven feet wide. The arch through which the Cathedral is here entered contained formerly forty-eight statues,—twenty-four on either side of the apex; and the stone pillar rising from the central stone of the threshold is faced with a statue six feet high, below which is a pedestal from which projects a stone *bénitier* for consecrated water; the said pedestal accurately resembling an ancient Roman altar. The axes and hammers of the Revolutionists mutilated all these objects grievously, and hacked down the beautiful six-light windows which adorned this porch. In the curves of the western window,—some vestiges of which still remain,—I discerned the fragments of eighty-eight statuettes, which, according to the style of the French Gothic, supplied the place of mouldings. Running above these windows are exquisitely constructed parapets or dwarfed galleries, pierced with wheel orifices of the most elegant design,—the effect of which is, even now, exceedingly

beautiful. These fortunately escaped the pole-axes and battering implements of the execrable miscreants who in the days of the Paris Convention overran the provinces when the Government of the day had decreed that there was no God;—though the base of the parapet is not above twenty feet above the ground. The columns on either side of the doors appear as fresh as when they were erected in the thirteenth century. At the portal entry are two composite buttresses, forming a very majestic introduction to the interior; each treated as a separate work of Art. They are enriched with trefoiled niches and surmounted by crocketed pinnacles as headings, all which, however ornate, tend to make the structure rather too ponderous: the buttress assuming the proportions of a massive four-sided pier presenting three faces. In respect, however, of proportion and ornament, this must be one of the most beautiful porches in the West of France. The Interior of this Cathedral is very impressive. Its length extends to four hundred feet (forty feet longer than our Westminster Abbey Church), and the height of the transepts exceeds eighty-four. These are of the thirteenth century. Nine apsidal chapels are thrown out from as many arches in the choir, and there are several windows displaying stained glass (modern) of no ordinary character; those which come into sight behind the high altar, when viewed from the west end, being coruscant in beauty. But the feature most deserving of close inspection is in the apsidal

chapel standing direct east, where there is a splendid specimen of glass of the thirteenth century, in a window thirty-six feet high and twenty-four wide. The main subject is 'The Last Judgment;' but there are numerous compartments, illustrating the Old Testament. Below is a section depicting the legend of St. Sampson, in which Satan is seen blowing with tremendous force against the sails of the vessel which conveys the holy friar to the coast of Brittany. Another glass panel represents him at the Court of Childebert II., A.D. 575.

The granite font, of which I made a drawing, must be of high antiquity. A *fleur de lis* is distinctly visible on it. On the whole, there is really much to admire both within and without. I ought not to omit mention of the traceries and panels sunk within the faces of the south-eastern buttresses. They are not comparable with those at York Minster, but may be classed with some of the best Gothic decorations in France, and, fortunately, are uninjured by either the corrosion of time or the spoliation of man. The only alloy that mars the general excellence of the ancient work consists in what has been done by those unpitying foes to all that is pure and good in masonry, sculpture, or carpentry—the Churchwardens of the present century, every item of whose work of 'restoration' or improvement (!) is a defilement, only to be equalled by the plaster and whitewash (occasionally yellow wash) that have now and then, if not at present, been exhibited to

view in our own churches. I remember having seen, in the year 1829, a very large extent of the inner walls of the magnificent church at Sherborne, coated with Roman ochre, picked out with black stripe! But this abomination has, doubtless, long since been swept away.

The local Clergy abroad are, in almost all cases, deplorably ignorant of the prescriptive laws of Taste in this matter; and wherever we find correct and beautiful restoration, the work has been executed under the direction and superintendence of duly qualified architects commissioned from Paris. The State, however, seems to limit its grants, which of late years have been certainly munificent (it is not difficult to guess wherefore), to such Cathedrals as still retain a Bishop. The last Bishop of DOL was massacred in 1795. The dissolution of the Chapter, following upon the demise of the prelate, was an event of which the deplorable result is but too manifest in the present day. When the canons and all the ecclesiastical body ceased to enjoy their revenues and to spend them freely in the town, all activity in business ceased, and the population, inhabiting a place which is now without the slightest ecclesiastical or civil importance, lives on, as it were, from hand to mouth, on the recollections alone 'di tempo felice,' which, under the pressure of saddening influences, actually verging upon a 'tempo di miseria,' is, according to the Italian poet's exclamation, a grief unsurpassable in intensity of dolour.

THE train left for St. Malo soon after my return to the Station. I found myself in company with a French lady and gentleman, accompanied by their daughter, who had visited England in 1862 to see our International Exhibition. They spoke enthusiastically in favour of our country, where, it appeared, they had made the best use of their time. The high civilization and refinement of our best London homes had made powerful impressions, awakening simultaneously very sincere regrets that France would never attain to such fitness of things—never be able to enjoy those proprieties and comforts which, to their astonishment, seemed to prevail in many a grade below the position of the "Upper Ten Thousand." The apartments in even our inferior houses were themes of wonder;—the whole organisation of supply and convenience, and the discipline and regularity which appeared to pervade the most crowded and busy districts of the capital, without the intervention, so it seemed, of visible authority, or the agencies of any functionaries appointed to exert control,—had led these foreigners to regard us as a self-governing people, contributing, all of us, to each other's well being and security, through our innate love of order, and our quiet, sensible conformity to judicious rule.

It was not for me to dissipate such favourable opinions, and, in point of fact, I believe them to be well founded. The temperament of the two nations differs widely; and Paris could not; if it would,

assimilate itself to London, while we might very wisely take a hint or two from the French metropolis: in the abolition of "crying nuisances" and in the matter of Police, most certainly. My travelling companions had seen Windsor and Greenwich Hospital, where the alto-relievos illustrating incidents in the life of Nelson (so they described it) had deeply interested them. It would have been amusing enough to learn more of their reminiscences, but our ride was but of forty minutes' duration; and, with interchange of many civil speeches and all that belongeth to an *entente cordiale*, we parted, to meet no more.

25th.—Over to St. Servan, where, as I have already said, it is to be presumed the "English resident at St. Malo" must be always quartered; for it is the only spot on which any of our people, having no relish for dirt or dulness, would be content to make their home in this archipelago of the West. The population amounts to twelve thousand, whereof the twelfth part is said to consist of our countrymen; though I much doubt it. All here looks modern; and withal is cheerful and clean. The very position of the town makes it attractive. It stands on the left bank of the Rance, separated from St. Malo by an arm of the sea, which has been converted into a floating dock; and directly one alights on *terra firma* from the water or from a carriage by the road carried round the locks, the contrast between its broad, bright, wholesome

streets and the filthy lanes of St. Malo is quite refreshing. Since the Revolution of 1792-4, St. Servan has been a distinct parish, and the home of French families of moderate independent fortune; but many of the principal inhabitants acquire wealth as builders of ships, and as owners of many vessels engaged in the Newfoundland fishery. Being at once a military and naval port, however small, it comprehends a blended fraternity of merchants, traders, officers in the army and marine department, bankers, and civil functionaries, who constitute a very sociable circle; and there is a Club, of which many of the English are members. The streets are singularly pretty, if I may use the term; enlivened by numerous gardens, white frontages, and green-painted doors and shutters. There are little squares and arcades, promenades and *allées vertes*, planted with acacias, and exhibiting balconies and verandahs, on which geraniums, calceolarias, and creeping plants display their most brilliant hues, the effect of which at various openings is charming. The shops are of a superior style, and there was something about the place altogether which reminded me a little of Portsmouth. A new Town-hall is nearly completed: a large building of deep red-coloured brick with white stone facings; all the girders, joists, and rafters being of cast-iron. The houses at large are, of course, composed of the native granite; but their fronts and gables are profusely coated with either

limewash or white stucco; the reveals and window dressings only showing the dark stone, as usual. Before I began to ramble through the town, which is but three miles in its whole circuit, I went up the broad slope of the grassy ascent on which stands the Fort de la Cité,—a very strong position,—the guns of which would command the mouth of the Rance, and the roadstead seaward, but the batteries have long been dismantled. The view from this eminence is one of the most charming little panoramas on the whole maritime coast of France. There is a noble feature in the foreground—the ancient tower called 'The Solidar,' built upon a rock at the embouchure of the Rance, at the close of the fourteenth century, by Duke John IV. of Brittany. This was at the period of his contest with Josselin de Rohan, Bishop of St. Malo, for the sovereignty of that town. It consists, in fact, of *three* towers conjoined by three curtains, pierced for barbicans and surmounted by machicolations which project considerably all round the summit. As a little fortress on a judiciously chosen spot, it commands two bays; and being enforced by the hill batteries just mentioned, the defences of St. Servan are complete; but it is a peaceful, unmolested, and unoffending home, and the strength of its population lies not in long range or rifled ordnance, but in sixty or seventy trading vessels, comprehending at least eleven thousand tons, which take the lead in distributing stock fish all over France. There was a family here that

bequeathed a good name, better than riches, to their townsmen. Messieurs Magon de Terlaye and Magon de la Gervaisais, natives of St. Servan, were Lieutenant-Generals in the Royal Army in 1738 and 1753, and left a relative, Magon de la Balue, who was banker to the Court and to the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.). He himself, and eight members of his family,—attainted as devoted adherents to the King, a brother, daughter, and six grandchildren and cousins—lost their lives on the scaffold. Admiral Magon, another relative, was killed in the Battle of Trafalgar, A.D. 1805.

I would advise every one who visits St. Malo to cross over to St. Servan and enjoy the prospect from its heights. The river Rance, on a fine warm day in July, when not a breath of wind was felt, lay placid as a lake, reflecting the cloudless sky; the whole surface being of the finest turquoise blue, and the river banks exhibiting large trees feathering down to the water's edge, as at Mount Edgcumbe, in Devonshire.

St. Malo, beheld from this eminence, seemed no larger than the area of Lincoln's Inn Fields; but the round towers stood out in magnificent prominence, and invested the island with an importance which in the day of Louis XII. must have commanded respect from the most daring invaders. With annals to show of thirteen centuries, it is of no insignificant pretensions as a maritime out-post, and

enters intimately into the history of France; and in this light the traveller must regard it, condoning its dark alleys and bad odours, and whatever else may have contributed to establish a belief in many a mind besides the writer of these remarks, that it is the dullest and most uninviting spot in Brittany. The memorandum appended to some of the guide-books that the Hôtel de la Paix enjoys celebrity for its 'cuisine' is not borne out by any facts that might here be recorded. The daily dinner was not above par, and occasionally even below it. The fish was always of a wretched kind; the vegetables were execrably bad; and several dishes with high-sounding names were mere trash. Among other horrors, we were served with a shoulder of mutton (!) as tough as a five-year-old pelican of the wilderness. There were only two Englishmen in the house besides myself. The 'hôte' has nothing to fear on the score of shortcomings or impenetrable tissues at his "table" when this is the case; for the class of *natives* that feed at these boards will eat, and can digest anything, without comment or colic; a condition of mind and stomach as enviable as it is wonderful.

Under the brilliant advantage of a cheerful sunshine, I hired a calèche to convey me to the Rochers de Cancale. In Paris, some years since, this would have meant that I betook myself to a restaurant where the nicest of epicures might regale to his heart's great contentment: but in the Bay known

by this name, of which present mention is made, there is not at any hour of the day or night either fish, flesh, or fowl to furnish forth, on the sudden, any repast on which a stray traveller might with certainty rely as his *pabulum* for the day. Silence, solitude, forsakedness mark the spot; but it amply requites any trouble taken to visit it. On the road, we drove through Paramé,—about three miles from St. Malo,—a little bourg surrounded by villas and resorted to by the Malouins as St. Germain is by the Parisians; and now that Rochebonne, a neighbouring hamlet, has been annexed to it by a short railway, which leads to the seashore and bathing-machines, the opulent families of Rennes, fifty miles distant, occasionally come as visitors for a month or six weeks' bathing. The road we were taking was a hilly one, and the horse stood in need of hay and water at St. Colomb half an hour before the heights of Cancale came in view. His driver would not indulge the animal with such a luncheon as was served up to two others halting at the same house of call—to wit, mangold wurzel and Swede turnip! so we pushed onward, to meet the refreshing breeze that already wooed us from the coast, and we reached the spacious fishing village in fine clear weather, which enlivened all that was visible from the cliffs. At a glance I discerned the square plots marked out with stakes and stones to indicate the oyster-beds. The tide was far out, and the *pensionnat des huîtres*, as the French term it, was

visible to the extent of several miles, as at Granville. Beyond this the deep-sea fishing yields abundance of soles, which are in as great request in Paris as those of Dover and Southwold (formerly called Sole Bay) are in London. The population of the place, which seemed to me larger than Aldborough on the Suffolk coast, is upwards of 6600, the majority of whom are engaged, between April and November, in fishing; and I learned that upwards of two hundred boats go out and return with the tide, bringing in not only oysters in the drag-nets, but other 'yields;'—and every owner or hirer of a plot, knowing his particular spot for such deposit, leaves his catch of oysters there, and runs in with the scale fish to send it forward to the best market; the Paris agents for the most part bespeaking all the shell-fish, and leaving nothing for St. Malo, except by mere chance: as is the case at Brixham, on the Devonshire coast,—where some of the finest fish that reaches London is received almost alive and despatched by train to the metropolis, leaving the good people of the West to imagine *how well it will eat,* and what Groves will sell it for! Several of these boats were discernible at a distance of five miles, diminished by the distance to the size of mere walnut shells. Nearer, below cliff, about three quarters of a mile perhaps, were men, women, and children, straying far and further, to dig in the sand for small eels, crabs, and occasionally a

few oysters. As Edgar says in Shakspere's 'King Lear'—

> "The fishermen that walk upon the beach
> Appear like mice."

As may also be asserted of the poorest of the population at Lympstone, in Devonshire, a hundred of whom may sometimes be discerned at an immense distance, at low water, in the bed of the Exe, groping for mussels and cockles. Among them would be found a score at least of women wearing dark cloth tight pantaloons, which supersede the holding of the skirts on such a wet and quagmire-like surface.

These pickers generally consume what they find; but the bivalve shell-fish are not an insignificant haul in that part of England. At the present time especially (not but that the practice has prevailed ever since the railway was formed between Plymouth and Paddington), when oysters are dear morsels, the little *mystère de cuisine* which provides a fac-simile for them is in full operation—and more than a hundred pounds a year are paid for the carriage of mussels and cockles to Billingsgate, to supply the Londoners with *oyster* sauce! A prolonged residence on the banks of the Exe enlightened me on this particular.

The quiet and retirement, 'the world shut out,' of this spot was almost impressive. Nothing was stirring; 'not a sound was heard.' The blue expanse of the Bay with its Polynesia lay glistening

in beauty, unruffled by a breath of air. The eminence at a hazy distance on the right was Mount Dol; beyond would stand the heights of Granville, Corseulles, &c., overlooking sixty islets at least. On account of the mist arising from the heat, Mont St. Michel was only distinguishable at intervals. This bay, however, is named after it. The foreground forms a capital picture, and the pyramid-shaped rock rising immediately in front of the beach, 'composes' delightfully in the scene. A tiny light-house just off shore brightened up as white as a sea-gull; and had I been stationed on some uninhabited isle in the Pacific; I could not have found myself in greater tranquillity or more utter loneliness. To one familiar with the din of cities and the busy hum of men, where—

> "Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
> And all the streets with passing cries resound,"

(wherein Gay describes Paris, rather than London, as it now is)—the silence enjoyable in such a scene becomes a luxury. Contrasted even with St. Malo, it was striking enough; and St. Malo, though nasty, is certainly not noisy; but let no one who sets foot upon that island fail to visit the Rocks of Cancale. It may be said to be within walking distance, seven miles and a half only lying between the two places, and, *bien entendu* that the weather shall be unexceptionable for such excursion, there is hardly a nook or corner on the shores of France that will

more amply repay a two hours' stroll, or a seven-and-sixpenny drive—a little bit of information which my successors in travel will duly appreciate; for experience has taught me that while we ponder over maps and guides and time-tables, marking places that are brought into prominence by capital letters and appended notes of special commendation, it will only too often happen that an unpretending locality of this kind is considered in the light of its being "all very well, if there were but time," and we regain home to be told that, of all places in the neighbourhood of our head-quarters, we should have made a point of seeing *this*; and our *obliging* informant gives us "deserv'd vexation."

26*th*. Having overnight requested the master of 'La Paix' to provide me with coffee at twenty minutes before seven o'clock this morning, I entered his palatial saloon under an impression that I should thus make my usual simple breakfast. Nothing of the kind was procurable; and, as a substitute, much in the style of 'Cold without,' I was fain to betake myself to the usual lump of stale household bread, some salt butter, and a flask of—Carrara water.

Had I been lodged in some little wayside auberge, over whose door or window the notification might have been read, 'Ici on loge à pièd et à cheval,' I should have fared better. Blazing with a hundred lamps overnight, the gilded, gaudy, pretentious

'Salle à manger' suggested a very different state of things, a very superior management; but this is the great stigma attaching to all the vaunted Grands Hôtels of France: the acting managers in those showy establishments (mostly in the hands of a company) cannot, and probably never will, form the slightest conception of what we English mean to express by the word 'Comfort.' They have engrafted the term 'confortable' on their vocabulary; but all their notions of propriety, decency, cleanliness, and painstaking attendance are of so vague, indefinite, and contemptible a standard, as to leave us one and all in nine cases out of ten to shift for ourselves as well as we can, and commit the rest to a kind Providence. There appears to be an incapability characterising this class of individuals which causes them perpetually to fall short of the right thing in the right time and place, and to let men and their affairs and their expectations take their chance: for as to bustling activity and up and stirring determination to see all done well and everybody pleased, it is the concern furthest from their thoughts; and the comfortless makeshifts and desultory habits of the foreigners at large, even among men of a certain position, foster this *insouciance*. A French Count, if he find nothing ready, or no one at hand at an earlier hour than usual, will walk off, *sac en main*, and breakfastless; "C'est égal," he will eat later in the day. "N' y faites pas attention." He is not going to make a disturbance for "si peu de choses." He

will depart, observing that "ce sont des paresseux là!" but there is an end of it.

I was the only man of easy fortune under his roof. I occupied the landlord's "state apartments," and desired to be supplied with all that a traveller should enjoy, without calculation or expense; yet at twenty minutes before seven o'clock there were only three sleepy fellows, in their shirt sleeves, stirring about the premises; and (as I took for granted) no fire, no embers, or hot ashes in the kitchen. *Meminisse juvabit.* It is all very chastening, and subdues our passion for rambling and roving about; and this is the philosophical conclusion of the whole matter. But the facts remain; and, for the benefit of all who may follow in my footsteps, are they alone recorded.

What might befall next? *Nous verrons;* for whatever might be the *fainéantise* of master and men in the quarter I had just quitted, the Captain of the steam-boat just opposite, in harbour, had got *his* steam up, and at half-past seven the paddles began to revolve, which were to accomplish the voyage up the River Rance to DINAN. The little vessel was as crowded as our boats between Hungerford and Paul's Wharf. Not an Englishman was on board. One English lady, with a little daughter, who had not long since come over from Bengal, was the only British subject on deck. All else (and they were about 130 in number) appeared to be French tradespeople, mechanics, and servants, intermingled with what appeared to be 'country folk' making

holiday. Like their compeers in England, these all came on board with little baskets or parcels containing eatables; and before we had been a quarter of an hour on the water, whatever could be swallowed, fluid or solid, disappeared. We have read of the ploughboy who "whistled as he went, for want of thought." The parties I here advert to invariably begin to *eat*, on the same urgent account. This was above all other incidents of the scene noticeable in 1851 and in 1862, on the arrival of the same description of excursionists or holiday-makers within the mighty buildings in the Park and at Kensington. They came at eleven o'clock with full purpose to dine from their baskets and bags between one and two. By a quarter to twelve their mandibles had made a clear end of the amplest store of provision. To stare at the sublime and beautiful, the great and wonderful, was set down, of course, in the order of the day; but to hold out two hours and neither chew nor take a drop was not in Nature, as our domestic servants, those cormorants of the Metropolis (who acknowledge to five meals a day, and, like grazing sheep, are always nibbling something), will also attest; and, in those long glazed galleries of Paxton or Lucas, *ennui* originated early necessity of appeasing that exigeant god, the stomach, while cold beef and buns sweetly recommended themselves to other senses than that of the grand in Art or perfect in Science; and the result was that hundreds of these worthies might sometimes be found

masticating and reddening in aspect all in a row, and ruminant in groups afterwards, chewing the cud of sweet or bitter fancy till dusk. Our little voyage this morning commenced with the very same preludes, but more *in extenso;* for I will back one Frenchman or Frenchwoman against any two English men or women in the matter of eating. Their voracity and powers of assimilation are something non-natural and beyond ordinary belief.

A handsome iron-built steamer started for Jersey just as we left our moorings. It would accomplish the trip in three hours. Reversing the usual order of arrangement, every seat in the *bows* of the vessel was taken in a moment. This was to gain the first *coup d'œil* all the way up the river; but it seemed questionable whether we should, after a little while, see much more than a conglomeration of parti-coloured umbrellas (as befell me once on the first occasion of steaming up Loch Lomond), for rain began to fall most unlike a mere summer shower; no uncommon occurrence in Brittany, where umbrellas are heir-looms. However, with a spring and a slight jump, I cleared one ugly chest to perch myself on the upturned end of another, and brought my hat just below the boom, a point o' vantage from which, being three feet above the level of the gunwale, every object, right and left, became distinctly visible. At our first bend towards the left we came under that remarkable fort (de la Cité), to which I had toiled up hill, in torrid heat, when visiting St. Servan.

It stood up well to the eye, and, with Harbourg Fort, Bey Fort, and Fort Imperial, constructed on the isolated rocks that surround St. Malo, might bid defiance to any invaders threatening with artillery *of the past;* but what might befall the entire Archipelago on the approach of a war ship fitted with the latest improvement in projectiles is *tout autre chose;* though a station like St. Malo would in war time be rendered impregnable, being defended by similar ordnance. Almost immediately after gliding by the base of this promontory we came alongside of that picturesque old feudal tower, upwards of sixty feet high, called the 'Solidor,' and constituting, as I have already stated, the most interesting feature of St. Servan. It has stood since the day of Charles VI. of France, A.D. 1383; but the colour of the stone and the smooth uninjured surface of the masonry would induce any one to think it had been erected at the close of the last century. The aspect of the two towns, as the vessel began to leave St. Malo and St. Servan, was really very striking. The locks and flood-gates of both places show on a vast scale; and the former, in particular, presents the appearance of an immense redoubt, surmounted by the tower and spire of the Cathedral. Behind us was the Grand Bey (and Chateaubriand): the next islet, with its fort, is called the Little Bey; further out, Harbourg and Sézembre, with its lighthouse. The little pharos thrown out at the extremity of a short pier from St. Malo was so close to us, as we

passed, that a man's features were plainly discernible from it.

We entered the small bay of Dinard, a pretty village or bourg continually resorted to by the Malouins; and opposite to this, on our left, lay a declivous shore, green as a garden at midsummer, with trees, shrubs, and parterres of flowers, called the Vicomtée. This, also, is visited as often as Dinard, on account of its green lanes, shady walks, charming views, and villas, among which is the recently completed château of a certain Madame Feard, from the shrubberies of which the fair owner beholds in one glance all that has been already described, and much more; for she built her home upon an eminence, and, both at high and low water, gazes on a picture of no ordinary features, up and down stream. We stopped for a few minutes at Dinard to receive a party from the bathing establishment in that place, of which the Malouins speak in high commendation. It is fronted by fine hard sands, extending to the entire width of a semicircular hollow, where the machines were visible, and of which one would say it was the very 'snuggery' of salt water baths. The briny influx, however, must to a certain degree be diluted by the fluvial stream, as at Southend in Essex; but the French, stinted for water in their houses throughout the empire, are so fond of bathing, that wherever such an enjoyment, as they regard it, is procurable, they gladly enlist in their service any source contributory thereto, whether derived from ocean or

river. Dinard only ten years ago was but a diminutive hamlet, such as Pegwell Bay, near Ramsgate, was in the last century; but since 1860 some of the Malouin builders erected a few handsome mansions, which were speedily occupied; though the adjoining dwellings, simultaneously built, are of a mean description. This was an oversight; for at Trouville and Deauville on the Norman shore, to which the writings of Alexandre Dumas had attached celebrity, every respectable-looking house was bespoken previous to completion, and the speculators in brick and mortar of St. Malo, having awaked one morning and found Dinard famous, had to regret the absurdity of constructing comparative hovels where they might have realised immense profits from residences that would have been occupied at high rents by *gens comme il faut* from the neighbourhood.

We next confronted Corbières, where thriving trees actually dipped in the stream. Had the July sun been shining in its strength, as in last week, the beauty of this first entry into the Rance would have been transcendant. It recalled memories of the Dart in Devonshire; but even in the first ten minutes of our ascent of the Rance I found myself in far more delightful scenery. The tide from ocean was now astern, and impelled our boat most obligingly; so that we rushed in a hurry, as it were, past the diminutive rock in mid-stream called the 'Bizeux,' lying half-way across between the Vicomtée and the Servan shore, and suggesting the

design of a bridge, the central pier of which might easily be raised on this natural base. If Dinard had stood where the Pointe de Vicomtée overlooks the passages there would doubtlessly have been a suspension bridge long since.

Within another minute we were in full view of a living picture shelving down from a long range of undulating grass land, studded with forest trees and shrubs, which approached within fifty feet of the river, and conveyed the idea of a *tableau vivant* on a vast scale, in which every tint of green, from bronze to emerald, occupied just the spot where a good painter would have introduced it; and in two avenues which came successively in range of sight were stone or marble statues. These chases led into woods skirting parky enclosures, where clumps of chestnut and beech-trees, judiciously inserted, led one to look for the enviable mansion crowning all these charming effects of landscape gardening; but I saw none. The château lay further in. These were the grounds of La Briantais, close to which we headed a creek, supplying to this fair estate a fish preserve and a grand ornamental water-piece, down which the private canoes or skiffs would glide delightfully into the river. The bay of La Briantais is exactly in front of that of La Richardais, dominant over which is seen the château of Mont Marin, a conspicuous and pleasing feature; but the channel begins hereabout to be contracted most advantageously for artistic effects by a bifurcate headland,

called the Pointe de Cancaval, on the Vilaine side. To our left, exactly opposite to Mont Marin, projected a headland, on which stood a high-roofed edifice, with pinnacles and a low terrace planted with laurels, arbutus, tamarisks, and other shrubs, known only by the sinister name of the Maison des Egorgés—(the house of the slaughtered ones). I could gain no other information than that this part of the river was the station usually held during the Long War, 1793—1814, by those St. Malo privateers who proved such formidable adversaries to our trading vessels, and realised in twenty years an amount of fortune which rendered such cruises not a little popular. The Malouins called these freebooting captains 'the brave corsairs.' Possibly the 'Egorgés' may have been in some ugly manner associated with this rendezvous, or this might have been a house in which oxen were killed for victualling purposes connected with the shipping. The French often evince this bad taste in appellations. I have seen three 'Coupe-gorge' (cut-throat) streets, one of which was so named from the horrible circumstance of the whole of the original inhabitants having been murdered by the axe of the guillotine during the Reign of Terror.

Next came Jouvente Bay, or, as I should call it, Basin; for the contraction at Le Landriais Point between Jouvente and Pointe Cancaval is similar to that which succeeded to Briantais. This is a charming spot. In the returning sunshine a halo seemed

hovering around, from which it would have been doing violence to one's feelings to turn the eyes' gaze. The prospect ranges over a considerable breadth of land covered with agricultural produce, and dotted with rural objects that realise all we have read of 'The Cottager's Home' and the retired artisan's villa; for the white walls and shutters, and pavilions, and here and there a miniature Greek temple or cupola (such as are seen on the banks of the Thames—at Henley, for instance), bespoke the country house and its *plaisance;* and, in terspersedly, peeped out the thatched roofs, and barns, and dove-cotes, and ricks, which tell of farm-lands and well-lodged *metayers.* It was a delectable variety to gaze upon for a few moments after the frequently recurring headlands, promontories, cliffs, and crags we had already noted since we entered the river; and I overheard the French on board extolling it as "belles campagnes."

Just at this point, too, we encountered another of those little rocks which rise to the height of about twenty feet above the surface of the water; no very welcome interposition in dark nights, when high winds make the navigation exceedingly perilous. Perhaps the name given to this dreaded mass of granite of 'Notre Dame' refers to the 'Ave Maria' which bargemen or fishermen might be supposed to repeat in the moment of jeopardy. Not but that ten minutes after this was passed we caught sight of another still smaller on the left, in an arm of the

river preceding the great fluvial lake or mere of Suliac; for this little crag, lying close off shore, is called the 'Monk's Islet,' where, in the middle ages, a devotee, having erected for himself a cabin, and speculated on the precarious supplies of provision he might obtain from the fishermen and others navigating the stream, used to ring a great bell in the night time whenever the wind was roaring loud, and kindled a fire at the same time to let the boatmen know the exact position of the isle and the bearings. They, in return, used to bring to his hermitage logs of wood to feed the beacon, and loaves of bread to keep his own life in him. There are nights when the north wind and the absence of a moon involve the steerers of large or small vessels in no light danger about this part of the passage to and from Dinan; and the good services of the mediæval inhabitant of the rock are devoutly recorded; but the lights in Jouvente are now relied upon as the surest indicators of the *via salutis*.

Just about this point I saw a barge towed by two men on the right bank, and steered by an old woman who held an umbrella over her head. I should not have been surprised had she been 'paying the seams' or caulking the sides of the boat; for the old women in France have always seemed to me capable of doing young men's work on land and on water: their heads, their shoulders, backs, and hips, shins, hands, and feet are retained by turns to fetch and carry, dig and delve, draw and drag, screw and

drive, wherever strong wills and strong spines are in requisition; and through the livelong day of summer heat or winter's cold there they are,—facing all the degrees of barometer or thermometer,—and in fastings only too oft, when, with a bit of black bread and a worm, so to speak, they hold out till dark, and may be seen tottering homeward with a sackful of weeds (equivalent in bulk to the trunk of their body) to make compost; or with an oven-faggot large enough for the whole week's baking. Many an aged crone has paced the road-side with a fidgety, capricious, slipping, sliding, tumble-down cow from dawn till dusk, in quest of grass-feed, and may have been compelled to draw the animal two or three times out of a black pond or ditch. The author of papers in the *Saturday Review* upon Female Labour in Agricultural districts would have been not a little edified by the recitals of what I have seen the gentle sex (!) accomplish at home, as much as abroad. The pristine occupiers of the lands on the banks of the Rance were designated "matelots et labourcurs;" and the few, the very few now remaining of such a class in the same localities can handle alike an oar or a sickle, and with amphibious relish of both elements, work equally well in field and flood. On the Normandy coast, about Granville and Avranches, young women row in sea-boats with vigour and dexterity rivalling the fame of the 'belles batelières' of Brienz.

At length we enter what I shall call 'the long

reach' of Suliac;—the longest and broadest space of water yet traversed. The little bourg of that name was to our left;—Langralay to the right. Château-neuf lay on the left, too far indeed to be visible;—a *chef-lieu* of the canton, and a place of considerable military importance in the sixteenth century, when it was regarded as a fortress essential to the defence of the Rance; but Suliac was also a strong port at the same period. A traveller, with months instead of weeks to employ to advantage, would have found his outlay of time (and even much trouble) amply requited by two objects of attention which he would subsequently recall to mind with delight. There is a beautiful church of the thirteenth century, which escaped the ravages of the Revolution, and exhibits hardly any traces of the conflict within the sacred walls between the soldiery of 'The League' (1597) and the Malouin troops, who surrounded the church in which their adversaries had made a stand, and took it by storm. But the all-engrossing object of attraction is the view from the summit of Mount Garot, which rises just behind Suliac [we were now approaching it at a quarter to 9 A.M.], and commands a panorama including the course of the Rance at its base, the heights of Dinan, Becherel, and Combourg, at one extremity; and St. Malo, St. Servan, at the other, with those of Dol and Avranches, Mont St. Michel, and Coutances, besides a sea view, of which the horizon is lost in hazy distance.

Sated with *vues d'oiseau* and *vues de ballon* in different regions of Europe, I pursued my voyage, instead of disembarking at this point; but I deprecate such omission on the part of any traveller who, having perused this mention of it, should, with even two hours' leisure at command, neglect the opportunity of thus obtaining the most extensive insight into the living map of the country.

After the next bend to our right, which brought us alongside of Château La Roche—whose *tourelles* command the whole prospect up to the Monks' Island,—a *coup d'œil* of surpassing beauty, into which rocks, woods, meadows, gardens, shrubberies, terraces, churches, villages, and steeples enter like the components of theatrical scenery, we came rapidly upon a point where the river's course seemed to be terminated;—so closely did the opposed sides of the land approach the centre of the stream. We had reached Port St. Jean on the left, and Port St. Hubert on the right; signalised by rugged cliffs crowned at a great height with great masses of beech and birch growth, and here and there revealing the prettiest of summer-houses and trellised arbours, whence the most picturesque of all the inland waters of Brittany must have been discernible across many a liquid mile. In the age when Brittany was a feudal territory, and the prosperity of her merchants rivalled the opulence of the ancient barons, there were lordly manors and castles occupying nearly all the territory between

ST. MALO and DINAN. La Briantais, already mentioned, and Mt. Marin were grand specimens of Châteaux under the *ancien régime*, in the day of Louis XIV.; and it was reported among the natives resorting to the chief towns at either extremity of the Rance, on market days and fairs, that some of the *gens commerçants* who had erected villas and become landowners, rich, wasteful, and vulgar, in close proximity with the large and time-honoured domains, used to make sport for their visitors and "staying company," now and then, by making crownpieces (the piastres of the day) hot in their stoves, and throwing them out of window, to be scrambled for by the common people that might happen to be passing!

We took up a party that had ridden down to Port St. Jean from La Ville ès Nonnais, in the arrondissement of Châteauneuf, and immediately afterwards we entered another lake-like basin with three creeks of narrow breadth, each of which served at its point of divergence from the stream as an ingredient of the picturesque, and held the attention fixed without flagging on the ever-varying features of the two shores, till we neared a headland resembling a granite cliff supporting an enormous thicket on a very narrow base. The appearance of so compact an accumulation of forest timber in one solitary and circumscribed spot,

"With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,"

was accounted for by this being the renowned Chêne Vert: an oak tree which was thriving in the reign of "ce roi vaillant," Henry IV. of France, and had for three centuries exhibited with ever thriving growth the overhanging canopy, the great embellishment of the river, just at that point where its stream begins not only to contract its breadth into canal-like dimensions, but to wind more tortuously. In the rear of this Green Oak all the country begins to spread into table land, ridge after ridge (Château le Vaux lying within a mile of the river, but not visible), till it reaches the Lesmond hills, a low chain on the eastern frontier of the Département des Côtes du-Nord. And now we came exactly in front of the manorial Château le Chatelier, the most attractive mansion and grounds that had entered prominently into view since we left St. Malo. The terraces and gardens, brilliant with parterres and flowering shrubs, and adorned, agreeably to French taste, with statues and small fountains, were distinctly seen from the deck of the vessel, and as our captain began to slacken speed on approaching the lock at a quarter before nine o'clock A.M., we surveyed this charming locality at our leisure. A country seat, overlooking the widest breadth of water, as beautiful as at St. Suliac, would be preferable but for the close proximity of Dinan, which may be reached within an hour. There is another 'Chatelier' lower down on the opposite (left) bank facing La Mitrie; but all that lies on the Dinan

side of the lock is beautiful; and my note-book records more lively admiration awakened after passing 'Le Chatelier' than I had felt in the wider breadth. There are rocks, like the granite cliffs of Derbyshire, beetling over the flowing waters,—the 'Livets,' for instance,—which approach the grand, and surprise the beholders unprepared to come into close quarters with such stupendous natural walls; but to these succeeds the final basin,—one of the prettiest as regards landscape effect along the whole course. The tint of blended yellow and dark blue, bronze and reddish copper, in the masses of ferruginous granite, of which all the rock in this district is composed, produce those scintillations of lights and *nuances* that are the charm of Salvator Rosa's pictures; especially where woodland is blended with stone. Some of the woods stand at a vertical height of four hundred feet from the surface of the river; and I saw, at two points, the slides or shoots constructed of wood, such as are met with on the Swiss and certain other lakes, and on the Rhône,—issuing from the forest and terminating at the water side, down which the stems of felled trees are propelled by their own weight with startling rapidity. As we began to leave this basin, called the 'Taden,' I observed white posts standing out of the water to indicate the navigable channel; for, after passing 'La Nenardais,' the Rance resembles a Dutch canal; not but that its course runs through a

lovely tract of country on which the eye delights to gaze to the right and to the left. On the latter we caught a glimpse of Château Grillemont, its lawns, pastures, and flowering shrubs,—itself a gem of beauty in this Tempè of Brittany, along whose whole length, upon the surface of a stream never exceeding half a mile, and frequently limited to two furlongs, in breadth, the delighted traveller speeds with a continuous feeling of excitement that few such journeys, at home or abroad, awaken, and, in any, the most pains-taking, description of which he will be conscious of only too many shortcomings. This inadequacy to paint scenery through the vehicle of words has invariably been felt by every pilgrim that has returned from lands abounding in those living pictures which leave on the memory and mind lifelong impressions, but render the most elaborate descriptions inadequate to pourtray their loveliness—

> "—What shall language do? ah, where find words
> Ting'd with so many colours."

This is the case in all the chapters that have ever been written to bring before the mind's eye the surpassing beauties of the Rhine, the Swiss and Italian lakes, and many another fair and fascinating feature on the face of Nature,—in comparison with which the richest department of Brittany would be deemed insignificant, and this little river Rance must figure as a mere rivulet; but, be this as it may, it

is replete with interest and attractiveness, and, from the beginning to the end of our brief voyage, every sense of mental gratification was stimulated so as to leave a general impression in its favour, and no light regret, in my own individual case, that I should have visited so delectable a spot but once and for ever.

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17

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